THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 9, 1917

5c. the Copy

In This Number: Will Irwin—A. W. Atwood—Peter B. Kyne—Rudyard Kipling
Edward G. Lowry—Elizabeth Frazer—Basil King—Carl W. Ackerman

No, Jack, I don't want it—

But, Mary, you mustn't go hiking down the beach without your bathrobe. You're sure to get a bad sunburn.

Will I? You forget that when I go out in the sun I film with C. C. C.

C. C. C., that's good, Mary. It sure is a lot easier to say than California Citrus Cream. But what's the idea of this "film" stuff?

You're a perfect silly, Jack. You've been using it after shaving, and still you don't know how to film with it?

Now listen—(I read this, Jack) the albuminoid developed from the rind and seeds of the lemons is like white of eggs.

If you spread on just enough California Citrus Cream to thoroughly cover the skin, it dries and forms a thin film. No tan—no sunburn—no freckles.

And when you wash this film off there's your nice, soft white skin. No, not *yours*, Jack, I mean mine. Of course yours would not be as white as mine but it would not be sunburned.

Whew, you're some lecturer! Where do you get all this? It sounds like a C. C. C. advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post.

Jack, you're horrid! And only yesterday you remarked how I haven't even freckled this summer.

Now I'm mad at you and will not tell you about the big C. C. C. announcement in the July Ladies' Home Journal—yes, you men can read it if you want to—but it's mostly for us women.

Are you going to be in the Journal advertisement, Mary?

Why, of course—aren't we going back for the bathrobe?

Canadian Price, 35c the tube, $1.25 the box.

Enclosed find ☐ 85¢ for 1 box (Canada $1.25)
☐ 25¢ for 1 tube California Citrus Cream (Canada 35¢)
Name
Street
City
State
Laughlin Fruit Refiners (Inc.)
Los Angeles

Sunburn, to avoid, do as Mary does. To relieve, apply Citrus Cream freely, avoiding the use of water.

Blackheads may be removed and large pores reduced by persistent use. Apply every night and wash off in the morning.

That **greasy look** and **sticky feeling** will immediately disappear if California Citrus Cream is rubbed gently into the skin for a minute or so and then washed off with water.

California Citrus Cream, made entirely of lemons, is unique, and therefore you should read the special direction folder wrapped around each tube.

Awarded Gold Medals San Francisco, 1915; San Diego, 1916.

Ingersoll

Year-round watches, yes; but particularly useful for OUTDOOR TIME; and now for NIGHT TIME, too!

INGERSOLL Watches stand the bumps and jars of work or play. They keep accurate time. They are guaranteed. They are not expensive.

That's why they are watches for outdoor time—why thousands upon thousands of people buy them every year for vacation, for outdoor sports or for work in the fields.

Radiolite extends their usefulness thru the night. The darker the night, the brighter the hands and numerals *glow*. This glow lasts at least ten years—probably much longer.

Radiolite is self-luminous for it contains *real radium*—a minute quantity it's true, but a very little radium goes a long way.

To get an idea how the hands and figures shine out like miniature electric lights, have the dealer show you—in a *dark* room. Better still, *buy* a Radiolite; everyone needs an Ingersoll whether he has another watch or not—especially in summer.

The dealer has in his window a Display Board like this ad. It shows 12 Ingersolls—those below.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. - New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal

Waterbury Radiolite $4
Canadian Price $4.50
Jeweled, small, stylish, sturdy—glow dial

Radiolite $2
Canadian Price $2.25
Shows time in the dark

Midget Radiolite $3.50
Canada—same price
A night watch for women

For Soldiers

Radiolite Strap $4
Canada—same price
Utility counts—a man's watch

Waterbury $3
Canadian Price $3.50
Jeweled, small, stylish, sturdy—plain dial

Reliance $3
Canadian Price $3.50
Seven jewels—thin snap-case model

Reliance $3.50
Canadian Price $4
Handsome, thin model, screw-case—seven jewels

Reliance $6
Canadian Price $7.50
Ten-year gold-filled. Guaranteed

Dollar Watch now $1.35
Canada—same price

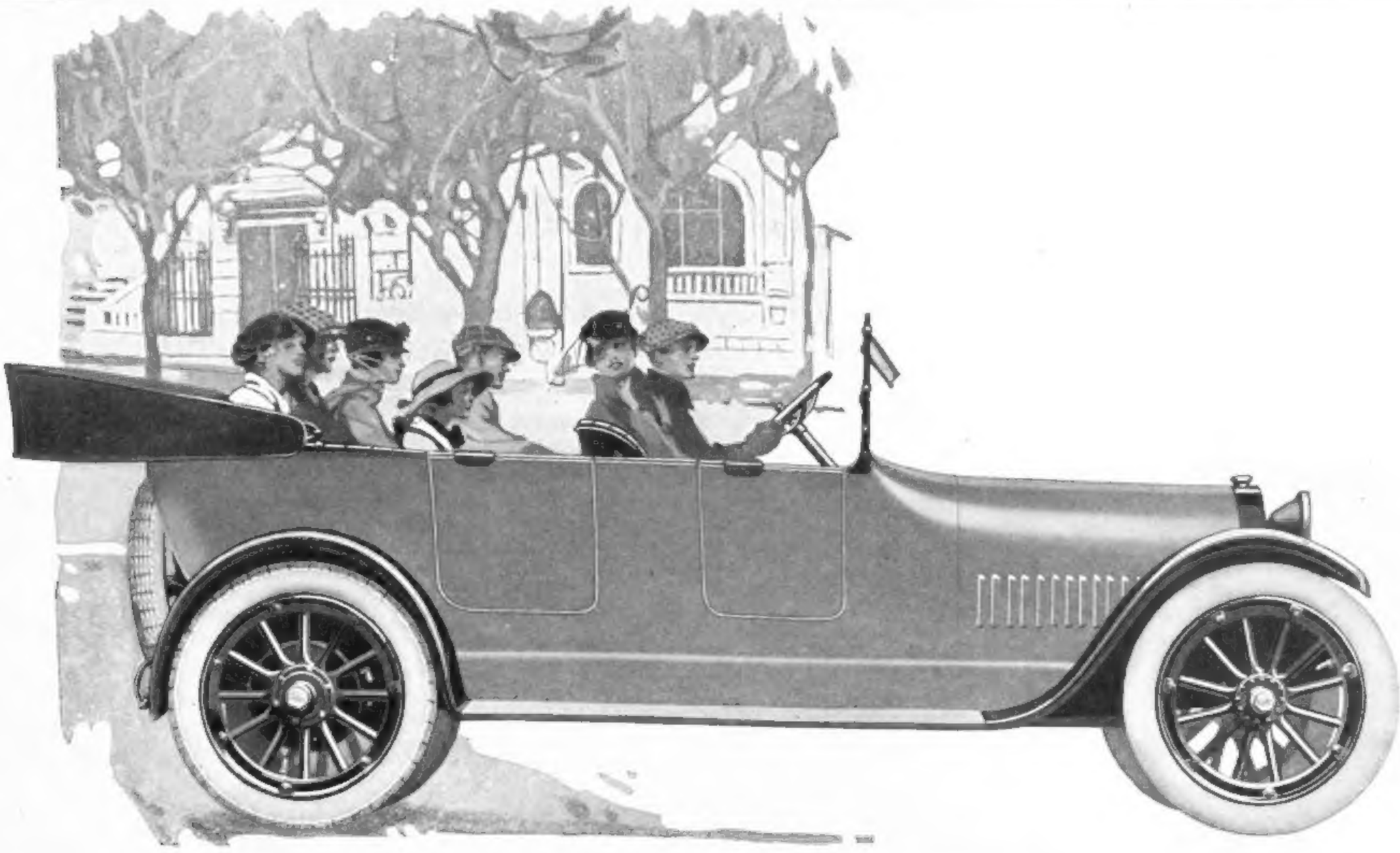
Triumph $1.50
Canada—same price

Eclipse $2
Canada—same price

Junior $2.75
Canada—same price

Illustrations ½ actual size

OUTDOOR TIME



TESTED AND PROVED

STUDEBAKER has produced and sold more than 300,000 Automobiles. This volume of sales is possible because Studebaker cars stand up and give the service.

This is proved by the performance of Studebaker cars, not on tracks or on specially planned trips with trained servicemen at every "control," but in the hands of average owners on the average roads of America.

1,000-Mile Reliability Run

In the famous Studebaker Reliability Run of November, 1915, one hundred Studebaker Cars taken directly from stock, were started from different points of the United States to run 1,000 miles in forty-eight hours. Their average time was 36.6 hours for 1,000 miles; their average speed, 27.73 miles per hour.

Despite mud, slush, rain storms and even snow-drifts, these Studebakers covered a total of 101,565.66 miles without showing a single mechanical trouble.

Pike's Peak Climb

On July 16th, 1916, one hundred and fifty Studebaker cars, driven by their owners, participated in the opening of the Pike's Peak Highway. Every Studebaker climbed to the summit, 14,150 feet above the sea, and returned without the least difficulty. Their performance was 100% satisfactory.

Owner circles United States

Early this Spring Mr. George C. Jones, a well-known merchant of Wenatchee, Washington, started from San Francisco to *circle* the United States—a very unusual trip. His Studebaker had already run more than 8,000 miles.

He crossed the Sierras and the deserts between San Diego, California, and Yuma, Arizona; drove through the sandy, rutty trails of New Mexico and Western Texas, to El Paso, thence to New Orleans. From New Orleans he went to Atlanta, Norfolk, Washington and New York; through Rochester to Cleveland, to South Bend, the home of Studebaker.

When he arrived in South Bend his Studebaker was in perfect running condition—ready for the remainder of the trip.

Studebaker leads in California

In California, where the climate permits continuous use of a car twelve months in the year, motorists probably buy in greatest numbers those cars that stand up and give the service.

On January 1st, 1917, official figures compiled by the Motor Vehicle Department at the State Capitol in Sacramento, showed more Studebaker cars registered in California than any other car selling at over $500.

Studebaker leads in Detroit

In Detroit, where 80% of all automobiles are manufactured, where people know the materials and workmanship that go into cars, and the organizations behind them, more Studebakers are registered than any other car selling at over $500.

Studebaker goodness proved by Owners

Studebaker value is shown by Studebaker's leadership in every test where the performance of the car in the hands of the average owner is the real criterion.

If you want a car that will stand up and give you service—follow the example of those who know by actual service—buy a Studebaker.

FOUR $985 — SIX $1250

Studebaker

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NACH VERDUN! — By F. Britten Austin

IN THE long luxuriously furnished saloon car of the special train an officer, clad in the field-service uniform of a southeastern Power, sat in conversation with a colonel of the German General Staff. The deference shown to him made it immediately obvious that he was a distinguished personage representing a neutral whose friendliness was important. His dark, clever eyes rested thoughtfully upon the groups of officers with whom the car was overcrowded. All round was a buzz of talk, of suppressed excitement. The air was thick with cigar smoke.

"*Ja, Excellenz,*" said the German colonel, pudgy little fingers drumming the table between them; "the secret is out. You have rightly guessed our objective." His eyes were those of a rather clumsy and not too scrupulous diplomat. His smile was deliberate flattery. "Allow me to congratulate you upon your good fortune. You will see the machinery of our *Kriegswirtschaftlichkeit* (War Economy)"—he throated the word impressively—"at the moment when it works at its highest power to shape for Germany her final victory."

The distinguished neutral smiled also, perfectly courteous. He spoke with a faint Austrian accent.

"I can understand your desire for the *final*"—he emphasized the word ever so lightly—"victory, *Herr Oberst.*"

The German stared at him, suspicious of the nimbler brain.

"Who would not desire it, *Excellenz?* This awful slaughter ——" He waved a deprecating hand. "It is terrible that our adversaries do not recognize they are already beaten."

The neutral nodded. "Bar-le-Duc and the Upper Marne, I suppose—Paris!"

The German colonel's eyes went dead.

"*Excellenz,* I believe the supreme command reserves to itself the honor of enlightening you on its plans."

The All-Highest Visits the Western Front

THE conversation languished. The train rolled on, heavily comfortable. The staff officers talked earnestly among themselves, the word *Majestät* oft repeated. Orderlies, garbed as soldiers, but obviously royal *Kammerdiener,* stole noiselessly in and out of the car, went frequently into the car beyond. On those occasions the distinguished neutral had a glimpse of a world-familiar figure, upturned mustaches on a tired face, a uniform of gray hung with many decorations.

The train rolled into a station, stopped. The blare of a military band started on the precise instant of its arrival. The platform was thronged with officers, bright with the red of the General Staff.

The distinguished neutral took little interest in the ceremony outside. He busied himself with collecting the small articles of his kit. Through the large windows he glimpsed the salutes of the rigidly erect officers. Above the noise of the band he heard the repeated *Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!* of soldiers, who cheered as they drilled, exactly synchronous.

He stepped on to the platform, followed by the colonel appointed to be his conductor. *Majestät* had already departed. Officers were thronging to the exit, laughing and talking, much excited, revealing, despite the gray and red of the staff uniform, the essential childishness of the crowd-mind. "*Nach Verdun!*" said one of them, very close to the distinguished neutral, nudging another in the ribs. "*Nach Verdun!*"

He repeated the just given watchword of victory as a schoolboy repeats the latest smart expression. The officers round him laughed. The crowd buzzed with high spirits.

Outside the station the roadway was choked with waiting motor cars, lined with soldiers readjusting their helmets after tumultuous *Hochs!* Some cars—those containing the highest personages—had already departed. One after another those remaining were filled, swerved out and sped away. The distinguished neutral and his companion found a vehicle reserved for them. The colonel led him to it with an air that suggested: "See how the smallest details are thought out!" They, too, sped away.

Behind the soldiers were a few listless French inhabitants; from the windows of that French town hung German flags; but no French faces looked out. The shops were open, but their owners stood not at the doors. The neutral noted these things. The complete apathy of the population was in contrast to stories his companion had related in the train. In many of the side streets long convoys of ammunition and ration wagons were halted to allow them passage. On one of those foremost wagons was scrawled in big chalk letters: *Nach Verdun!*

In the Salon of Military Maps and Plans

NACH VERDUN!—that was the leitmotif underlying all the intense military activity that filled the town and, as they shot out beyond the houses, the countryside also. Every road was choked with columns of marching infantry, with endless trains of wagons, of limbers, of ambulances. Even cavalry was in evidence, riding with tall lances and saddle-hung rifles on wretched-looking horses. *Nach Verdun!* The German colonel, though he warily gave no information, could talk of nothing else. Under that gray February sky pulsed and boomed the distant detonations of artillery. The neutral listened to it with a professional ear, was puzzled. It was persistent enough, but it was certainly not the prolonged roar of a preparatory bombardment.

The car swung into the drive of a park. A tunnel of winter-stripped trees, brown above, green streaking the bark, and then a large château drew itself across the vista. Thither the other cars had preceded them. They stood now, ranked in a mass. There was a throng of officers round the great doors, the buzz awakened by the recent passage of the All-Highest. The neutral was shown to his room, the German colonel volubly regretting that exigencies of space forced him to share it.

Some hours later the neutral was ushered into a vast lofty apartment whose tapestried walls were almost completely rehung with the huge maps pinned upon them. On easels stood other maps, strange diagrams in curves and slants of red, green and black ink. On a large table was a horizontal relief model of hills and woods, a river with tributary streams, a splash of red in the valley, thin lines of red converging upon it, passing through, opening out again. On all these maps, on the splash of red in the relief model, the name Verdun was repeated again and again.

All these things the neutral officer noticed with the corner of his eye—the large writing tables behind which sat officers of high rank, other officers grouped in a corner.

His direct gaze was held by the figure he saluted. Spare, of medium height, in the gray field-service uniform of a general, gold cord looping across his right breast, a star upon the left above collar, the would-be conqueror of the world stood stiffly erect and graciously acknowledged his salute. The brushed-up mustache was still dark, though the short hair on the head was gray—almost white. The face was deeply furrowed with endless anxieties; but the blue eyes—pouched though were their underlids—gleamed with excitement. He spoke in a jerky but distinct manner that betrayed a temperament of long ill-controlled impulses.

"Guten Abend, Herr Generäle! Welcome to Germany's greatest hour! You shall see our sun mount triumphantly to its zenith, breaking through the dark clouds of foes who cluster over against us in vain!" The tone was that of a rhetoric practiced until it has become a habit. The right hand gesticulated with quick motions; the left arm was conspicuously still. "General"—he turned to one of the officers sitting at the tables—"be so good as to explain everything to our friend here."

It was to be clearly understood that the All-Highest was flatteringly gracious. The neutral officer bowed, expressed his thanks courteously, and ventured a request:

"May I be allowed to admire your War Machine in all its work, *Majestät*—go where I will?"

"By all means, general. We have nothing to hide. You will find much to interest you, much to relate to our well-wishers in your country. General, see that a pass is given to our friend that will give him the fullest freedom." The All-Highest answered the neutral's salute in a manner that terminated the conversation.

The Simplicity of Taking Verdun

SEATED at the huge carved writing table with the officer to whom he had been addressed, the neutral found himself looking at a pair of keen gray eyes that peered through pince-nez under bushy white eyebrows. The German spread out maps, indicated positions. He drew notice to the fact that all roads squeezed through a bottle neck over the river at Verdun, spread out in a fan on the east bank to a long line of positions that climbed from the river over the Heights of the Meuse, and fell into the plain of the Woevre, across which they bent southward.

"Die Sache ist duszerst einfach!"—"The thing is absolutely simple!"—he said with the air of a man explaining a chess problem. "The French have three divisions of Territorials in front of us to hold the entire sector. That force is not strong enough to defend it, and certainly too weak to have kept the trench systems in good repair; in fact, we know that they have been allowed to fall into ruin."—Vide Mr. John Buchan's History of the War, Vol. XIII.—"We have fifteen divisions in our front line, fifteen divisions in reserve. We do not intend to fling those divisions away. No. Step by step our artillery will blast a passage for them—see, here are our artillery positions."

He showed concentric lines, one within the other, on the map, round the doomed sector.

"It is the greatest artillery concentration the world has ever seen. Even our concentration on the Donajetz last year is surpassed. We shall obliterate the positions in front of us—other batteries will drench the only avenues of supplies with shells; they must all go through the town—our infantry will merely march into the devastated position, wait for the clearance of the next step. I may tell you that the French have only one small branch railroad line which is safe from our fire. We have built fourteen new lines, besides those already existing. In the great problem of supply we have an overwhelming superiority. We believe we have the advantage of surprise. Certainly the French have no concentration within easy reach. In four days we shall be in Verdun. The Western Front will have been broken."

"In four days!" The neutral officer looked at the map as a chess player looks at the board. "And—if I might ask the question—suppose you do not take Verdun in four days? There is said to be an enormous Allied force somewhere in France."

"We have yet another day," said the German a little wearily, as though resenting the effort to explain the unnecessary. "We have five clear days before any reënforcements can be brought up against us—all the chances have been calculated, you see. If we are not in Verdun by the evening of the fifth day—well, the battle will continue. But I repeat, we shall be in Verdun within four days. The thing is certain!"

"Of course it is, general," said another voice above their heads. Both officers looked up, rose to their feet. "In four days we shall be in Verdun. In a fortnight—Paris!"

The speaker was a youngish man with a long nose in a long face, somewhat bald upon the brow, a clipped mustache above a long, thin mouth. There was something in his manner that suggested not too reputable finance, doubled with Monte Carlo and the coulisses. He repeated, smacking his hand familiarly upon the back of the distinguished neutral:

"In a fortnight—Paris!" He named the famous city with a smack of the lips.

"Undoubtedly, Highness," said the German general, his professional manner replaced by the obsequiousness of the courtier. "The army led by Your Highness cannot fail to conquer."

"Verdun—Paris! This time it will not fail, general." He walked across the room, smacking a riding switch on his tall patent-leather hussar boots, and chanting: *"Nach Verdun! Nach Verdun—Paris!"*—*Nach* means "to, toward," and also "after"—"To Verdun! After Verdun—Paris!"

The morning of the twenty-first of February, 1916, opened damp and bleak. Over the heavy clay fields of the Woevre plain the mist hung persistently, inclosing all vision in a few hundred yards. Through the obscurity the poplars lining the roads loomed up like ghosts, dripping moisture from each bare twig. In the copses and the larger stretch of woodland known as the Forêt de Spincourt the conglobulated mist fell like rain. From each of the high knolls known as the Twins of Ornes, just southwest of the Forêt de Spincourt, the wooded slopes of the Heights of the Meuse—Herbebois and the Bois de Wavrille—rose dark and indefinite, discernible only when a little puff of the raw east wind, coming up the valley of the Orne, broke a rift in the fog.

The neutral and the German *Oberst* who was his inseparable companion stood on the more southerly of the twin heights. About them was a group of artillery officers. In their immediate front was the deep dugout, sod-roofed, where telephonists sat and waited. It was an artillery observation post. The light was yet dim, though the wet fog was white. It had been quite dark when the two spectators had made their way over roads deep in mud to this position of vantage.

The journey had been long, for their car had to squeeze, lurching and slithering, past endless columns of infantry plodding over the atrocious roads. In the darkness those thousands of men had been scarcely more visible than phantoms, who sang continuously as they marched, chorusing to the tune set by picked singers at the head of each company. Those who were merely the chorus broke off frequently to shout witticisms at the laboring motor car. In high spirits they wagered that they would be the first, after all, to arrive in Verdun.

The Bombardment Begins

ON THE hilltop of the Twin of Ornes, where the officers clustered, was tense expectation. The fog did not lift. Only at rare intervals was there a faint glimpse of the wooded heights toward which all gazed with thrilling foreknowledge. As yet all was a quiet, broken only by an occasional isolated detonation that rolled heavily down the Orne Valley. It echoed in a dull repercussion from the mist-filled woods upon the great scarp that was the far-flung rampart of the doomed city. An officer looked at his watch. The example was infectious. The minutes passed slowly. It was like waiting for the curtain to go up. The watches marked 8:13—German time—8:14—8:15!

There was one simultaneous vast roar, which leaped from an arc stretching from far in the northwest and passing round behind them to the south. It did not cease. Minute after minute it continued, unabated, prolonged. In the first sudden shock it appeared one colossal bellow of sound, evenly maintained. But as the ear became accustomed to it, instinctively analyzed it, it was possible to distinguish spasms of even fiercer sound than the general welter—the ponderous concussion of specially heavy ordnance; the frenzied hammering of the quick-firing field guns. The sense of hearing was overwrought, but the view changed not. The mist still hung over the landscape, was a curtain before the straining eye. Only down below them, on the right, a howitzer battery, adventurously pushed forward, rent the fog with stabs of orange-red flame.

It seemed, in the overpowering blast of the German guns, that the French artillery was making no general reply. From time to time a shell came whining over toward them, finished in an ugly rush and a crash somewhere upon the knoll. They scarcely noticed these occasional jinns of death, so ineffective were they by contrast with the whirlwind of destruction that swept the other way. The habitual ear could now pick out the rumbling tramcarlike progress of the heavy shells overhead, the fierce rushing drone of the missiles from lighter guns, mingling interwoven with the uninterrupted sheet of sound.

What was happening over there among the dank wooded hills? Nothing could be seen; but the experienced imagination sketched, conscious that it fell below the reality, fearful havoc distant in the fog. Trees suddenly blasted, toppling; parapets leaping into the air—horrors in the spout of earth that had been a sheltered dugout; trenches whose walls fell in; men who cowered, fear-paralyzed, in a shambles; overhead a ceaseless cracking that rained down death; shock upon shock; chaos—such flitted through the minds of those who strained their eyes at the fog. An artillery observation officer turned to the neutral.

"Five hours of this, *Excellenz*," he said with a smile—"and then the first step to Verdun!"

The *Oberst* expatiated on the wonderful German system for supplying all these batteries indefinitely at this intensity of fire. "Who can resist us?" was the implied corollary to his dissertation. The neutral was duly impressed, his dark clever eyes serious.

The bombardment continued, became monotonous. The fog thinned somewhat, but permitted no clear vision. The batteries were firing by the map, according to a prearranged program. The *Oberst* suggested to his distinguished guest that further stay was useless.

"I should like to see your guns at work, *Herr Oberst*," said the neutral, and the colonel saw himself forced to put aside his hopes of returning to Corps Headquarters for *Mittagsessen;* he speculated on the Divisional Messes in their vicinity as he replied:

"By all means, *Excellenz*."

They scrambled down the rough path of the knoll, through a thin growth of birch, passed into the denser mist below.

Hammering on the Bottle Neck

THEY found themselves suddenly among long ranks of resting infantry squatting and lying in close proximity to their piled arms. The *feld-grau* uniforms merged, were lost in the fog; but there was an indefinable suggestion of the presence of many thousands. The *Oberst* and his guest might walk where they would—the shadowy gray forms still loomed up out of the fog. All were cheerful and confident. The officers in little groups, smiling as they conversed, bent over a map. The men were grinning. They were waiting for the guns to level the path for their promenade.

At last the ranks of infantry ceased. They came upon a field battery that was firing furiously. The guns were in the open, their upturned caissons—lid upright to form a shield, exposing the pigeonholed bases of the cartridges—close against the left wheel. Grouped behind each were the busy gunners, in rapid movement of arms and torso, crouching, laboring with swift concentrated intensity as they passed the long gleaming projectile from hand to hand, thrust it into the breech, closed and fired. Behind them was a heap of brass cartridge cases, the flat compartmented baskets that had held three rounds. The watching officers, helmeted, in long closely buttoned coats, stood behind their sections. The battery hurled out its stream of death in absolute immunity. No enemy shell came to seek it. The fog veiled its target.

Beyond that battery was another, in the open like the first, almost wheel to wheel with it. And beyond that, another, and yet others—an endless chain of them, all scorning concealment; all firing as fast as sweating, straining men could load and pull the lever. From behind came the prolonged, heavy, linked detonations of yet other batteries of more weighty metal. Overhead the rumble and rush of hurrying shells was as the sound of heavy traffic.

The neutral and his guide turned eastward toward the zone of the great howitzers. Once more they were entangled in waiting masses of gray-clad infantry. The mist had thinned, permitting quite long vistas. Everywhere there was infantry, battalion upon battalion, regiment on regiment, brigade after brigade. The time had passed almost unnoticed—by the neutral at least—so much was there for his brain to register; it was now almost noon. The infantry was standing to its ranks, forming into column of route, marching forward with songs and shouts, their spiked helmets decorated with sprigs of fir. *"Vorwärts!"* came the sharp, barking commands of the officers. *"Nach Verdun!"* shouted the excited men, drunk with the prospect of superbly easy victory.

And ever the indefatigable batteries hammered and crashed, spewing forth death in volumes that the men they served might live. From behind every hedge, every hillock; in long lines across the open—so many that they could afford to neglect the enemy's reply—their tongues of flame shot out, flickered indefinitely repeated into the distance. Their infinitely reiterated detonations smote splittingly upon the ear, were gathered into one overpowering roar.

The dark mass of the Forêt de Spincourt was riven by red flame that lit and was gone momentarily in every part of its recesses. As the two officers approached it they saw a faint film of smoke hanging over the treetops, saw the quick flashes gleaming through the undergrowth of the verge. They entered its obscurity. The air choked one with the fumes of burnt explosive, beat against the face in gusts with the disturbance of the multiplied discharges. The wood was a nest of howitzer batteries. On platforms of concrete and timber the monsters squatted, bowed their heads to receive yet another shell, raised them again with slow, determined movement, the great round jaws gaping upward to the sky; belched with a sudden eructation of vivid flame, a tremendous shock of which the stunning noise was only part.

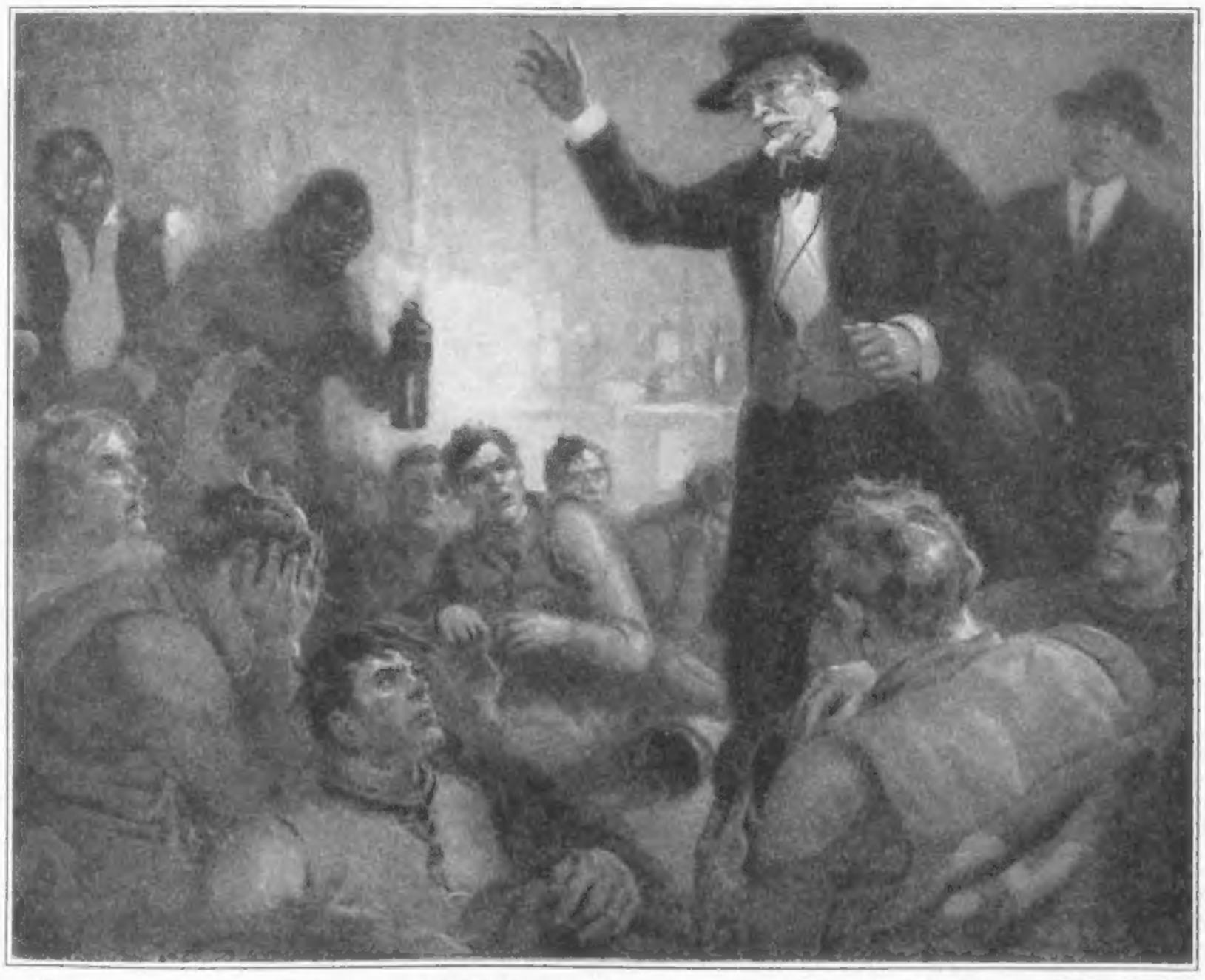
The spectator behind the gun, looking upward, saw a black object speeding high into the air, rapidly diminishing, the while a rain of twigs pattered down upon his face.

(Continued on Page 98)

CINNAMON SEED AND SANDY BOTTOM

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY



"There is Nothing Disgraceful in Being Fairly Defeated; the Disgrace is in Accepting Defeat Without Fighting Back"

MAJOR Putnam Stone is dead, but his soul goes marching on. Mainly it does its marching on down at Midsylvania University. Every fall, down yonder, on the night of the day of the last game of the season, when the squad has broken training and most of the statutes touching on the peace and quiet of the community, there is a dinner. At the tail of this dinner the captain of the team stands up at one end of the table and chants out "Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom!"—just like that. Whereupon there are loud cheers. And then, at the far end of the table from him, the chairman of the athletic committee stands up in his place and lifts his mug and says, in the midst of a little silence: "To the memory of Major Putnam Stone!" Then everybody rises and drinks; and there are no heel-taps.

This ceremony is never omitted. It is a tradition; and they go in rather strongly for traditions at Midsylvania, and always have since the days when there was not much else to Midsylvania except its traditions. The team may have won that afternoon, or it may have lost. The boys may be jubilating for the biggest victory of the whole year, or, over the trenchers and the tankards, consoling themselves and one another for an honorable defeat at the hands of their classic rival, Vanderbeck. It makes no difference. Win or lose, they toast the shade and the name of Major Stone.

If my recollection serves me aright I have once or twice before touched on sundry chapters in the life and works of the old Major, telling how for him nothing of real consequence happened in this world between the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the day, nearly forty years later, when all his tidy property was wiped out in an unfortunate investment, and he moved out of his suite at the old Gault House and abandoned his armchair at the Shawnee Club, and, at the age of sixty-four and a salary of twelve dollars a week, took a job as cub reporter on the Evening Press.

This present tale, which has to do in part with the Major and in part with the student body of Midsylvania, dates from sometime after the day when he became our war editor, and was writing those long and tiresome special articles of his, dealing favorably with Jackson's Campaign in the Valley, and unfavorably with Sherman's March to the Sea.

Midsylvania, those days, was a university with a long vista of historic associations behind it and a puny line of endowments to go forward on; so it went forward very slowly indeed. To get the most favorable perspective on Midsylvania you must needs look backward into a distinguished but moldy past, and consider the list of dead-and-gone warriors and statesmen and educators and clergymen who had been graduated in the class of '49 or the class of '54, or some other class. Chief among its physical glories were a beech tree under which Daniel Boone was said to have camped overnight once; an ancient chapel building of red brick, with a row of fat composition pillars, like broken legs in plaster casts, stretching across its front to uphold its squatty portico; and in the center of the campus a noseless statue of Henry Clay.

Sons of Old Families in the state attended it, principally, I suppose, because their fathers before them had attended it; sons of new families mostly went elsewhere for their education. With justice you might speak of Midsylvania as being conservative, which was true; but when you said that you said it all, and it let you out. There was nothing more to be said.

If poor shabby old Midsylvania lagged behind sundry of her sister schools in the matter of equipment, most certainly and most woefully did she lag behind them in the matter of athletics. In that regard, and perhaps other regards, she was an Old Ladies' Home. Eight governors of American commonwealths, six of them dead and two yet living, might be listed on the roster of her alumni—and were; but you sought in vain there for the name of a great pitcher or of a consistent winner of track events, or of a champion pole vaulter. If anybody mentioned Midsylvania in connection with college sports, it was to laugh. So there was a good deal of laughing one fall when, for the first time, she went in for football. The laughter continued, practically without abatement, through that season; but early the following season it died away altogether, to be succeeded by a wave of astonishment and of reluctantly conceded admiration, which ran from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Mississippi River. Other football teams began to respect Midsylvania's football team. They had to; she mauled it into their respective consciousness.

The worm had turned—and turned something besides the other cheek, at that; for in that second year she won her first game, which was her game with Exstein Normal. Now Exstein Normal came up proudly, like an army glorious with banners, and went down abruptly, like a scuttled ship: Score, thirty-one to nothing. Following on this she beat Holy Mount's team of fiery Louisiana Creoles, with a red-headed demon of a New Orleans Irish boy for their captain; and, in succession, she took on and overcame Cherokee Tech., and Alabama State, and Bayless.

She held to a tie what was conceded to be the best team that Old Dominion had ever mustered; and Vanderbeck, the largest and, athletically considered, the strongest of them all, bested her only by the narrowest and closest of margins on Vanderbeck's own gridiron. It was one of the upsetting things that never can happen, but occasionally do, that Midsylvania should go straight through to Thanksgiving Day with a miraculous record of five victories, one tie and one defeat out of seven games played, and with not a man in the regular line-up seriously damaged.

You know the old saying: Home folks are the last ones to appreciate us. More or less, I think, this was true of us as regards our own University's football outfit. Undoubtedly a lot had been written and said in near-by cities about it before the Evening Press and the other papers in town began fully to realize that Midsylvania was putting the place on the football map. But when we did realize it we gave her and her team front-page space and sporting-page space, and plenty of both; for local pride in local achievement had been roused. And if anybody knows of anything stronger than local pride in a city of approximately a hundred and fifty thousand population, please somebody tell me what it is.

One day in the tail end of November the old Major came stumping down the stairs from his sanctum—anyhow, he always called it his sanctum—upon the top floor in a little partitioned-off space adjoining the chief's office, where he had a desk of his own and where he did his work. He had a wad of copy paper in his hand. His full-breasted shirt of fine linen jutted out above the unbuttoned top of his low waistcoat in pleaty white billows, and his loose black sailor's tie made a big clump at his throat where the ends of his Lord Byron collar came together, and his cuffs almost covered his hands. His longish white hair was like silk floss on his coat collar behind, and his little white goatee jutted out under his lower lip like a tab of carded wool. Altogether, he was the Major of yore, rejoicing sartorially in his present state of comparative prosperity. The boys round the shop always said that if the Major had only ten and a half dollars in the world he would spend five of it on his club dues and five more on his wardrobe and divide the remaining fifty cents with some thirsty beggar; and I guess he would have too.

He came downstairs this day and walked up to Devore, and laid down his sheaf of pages at Devore's elbow. Devore was city editor. "A special contribution, sir," he said very ceremoniously.

Devore ran through the first page, which was covered with pencil marks—the Major always wrote his stuff out in long hand—and glanced up, a little bit astonished.

"Kind of out of your usual line, isn't it, Major Stone?" he asked.

"In a measure, sir—yes," stated the old man; and he rocked on his high heels as though he might be nervous regarding the reception his contribution would have in this quarter. "Under the circumstances I feel justified in a departure from the material I customarily indite. But if you feel ——"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Devore, divining what the Major meant to say before the Major finished saying it. "There's always room for good stuff."

He laid the first sheet aside and shuffled through the sheets under it, picking out lines and appraising the full purport of the manuscript, as any skilled craftsman of a newspaper copy desk can do in half the length of time an outsider would be needing to make out the sense of it.

"About young Morehead, eh? I didn't know you knew him, Major."

"Personally I do not. But, in his lifetime, I knew his gallant father well; in fact, intimately. For some months we served together on the staff of General Leonidas Polk. Accordingly I felt qualified by my personal acquaintance with his family to treat of the subject as I have treated it."

"Oh, I see!" Devore gave an involuntary smile quick burial in the palm of his cupped hand. "And so you've caught the fever too?"

"Fever, sir? What fever?"

"I mean you've got yourself all worked up about football, the same as everybody else in town?"

"Not at all, sir. Of the game of football I know little or nothing. In my college days we concerned ourselves in our sportive hours with very different pursuits and recreations."

The Major, as we knew from hearing him tell about it a hundred times, had left the University of Virginia in his second year to enlist in the army. And we knew his views on the subject of sports.

If a young person of the masculine gender could waltz with the ladies, and ride a horse well enough to follow the hounds without falling off at the jumps, and with a shotgun could kill half the birds he fired at—these, from the Major's standpoint, were accomplishments enough for any Southern gentleman, now that the use of dueling pistols had died out. We had heard him say so often.

"Football, considered as a game, does not interest me. I have never seen it played. But on account of Mr. James Payne Morehead, Junior, I am interested. Being of the strain of blood that he is, I am constrained to believe he will acquit himself in a manner worthy of his ancestry, wheresoever he may be placed. In the article you have there before you I have said as much."

"So I notice," said Devore, keeping most of the irony out of his tone. "Thank you, Major—we'll stick the yarn in to-morrow." And then, as the old man started out: "By the way, Major Stone, if you've never seen a game you might enjoy seeing the one next Saturday—against Sangamon. It'll be your last chance this season. I'll save you out a press ticket—if you don't mind sitting in the newspaper box with the boys that I'll have out there covering the story."

"I am obliged to you, sir," said Major Stone. "I shall be pleased to avail myself of the courtesy, and nothing could afford me more pleasure than to have the company of my youthful compatriots in the field of journalistic endeavor on that occasion."

He talked like that. Talking, he made you think of the way some people write in their letters, not of the way anybody else on earth spoke in ordinary conversation.

Out he went then, all reared back; and Devore read the copy through, chuckling to himself. When the city editor was through he looked round the city room with an indulgent grin.

"Just like the old codger!" he said, tapping the manuscript with his hand affectionately. "Starts out to write about the kid; gives the kid a couple of paragraphs; and then uses up twenty pages more telling what great men the kid's father and grandfather were. Here, fellows, just listen a minute to this."

He read a few sentences aloud.

"Get the angle, don't you? Major figures that any spunk or any sense the Morehead boy's got is a heritage from his revered ancestors, and that he'll just naturally have to make good because he had 'em for his ancestors.

It Was Not Humanly Possible for Any Team or Any Two Teams to Maintain That Punishing Pace Very Long

Well, at that, the Maje is probably right, without realizing it. I'm thinking Captain James Payne Morehead, Junior, and his crowd of playmates are going to need something more than they've got now when they go up against that bunch of huskies from Sangamon next Saturday. How about it, eh?"

We knew about it, or at least we thought we knew about it, as surely as anyone may know in advance of the accomplished event. There was a note of foreboding in the answers we made to our immediate superior there in the city room. One of the boys summed it up:

"'Pride goeth before a fall,'" he said; "and biting off more than you can chaw is bad on the front teeth—provided the Midsylvania eleven have any front teeth left after the Sangamon eleven get through toying with their bright young faces on Saturday afternoon."

Which, differently expressed, perhaps, was the common sentiment. A chill of dread was descending upon the community at large; in fact, had been descending like a dark, dank blanket for upward of a week now. During the first few hours after the announcement came out that the team of Sangamon College, making their post-season tour, would swing downward across Messrs. Mason and Dixon's justly celebrated survey marks for the express purpose of playing against Midsylvania, there had been a flare-up of state-wide jubilation.

It was no small honor for victorious Midsylvania that her football eleven should be the chosen eleven below the Line to meet these all-conquering stalwarts from above it. So everybody agreed at the outset. But on second thought, which so often is the better thought of the two, the opportunity seemed, after all, not so glorious.

A hero may go down leading a forlorn hope—may die holding a last ditch—and posterity possibly will applaud him; but we may safely figure that he does not greatly enjoy himself while thus engaged; nor can his friends and well-wishers, looking on, be so very happy, either, over the dire and distressful outcome of the sacrificial deed.

The nearer came the day of the game and the more people read about the strength of the invaders, the more dismal loomed the prospect for the defenders.

To begin with, Sangamon was one of the biggest fresh-water colleges on the continent, and one of the richest. Sangamon had six times as many students enrolled as Midsylvania, which meant, of course, six times the bulk of raw material from which to pick and choose for her team. Sangamon had a professional coach, paid trainers and paid rubbers; and Sangamon had a fat fund to support her in her athletic endeavors.

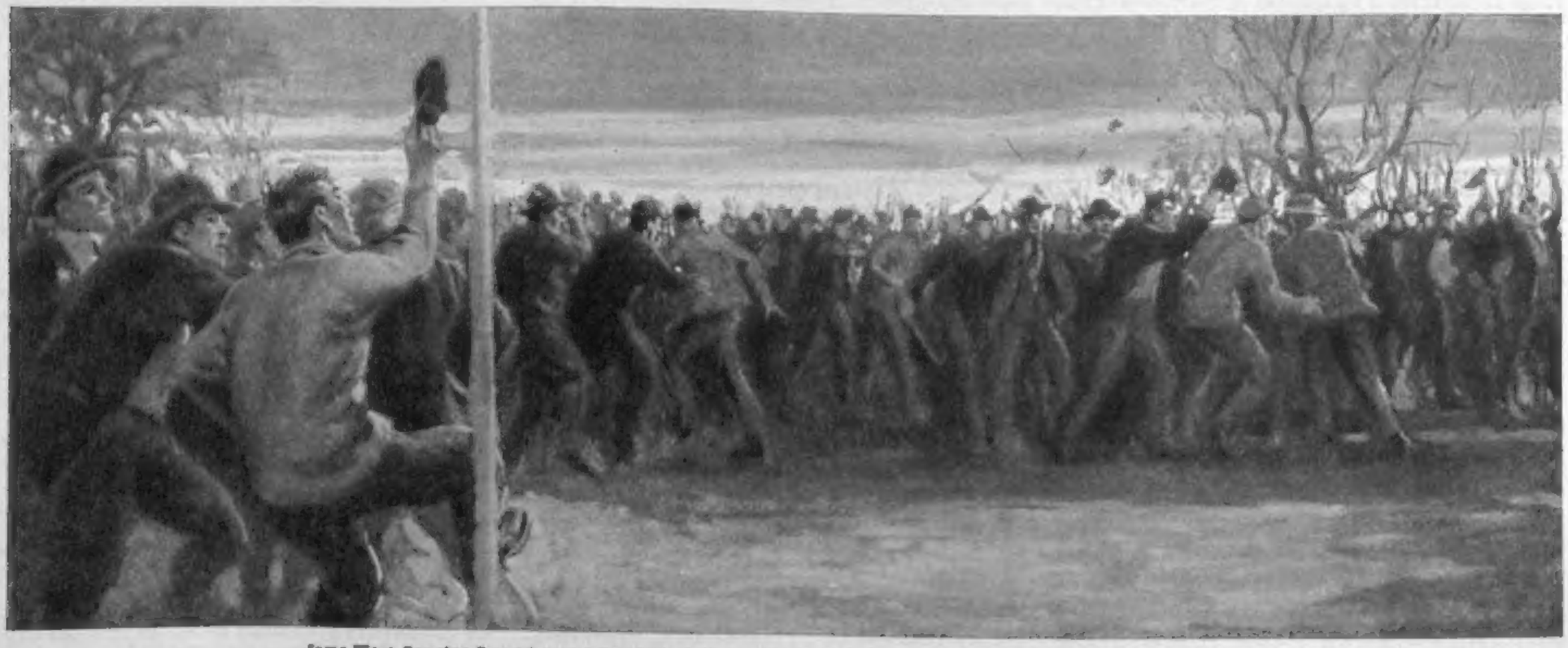
Midsylvania, it is almost needless to state, had none of these. Sangamon had gone through the fall, mopping up ambitious contenders, east and west, due north, north by east, and north by west. Sangamon had two players—not one, but actually two—that the experts of the New York dailies had nominated for the All-American—her fullback, Vretson, known affectionately and familiarly as the Terrible Swede; and her star end, Fay, who, in full football panoply of spiked shoes and padded knickers, had, on test, done a hundred yards in twelve seconds flat.

It isn't so very often that the astigmatic Eastern sharps can see across the Appalachians when they come to make up the roster of nominees for the seasonal hall of football fame. This year, though, they had looked as far inland as Sangamon. At the peril of a severe eyestrain they had to, because Sangamon simply would not be denied.

This was what Midsylvania must go up against this coming Saturday afternoon. Wherefore the apprehension of disaster was that thick you could cut it with a knife.

They played the game out at Morehead Downs, where every year the Derby was run. Neither the baseball park nor the rutty common at the back of the University campus, where the Varsity scrubs and regulars did their stint at practice, could begin to hold the number that was due to attend this game, decent weather being vouchsafed. So Morehead Downs it was, with the lines blocked out in the turf on the inner side of the white fence that bounded the track, a little way up the home stretch, so that the judges' stand should not cut off the view of any considerable number of the spectators sitting across in the grand stand.

For the newspaper fellows they rigged up elbowroom accommodations of bench and table against the base of the judges' kiosk. There we sat—Ike Webb and the Major and Gil Boyd, who was our sporting editor, and myself, all in a row—and there we had been sitting for nearly an hour before the time for starting. Ike Webb was to do the introduction and Gil Boyd the running account of the



Some Were Dancing Dervishes and Some Were Human Steam Whistles, and All the Rest Were Just Plain Lunatics

game, play by play. My job was to keep tab of incidents and local-color stuff generally. But the old Major was there as a spectator merely.

He certainly saw a sight. In that town we always measured multitudes by our Derby Day figures; yet even Derby Days did not often turn out a bigger crowd than the crowd that swarmed to the Downs that bright, gusty December afternoon. The governor came down from the capital and most of the statehouse force came with him. There were excursions by rail in from out in the state, all of them mighty well patronized.

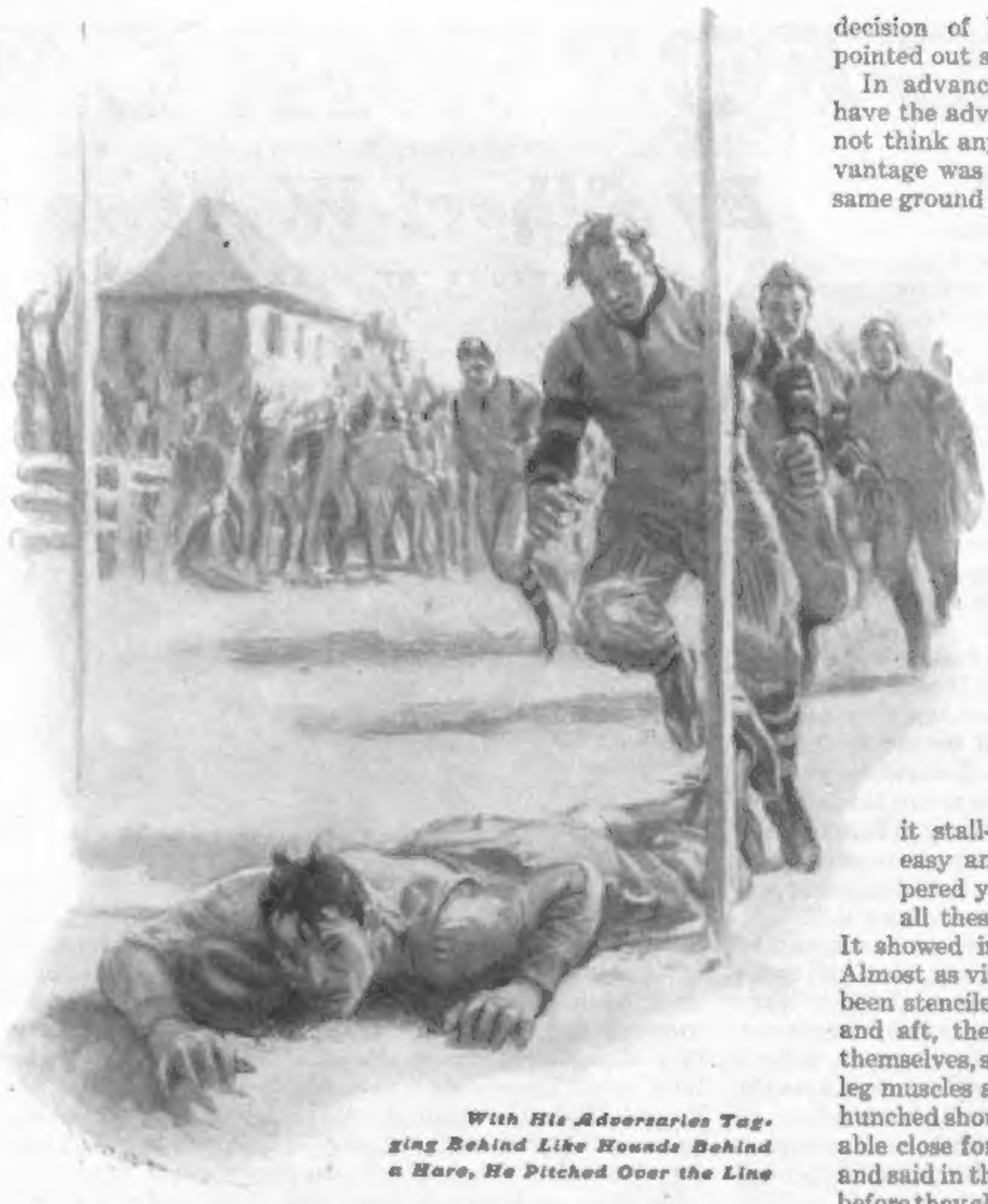
As for the local attendance—well, so far as compiling a directory of the able-bodied adult white population and a fair sprinkling of the black was concerned, the enumerators could have simplified and expedited their task considerably by going up and down the aisles and jotting down the names as they went. They could have made a fairly complete census of our prominent families without straying beyond the confines of the reserved-seat section at the front, or fashionable, side of the grand stand. And if a single society girl in town was absent it was because her parents or her guardian had her at home under lock and key.

Before two o'clock, the slanting floor beneath the high-peaked red roof of the structure made you think of a big hanging garden, what with the faces and the figures of all those thousands packed in together, row after row of them, with the finery of the women standing out from the massed background in brighter patches of color, and the little red pennants that the venders had peddled in the audience all dancing and swaying, like the petals of wind-blown flowers. That spectacle alone, viewed from our vantage place over across the race course, was worth the price of admission to anybody.

Carrying the simile a bit further, you might have likened two sections of space in the stand to hothouses where noise was being brought into bloom, by both artificial and natural means. One of these forcing beds of sound was where Midsylvania grouped herself—faculty and students and old graduates. The other, a smaller area, held the visitors from Sangamon, two hundred strong and more, who had come down three hundred miles by special train, to root for the challengers, bringing with them a brass band and their own glee club—or a good part of it, anyhow—and their own cheer leader.

This cheer leader, being the first of a now common species ever seen in our parts, succeeded in holding the public eye mighty closely, as he stood, bareheaded and long-haired, down below on the track, with his gaudy blue-and-gold sweater on, and his big megaphone in his hand, jerking his arms and his body back and forth as he directed his chorus above in its organized cheering and its well-drilled singing of college songs.

Compared with this output, Midsylvania's cheering arose in larger volume, which was to be expected, seeing that Midsylvania so greatly excelled in numbers present, and had behind its delegations the favor of the onlookers almost to a unit; but, even so, it seemed to lack the force and fervor of those vocal volleys arising from the ranks of the enemy. Each time Sangamon let off a yell it was platoon firing, steady and rapid and brisk; and literally it crackled on the air. When this had died away, and Midsylvania had answered back, the result somehow put you in mind of a boy whistling to keep up his courage while passing a cemetery after dark.



With His Adversaries Tagging Behind Like Hounds Behind a Hare, He Pitched Over the Line

It is hard to express the difference in words, but, had you been there that day, you would have caught it in a jiffy. One group was certain of victory impending and expressed its certainty; the other was doubtful and betrayed it. In the intervals between the whooping and the singing Sangamon's imported band would play snatches of some rousing air, or else Midsylvania's band would play; between the two of them pumping up the pulsebeats of all and sundry.

I was struck by one thing—the Major maintained calm and dignity through all the preliminary excitement. In the moment of the first really big outburst, which was when the Varsity's students and former students marched in behind their band, out of the tail of my eye I caught the Major with a pencil checking off the names of the home squad on his copy of the official program. Knowing the old fellow as I did, I guessed he was figuring up to see how many of the players were members of Old Families. Nearly all of them were, for that matter. He even held himself in when, at two-fifteen or thereabouts, first one of the teams and then the other trotted out from under opposite ends of the grand stand and crossed the track to the field to warm up.

He asked me to point out young Morehead to him; and when I did he nodded as if in affirmation of a previous decision of his own. On my own initiative I pointed out some of the other stars to him too.

In advance we knew Sangamon was going to have the advantage of beef on her side; but I do not think anybody realized just how great the advantage was until we saw the two teams on the same ground and had opportunity to compare and appraise them, man for man. Then we saw, with an added sinking of the spirit—at least I knew my spirit sank at the inequality of the comparison—that her front line outweighed ours by pounds upon pounds of brawn.

In another regard as well, and a more essential regard, too, she showed superiority. For these champions from the upper Corn Belt had what plainly their opponents always before during the season had likewise had, but now lacked: they had an enormous conceit of themselves, a mountainous and a monumental belief in their ability to take this game away from the rival team.

They had brought it with them—this assurance—and they had fed it stall-fat beforehand; and now, with the easy and splendid insolence of lusty, pampered youth, they exhibited it openly before all these hostile eyes upon the enemy's soil. It showed in them individually and as a unit. Almost as visibly as though words of defiance had been stenciled upon their tight-laced jerkins fore and aft, they flaunted forth their confidence in themselves, somehow expressing it in their rippling leg muscles and in their broad backs and in their hunched shoulders as they bunched up into formidable close formation, and in everything they did and said in the few minutes of practice intervening before they should be at grips with their opponents.

They accepted the handclaps from the onlookers—a tribute of hospitality this was, extended by people to whom hospitality for the stranger was as sacred as their religion and as sincere as their politics—with an air which betokened, most evidently, that presently they meant to repay those who greeted them for the greeting, by achieving one of Sangamon's customary victories in Sangamon's customary workmanlike fashion. Among them Vretson, the much advertised, loomed a greater giant above lesser giants, justifying by bulk alone his title of the Terrible Swede.

As for Midsylvania's players, upon the other hand, it seemed to me, as I watched them, that they, in turn, watched the young Gogs and Magogs who were to grapple with them in a half-fearsome, half-furtive fashion. I marked that they flinched nervously, like débutantes, before the volleys of friendly applause from the crowd. It occurred to me that their thoughts must be studded with big black question marks; whereas we all could understand that no doubtfulness punctuated the anticipations of the opposing eleven touching on the possibilities of the next two hours.

The feeling of foreboding spread like a cold contagion from the field to the press stand, affecting the newspaper

(Continued on Page 50)

Judging by His Expression, I Should Say Major Putnam Stone Was Enjoying the Ride

PAYING FOR WAR CASH DOWN

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

AUSUAL but none the less amazing result of a great war is the intense popular interest in finance it rouses. The heat and bitterness of those who debate how to meet the cost match the patriotic zeal of those who do the fighting.

Subjects commonly considered dry and forbidding are suddenly torn from the narrow realm of the specialist to be hauled about and threshed over by all who can make a noise loud enough to be heard. Everyone tries to instruct the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Secretary of the Treasury, or the Minister of Finance how to tax somebody else. Old threadbare theories are rediscovered. Classic controversies burn anew in the great melting pot of popular discussion and legislative dispute. Ancient moldy themes of academic texts live again, as fresh and green as grass that blooms in the spring.

No one can deny the importance of finding just the right means of financing a stupendously costly war. Even if the conflict should prove shorter and cost less than now expected, the question of taxation will be one of the outstanding subjects in the whole civilized world for years to come. But in the present year alone we in this country must raise for war purposes at least twenty dollars for each man, woman and child. To do it in such a manner as to leave the future free from handicap, and all classes and sections reasonably satisfied, requires an uncanny skill.

Though no department of a government at war can be more quickly mobilized than the treasury, none can make more tragic mistakes and failures or can make them more quickly. If it is true that some armies have been made up of lions led by asses, it is just as certain that some nations have consisted of heroes whose sacrifices have been brought to naught by clumsy finance ministers, incompetent to handle a problem at once vast, delicate and complex. Each dollar wisely and scientifically collected and expended shortens the war.

All the technical specialized detail and farsighted comprehensive strategy of a great General Staff is needed to steer a country safely through the mazes and morasses of a modern war finance plan. Otherwise the whole machinery of industry is thrown out of gear, public confidence is lost, victory rapidly retreats, and for a generation afterward the country suffers from political disturbances.

Never before was financial common sense in a superlative degree so much needed as now. To a nation the size of this, Mars presents a bill running into the tens, perhaps even scores, of billions of dollars. Wars have always been more costly than expected. In these times the cost increases daily in staggering ratio. Nor is it easy for a government, having once acquired the habit of nominally temporary, extraordinarily vast expense, to give it all up at once. Much of it tends to become permanent.

Should We Pay as We Go?

BUT the grim fact is that the bill, no matter how large, must be acknowledged and paid. That is something the world cannot escape. Most of the belligerents in this war have given up the idea of an indemnity. Certainly we never had any. Several of the European countries have set up government monopolies, or enterprises, from which some profit is obtained. But we have none. There is no war chest in this country to draw upon. Indeed, the greatest war chest in Europe was a mere drop in the bucket. So there is nothing left but to raise the money by taxes or by borrowing—that is, by loans or bond issues.

Faced by the hard ruthless logic of this situation, many persons have seen only one way out, one avenue of escape from the horrible thought of war's oppressive burdens.

"A great bond issue must not be saddled on the people of this country and their children" is their way of putting it. "Future generations may have troubles of their own. They may want to spend their money for something else. The war must be paid for as it proceeds. Let us make this a cash war, a pay-as-you-enter or a pay-as-you-go war."

The idea is to pay for war entirely by taxes now, once and for all, and not impose any burden on future generations. Then, too, if some men are willing or obliged to give their lives, why should not others be willing to give their money? Should some men have the right to do as they like with their money when others no longer have the right to do as they choose with their lives? Why should the dollar mark be placed higher than human life?

So it is proposed to tax incomes to the bone. It is suggested that all incomes above one hundred thousand dollars a year be "no longer retained by the owner." One Congressman believes that all incomes above fifty thousand dollars should be seized. One state legislator even suggests that no one be permitted to have an income above ten thousand dollars a year. Such a policy, or even the total confiscation of all incomes, is held to be just and right because other men give up their lives.

Nothing could appear more superficially plausible and attractive than this idea of paying for the war now, meeting the bill at once, wiping the slate clean. Wars are not fought with arms, munitions and supplies to be made in the distant future, or even in the past. No father can eat potatoes to be hoed by an unborn son; nor can an army live on bread to be delivered anywhere from ten to forty years in the future. As these things cannot be had either out of the past or the future, why should not the present pay for its war out of the material resources it must create? Why should war leave a pernicious hang-over in the shape of a colossal debt?

It is argued that bonds and taxes are the same thing in the long run. Interest on bonds must be paid for out of taxes, and if the bonds themselves are ever paid off it will be done out of taxes. So wars, in the end, are always paid for by taxes. Bonds are only postponed taxes. So why not tax now, once and for all? Bonds compel future generations to reimburse the present generation. Taxes compel those living now to pay for the war without reimbursement, interest or compensation of any sort. Bonds give them a solace. Taxes give them nothing. Bonds compel certain persons after the war to make repayment to other persons who have contributed during the war. What is the use of creating a class of burdenless drones which their fellow men must still carry on their backs long after the war has ended?

"When I criticized England frankly and severely at the beginning of the war, the British considered me a blackguard," says George Bernard Shaw. "Now that I have loaned the government one hundred thousand dollars, and thus compelled it to pay me five thousand dollars annually for the rest of my life for doing nothing, they think I am a perfect gentleman."

Now it might be supposed, to listen to the naïve appeals of certain radical extremists, that this idea of paying for war entirely by taxation is the unique original flowering of their inventive genius, a sort of Thomas A. Edison stunt in finance. But the fact is that the greatest statesmen and students of political economy have given their close attention to this subject of war finance for more than a hundred years. Gladstone canvassed it thoroughly, as did the early fathers of political economy, men like Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill.

German and French scholars long ago reduced the policies of war finance to almost mathematical exactness, and Henry Carter Adams, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, did the same service for American scholarship exactly thirty years ago. Adams was for many years an expert in the employ of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Census Bureau. His work on Public Debts, now out of print and forgotten by all except a few scientists, makes the rantings of those who are exploiting a long-ago exploded idea seem like the idle patter of children.

But we do not have to depend upon fine-spun theories or historical researches, sound as many of them are. We have stretched out before us the greatest war-finance object lesson in the world. We can profit by the mistakes and experiences of England, France and Germany. Not one of those countries has gone after wealth and earnings as a butcher slaughters cattle. Rather, they have nursed and husbanded their resources and only slowly shifted the weight of expenses from bonds to taxes.

There is not the slightest danger of our following the sink-or-swim policy of Germany and trying to pay for the war entirely by bond issues. Germany has followed that policy partly because its people were already heavily oppressed by taxation before the war, and could hardly have withstood any further encumbrance; but even more because a huge indemnity was expected.

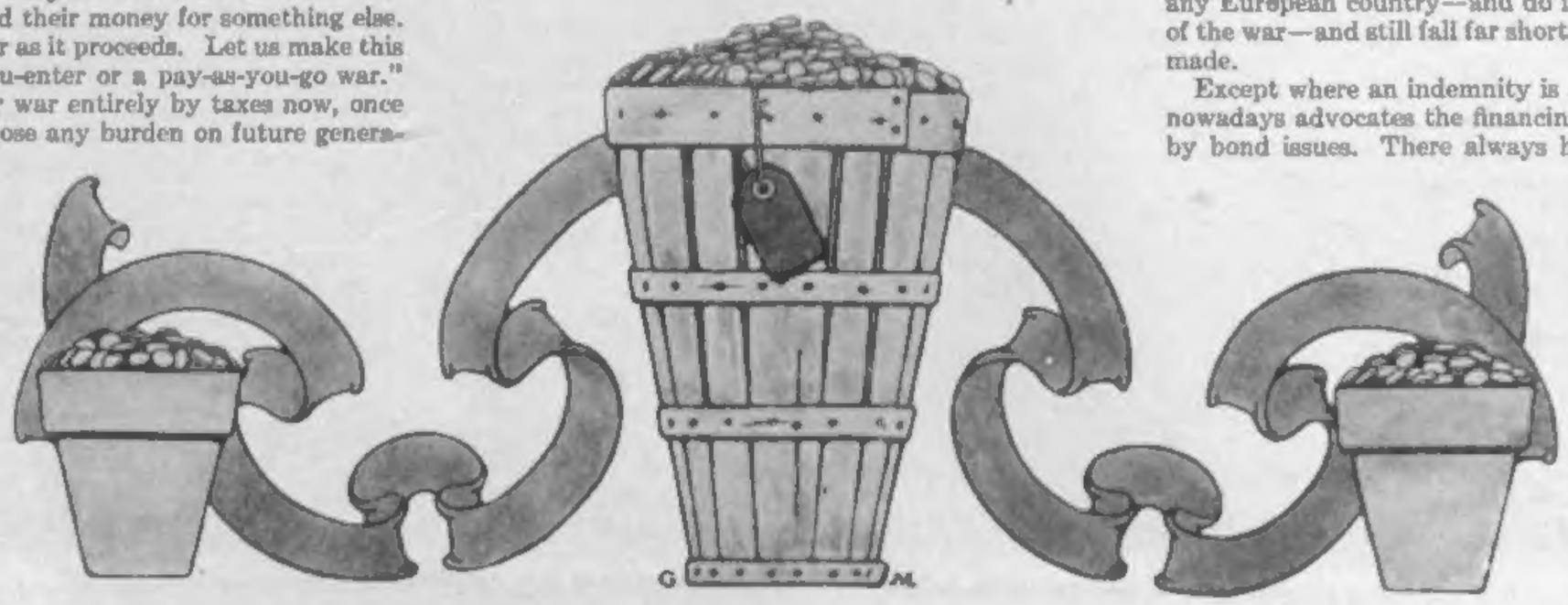
Our Amateur Tax Inventors

"WE DO not desire to increase by taxation the heavy burden war imposes upon our people," said the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, in August, 1915. "As things are, the only method seems to be to leave the settlement of the war bill to the conclusion of peace. Those who provoked war, and not we, deserve to drag through the centuries to come the leaden weight of these milliards. We do not stand alone in hoping to balance our extraordinary budget without recourse to taxation. The force of circumstances has compelled England to do the same."

It is true that England raised very little in taxes in 1914–1915; but in September of 1915, only a month after the German taunt, she accepted the challenge and put into effect an extraordinary series of new imposts, and in the spring of 1916 an even more startling budget of new taxation was adopted. Germany had wholly mistaken the temper of the English; and so to-day England is paying nearly thirty per cent of her war expense from taxes, and has paid in this way twenty-five per cent of the total expense since the war began. The proportion raised by taxes has steadily increased. But Germany still clings to her policy of bond issues, until now a large part of each new issue is used up in paying interest on those which have gone before.

In France the tax on the largest incomes was set at ten per cent; but not until January 1, 1916. In England the extreme rate is thirty-four per cent. Thus, these two countries, toward the end of three years of actual war, have not adopted taxation so drastic as extremists propose for us at the very beginning. Nor is England's hard-earned experience to be sniffed at; England has financed more wars, big and little, than any other country, and before this war began had one of the most perfect tax machines in the world. We can impose more severe taxation than any European country—and do it at a much earlier stage of the war—and still fall far short of the extreme proposals made.

Except where an indemnity is assured, no sensible man nowadays advocates the financing of a great war entirely by bond issues. There always have been a few persons who, by odd sophistical reasoning, persuaded themselves that a public debt was a public blessing. But this theory has been completely discarded since the Civil War, and the truth is that most persons who argued for it in times past stood to benefit personally by bond issues. Ever since the Franco-Prussian War certain Frenchmen have



believed in keeping the great public debt alive, because they happened to own bonds and found them a good investment. For years France paid a higher interest rate than was necessary, because it feared the votes of the bondholders.

Mr. Average Citizen feels the existence of government chiefly through his pocketbook. If he is taxed directly he knows there is a government and takes an interest in what it does. If money is raised by bonds the true state of affairs may be hidden from him, because of his indifference. A policy of bond issues veils the acts of government. It is the easiest way. It is a policy of blind optimism, of letting matters drift until complete disaster shows that the problem is no longer under control. Where there is no certainty of an indemnity, any attempt to finance a war wholly by bond issues is due to distrust of the people or to the ignorance and weakness of the government.

All manner of evils followed the attempt to pay for our War of 1812 and the Civil War by bond issues. Not until late in 1863 and early in 1864 did the Union Government prove strong and wise enough to impose heavy taxes. Probably it could have put those taxes into effect eighteen months earlier. In that case the South would have been discouraged much sooner, and the credit of the North might have been saved almost entirely from the depths to which it fell.

Continued bond issues lead to inflation, extravagance and high prices. After the war is over, interest on the bonds must be met and, if possible, part of the principal paid off at the very time when the country is poorest and most acutely in need of money for other purposes. Thus far, Germany has partly escaped the evils of inflated prices that usually go with an exclusive policy of bond issues. But Germany escapes many evils through a system of rigid, iron-heeled governmental machinery, which we do not have and against which the American people would revolt.

Suffering Enough for All

BUT it is just as impracticable, unsound and unfair to attempt to pay for a great war entirely by taxation. That such a policy has been urged by pacifists shows that they want to make people sick of the war, to hamstring the great effort, by concentrating all the financial dead weight of it into a few years, or even a few months. If there is any justice in the war at all it is only right that the future should pay at least part of the charge. It would be just as wrong to make the citizens of New York City pay for their new subways entirely by taxation. The present day has to give its lifeblood and a great deal of its money. Why should it be oppressed with the entire load?

It is all very well to say that if life is drafted property should also be. But there is no way of distributing the sacrifice of life over more than one generation. Money costs can be postponed. If we could take five years off the life of everyone living now, four years off the next generation, and so on, that would be much fairer than having some men killed outright or wounded now, and the next generation going scot-free. But it cannot be done. Even if every cent of property and every rag of clothing were taken away from the rich man who is not a soldier, his sacrifice will not equal that of the soldier who is killed, be he rich or poor. The two kinds of sacrifice cannot be equalized. They simply are not comparable, because the most murderous tax cannot equal the loss of life itself.

There is suffering enough for all in war. Why should war finance be planned in a spirit of disgruntled, vindictive destructiveness when that particular part of the sacrifice can be made easy and convenient to bear? It is significant that this point has been brought out strongly by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, one of the leading authorities on taxation. He is perhaps the country's chief advocate of the income tax and the person most responsible for its adoption here. Thus his repudiation of a policy of exclusive taxation has been the more notable.

Nor is it fair to say that the rich alone buy bonds and the poor do the fighting. Families of both wealth and title suffered first in England. Always the sons of the well-to-do and educated classes offer their services in war. In the Civil War exemption could be purchased from military service, but with universal service no such rule holds in any country now; and from the rich who are beyond military age comes much of the leadership, brains and organizing ability.

In any case the interest on bonds will be paid by the very classes that subscribe for them, provided taxation be scientifically adjusted in years to come. Whether the immediate cost of the war is met chiefly by bonds or by taxes, the richer portion of the community will pay a large part of the bills in income, inheritance and excess-profits taxes.

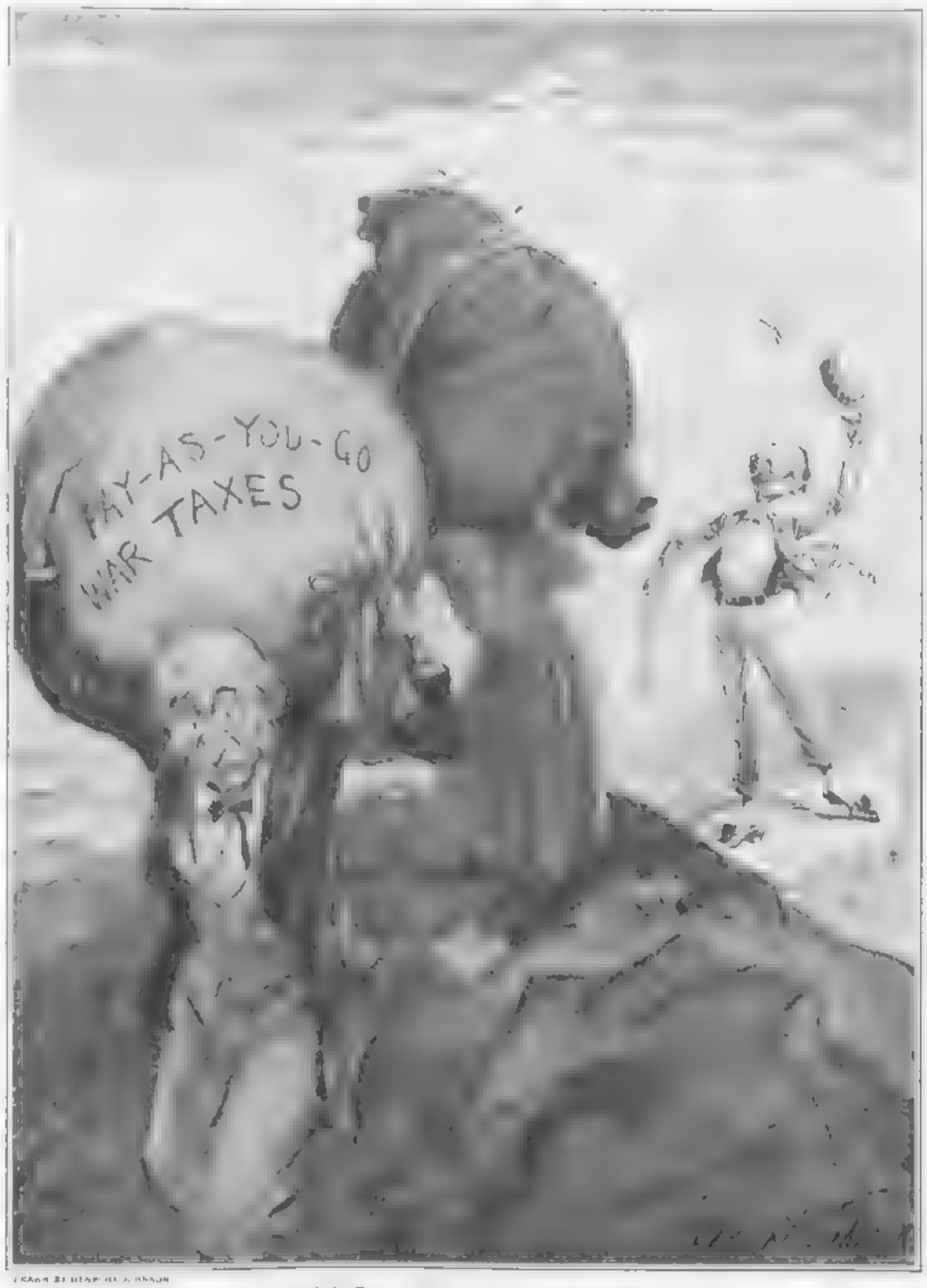
But how foolish to assume that only the rich, the capitalists, will buy government bonds! Extreme radicals and socialists seem to look upon anyone who owns a stock or a bond as a plutocrat. Under modern conditions a very large proportion of all war bonds are taken by life-insurance companies and savings banks, which hold the accumulated savings of men and women of very small means. This has been true in England and Germany, and will be the case here. In England, France and Germany millions of small investors subscribed directly for bonds. Great sums were taken by city and town governments, labor unions, benefit societies, and all manner of coöperative organizations, which represent the people at large. Even before the present war, the ownership of French Government bonds by the peasant class was a notable fact.

But it is true that the poor man does the bulk of the actual fighting in the trenches. That is because there is more of him. He forms the bulk of the population. It is true, also, that if he is killed or disabled his family suffers more than the rich man's, because he leaves his wife and children more helpless and dependent. So, it is argued, let us make the rich, the well-to-do, the comfortably off, and all those who have a little more than bare subsistence—let us make them pay for the war by excessive taxation. But, even if this method were right and just, it is contrary to the principles of human nature and is actually impossible.

Essentially war finance is a problem of human nature—not of finance at all. It is a fascinating study in psychology. The secret is gradually to increase the load, slowly to pile tax upon tax, but to do nothing abrupt, quick or harsh. The main idea is to keep business going all the time and gradually absorb more and more in taxes, but never to soak it all at once; never to give it a knock-out blow.

Charles E. Mitchell, the young and energetic president of the National City Company, of New York, the bond-selling adjunct of the largest bank in the country, is a man of firm convictions and not afraid to express them. But in an entire morning's conversation with him regarding the best methods of financing the war I did not discover that he was opposed to any suggestion of heavy taxation, except those which proposed an immediate and sudden gouging of business. "We can get used to anything," he said, "if they will only give us a little time."

The same opinion is held by practically every experienced banker and by committees of the various chambers of commerce which have taken up the question. The typical attitude is that of a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, which suggests taxes on very large incomes of twenty per cent the first year, thirty per cent the second and from forty to fifty per cent the third year. The simple truth is that finance always can and does accustom itself to new conditions if you give it a little time. This is one of the few basic truths one learns from a close and prolonged study of the stock market. The same truth applies to the financing of corporations, to the bond business, and to the actual management of business affairs.



I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Taxpayer

Destructive Taxation

ENGLAND, in the third year of its desperate war, is raising billions of dollars by taxation and imposing a thirty-four per cent super-tax on large incomes; but all these measures were adopted bit by bit, without appreciable protest from anyone, even from the great land-owning dukes. But if excessive taxes are imposed without warning, the mainspring of activity is broken and the machinery for producing wealth is destroyed. In the formal but forceful language of Professor Adams: "A sound financial system will not dry up the source of revenue upon which it relies." The same idea was expressed in more everyday language by a millionaire business man. He inherited a large fortune; but he has added to it, and is always ready to take a good, fair chance. He has backed many a desirable but speculative enterprise.

"How do you like the idea of having all your income above a fixed sum taken away from you?" I asked.

"Let them go as far as they like," he replied. "It's all right so long as they use the money to fight the war; but if the real object of this taxation is simply to bleed men like myself—why, we won't be there when they need us next time; that's all."

By extreme measures the Government must not cripple itself at the outset of a possibly long war. It might raise three or four or even seven or eight billion dollars by swooping down upon every person who has more than enough to buy his next meal. But when the proceeds of that particular raid had been spent there would be no more wealth to pillage. The Government would be stranded in the middle of the war, with no means to carry it through. It must think of the future as well as of the present.

Taxation destructive of the thing taxed will produce the money only once. No matter how pressing the need may seem to be, it never pays to milk dry the producers of wealth all at once.

The trick is to keep people working. Business should be as unfailing as the widow's cruse of oil. The Government must appeal to all who produce anything in such an alluring way, either by selling them bonds with a good interest return, or by appearing to spread taxation over other classes as well, that, while in reality continually giving of their products to the Government, the producers' energy is never for one moment slackened. Taxes must not weaken the will to work.

In the natural interest and excitement over military and naval operations it is easy to forget that the real strain in a great modern war is to readjust the labor supply behind the lines. With millions of men drawn away, those left behind

(Continued on Page 68)

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

FROM the moment I first saw him I knew he was something unusual.

He was a tall young man, evidently very nervous and evidently trying to hide it. He had a high color, part of which was due to the fact that he was almost constantly blushing. His overcoat was shabby, but his manners were ceremonious to a most exquisite degree. Indeed, now that I think it over, I can see that it was his manners which held my attention more than anything else—his manners and his earnestness, and a little trick he had of stammering when excited.

"Is Mr. Hardman in?" he asked the boy, speaking with a certain grand condescension, which I can never quite hope to describe.

I could see that the boy was guessing; and if you know the average New York office boy this will give you a slight idea of Percy's style. But suddenly the boy's manner grew hard and suspicious. "I seen the worn spots on his shirt, like I have 'em myself," he told me later, "and I knew right away that he wasn't one of the Vanderbilts." And, holding out his hand, he said:

"Card, please!"

At that the tall young man blushed harder than ever, but he still spoke with the grand manner.

"I haven't a card with me," he said; "but I wish you'd tell Mr. Hardman that Mr. Mason is here to see him. I have an appointment at four o'clock."

Whereupon I stepped forward, for I had written the letter asking Mr. Mason to call.

"You are Mr. Mason?" I asked.

"Yes, sir!" he exclaimed in his stately but blushing manner; and, holding out his hand, he added: "I'm pleased to meet you."

I shook hands, not knowing what else to do; and he handed me the letter I had sent him, asking him to call. We had advertised for a draftsman; and, of all the applications, that of P. E. Mason had seemed to promise the most. Looking at him in the flesh, I could understand why his letter had seemed so earnest; why he had described himself as "a young man of personality"; but for the life of me I couldn't imagine P. E. Mason matching up with the other young men in the drafting room. Old John J. prided himself on his technical force and picked his draftsmen for their appearance and engineering degrees, with the same thoroughness that a Broadway producer would pick his chorus girls for their style and beauty. Some of these thoughts must have shown in my face, because when I looked up from the letter in my hand I caught such a pathetic look in the young man's eyes that I straightway opened the rail gate and let him in.

"After all," I thought, "it's John J.'s funeral; not mine. It was he who wanted Mason to call."

Nevertheless, John J., though just, was a hard man; and on second thoughts I turned round to the candidate, who was following so faithfully at my heels.

"You're a draftsman, of course?" I asked.

"Yes, sir!" he proudly exclaimed, and half drew a cardboard tube from his overcoat pocket.

"Where did you learn?"

"Cooper Institute. I work in the daytime; but I've been coming over to the night sessions for three years. You know, it's always been mother's ambition that I should work in an office," he earnestly added.

I'm afraid I turned rather shortly then, and again he dropped in step behind me. Somehow I could feel how solemnly and yet how grandly he was following at my heels step by step, his shoes creaking loudly, as though it were some sort of ceremonial march, accompanied by tribal music. We had the whole top floor of the Hardman Building; and by the time we reached the president's office Mr. Mason was breathing heavily, and I knew he had been impressed by what he had seen.

They Were Good Drawings—Though Nothing Remarkable; But I Noticed That John J. Was Interested in the Tracing of His Hammer

John J. was sitting at his desk, and I don't believe I had ever seen him looking grimmer or more capable than he looked at that minute. In his youth he had been a blacksmith; but one day he hammered out the idea of an educated bucket for handling coal and ashes; later he hammered out the idea of an automatic forge; and later yet he brought out a riveting hammer, with one moving part, which could do nearly everything that a dozen trained men could do, except to read the paper and smoke a pipe.

As a result, John J. Hardman had prospered like the green bay tree. There wasn't a coal-handling plant or a machine shop or a structural iron worker in the country—and few abroad—who didn't respect his name and ability. And partly because of his own lack of a technical education, but more, I think, because it unconsciously tickled his vanity, he took a grim satisfaction in surrounding himself with graduates from the best scientific schools in the United States. From all of which you can see that I wouldn't have given much for Percy's chances when I steered him through the door and up to John J.'s desk.

"This is Mr. Mason," I said as significantly as I dared. "The young man who applied for a position as a draftsman."

"Pleased to meet you, sir," said Percy, blushing again, but as full of his manners as ever; and with a bow he stretched out his arm to shake hands with Old John J.

Mr. Hardman gave me a frowning glance that said "You're going to hear from me later about this, my boy!" Nevertheless, he shook the outstretched hand, though with a grudging expression; and in an ominous voice he began:

"What experience have you had, young man?"

"Well, I had a very good education," said Percy, stammering in his earnestness. "I have a letter here from the principal of the school I attended when a boy. Then I started at high school; but father cut up a little about that, and, rather than have any trouble in the family, I went to work for the Brooklyn Machinery Company. I have a letter here from Mr. Byers, the superintendent. Also, one from our pastor, which I should like you to read. It was he who suggested that I should take the night course in draftsmanship at Cooper Institute. I've been doing that for three years—just finished last week. I've got some tracings here that I should like you to see."

While he had been talking John J. had been taking him in; and I, also, had been looking him over as carefully as I could. His hair was longer than it should have been, and bunched out over the back of his collar. His creaking shoes were obviously and painfully new. His blue serge suit, though speckless of dust, was shiny in places; and it not only gave off a slight smell of gasoline but the trousers had been patched twice—at the point where trousers are generally patched—by two small circular pieces of blue cloth, which looked as though they might have been cut from a woman's skirt. His derby hat, carefully placed on the table behind him, had a suspicious freshness round the binding; and as he drew his tracings out of their tube his cuffs slipped down and showed two serrated edges that would have done credit to a couple of freshly sharpened band saws.

"This," said Percy, "is the plan, elevation and cross section of a compound Corliss engine. This is a four-cylinder gasoline motor. And this, Mr. Hardman, is one of your latest model automatic hammers. I sat up nearly all night to do that one."

They were good drawings—though nothing remarkable, that I could see; but I noticed that John J. was interested in the tracing of his hammer.

"How did you come to do this?" he asked.

"Why, I thought that would interest you more than anything else," said Percy, more earnestly than ever. "When I got your letter last evening and saw that you were Mr. Hardman, of the Hardman hammers, I said to myself, 'Percy,' I said, 'you go right back to the shop and ask Mr. Byers to lend you one of those latest model hammers. And you sit up all night, if necessary, and draw it.' And so I did; and didn't get through till four o'clock this morning."

Out of his pocket, then, he drew a large handful of letters, such as young men sometimes like to carry—possibly to add to their sense of self-importance.

"This is the letter from my school principal," he said, sorting them over.

John J. glanced at it almost defiantly.

"And this is from Mr. Byers, the superintendent of the shop where I'm working. I've done nearly all the drafting over there lately—though, of course, there isn't much to do; but you can see from his letter that Mr. Byers is a perfect gentleman and always likes to see a young man get along.

"And this is from our pastor, the Reverend Mr. Carroll, another perfect gentleman. I think he writes the way he does partly because he knows the trouble we've had with father. This is a snapshot of the house where we live, in South Brooklyn—a friend of ours took it the other day, and I happened to have it in my pocket. And here's mother, with her hand on my shoulder. She has nine children; but I'm the oldest, and the five next to me are girls. So mother and I have always sort of had to stand by each other."

"What's this trouble with your father that you talk about?" asked John J., looking up from the photograph, which Percy had put in his hand.

To use an old-fashioned phrase, the young man went as red as fire.

"There are times," he said in a troubled voice, "when father drinks. But you needn't be afraid that I shall ever start anything like that, Mr. Hardman. I signed the pledge as soon as I could write my name, and it hangs in a little frame in my bedroom. I've never touched a drop of liquor in my life—and never shall!" he earnestly concluded. "I know too well what it does."

John J. suddenly rose, with an air of finality, and for one ferocious moment he seemed to be all lumpy jaw and

beetling eyebrows. He pushed the tracings and letters back to Percy and reached for his hat and coat.

"I start my draftsmen," he said, "at twenty-five dollars a week. You report for work in the morning."

And, turning to me as he struggled into his coat, he gave me a glance which seemed to say "This is where I attend to you, my boy!" And aloud he added:

"I'm going for the day now, Rogers. I wish you'd take this young man in to Mr. King and introduce him to the engineering force."

II

THE next morning Mr. Hardman started for Colon, where we were installing a coal-handling plant for the Navy Department, similar to those we had already put in on the Pacific Coast and in the Philippines. Breaking off in the middle of his instructions, he suddenly remarked:

"Oh, how did that 'young man of personality' get on in the drafting room?"

"All right!" I smiled. "I left him there yesterday afternoon making a little speech and shaking hands with the crowd."

"Young fool!" grumbled John J. "All the same, Rogers, I want it understood that he's to have a square deal. Mind you, he's not to be babied; but I want him to have the same show as any other man would have that I might send in there."

Later in the day I conveyed these sentiments to Wally King, the head draftsman.

"Fear not, my Jolly Rogers!" said the immaculate Wally. "If Old John J. wishes to send a little yellow dog into the drafting room we'll do our best to treat it kindly and admire its pretty tricks. But after five o'clock—why, that is something else again. I fail to understand that Percy has been visited upon our unoffending department with any idea of establishing social relations."

"I hope not—for his sake!" I tartly replied; for Wally, whose social position in New York was unquestionable, never failed to irritate me when he talked as from a height.

For the next few days I was too busy to give the matter a thought. Toward the end of the week, though, Wally sent the blue-print boy over for a tracing, and the boy had a reminiscent grin that somehow immediately reminded me of Percy.

"Julius," I said, "how's the new draftsman getting along?"

The boy laughed—a sudden, shrill cackle of laughter; and then he glanced at me shrewdly, a wise, young look in his eyes, which is, I think, seldom seen except in the youth of our Lower East Side.

"You mean Poicy, Mr. Rogers?" he asked; and when I nodded he chuckled and added: "They've soitainly been playing horse with that guy."

"In what way?" I frowned, remembering what I had told Wally.

"Making a monkey of him, Mr. Rogers; and the poor boob don't know it. They all keep bowing to each other, and shaking hands when they get back from lunch, as if they had been on a long joiney. And then they introduce theirselves to each other and say: 'Pleased to meetcher! Pleased to meetcher!' And somebody says: 'Hark! I hear a cricket! 'Tis the sign of an oily spring!' And somebody else says: 'Nay, nay, dear Hoibert; that isn't the crick of a cricket. That's the crick-crick-crick of Poicy's toes, and a sign that his sweetheart is thinking about him.' And the next time he walks across the room somebody else sings out: 'Oh, oh, how she loves him!' And that's the way they keep it up, kidding away at the poor boob all day long."

"And you say he doesn't know it?"

"Well, he misses most of it—that's soitain—'cause he isn't on to 'em yet. But I guess he's getting hep, at that. I saw him this morning bending over a tracing with his ears like the red lamps on the back of a train; and honest, Mr. Rogers, I kind of felt sorry for the guy!"

I made it a point that afternoon to be in the outside office at a few minutes past five, when the drafting-room door opened and the young men began to come out. They made their appearance in laughing, chatting groups, irreproachably groomed and dressed—young men, as I have said before, who had been particularly picked for their education and appearance. And when the last smiling group had disappeared, and I began to wonder whether I had missed him, Percy came out, walking alone, but in his grand and gracious manner, and evidently trying to appear unconscious of the squeaking of his shoes.

Metaphorically speaking, I rubbed my eyes, stared, and rubbed them again. Yes! Percy was carrying a cane!

"In a hurry?" I asked.

"Not at all, sir."

"Then come and tell me how you're getting on."

He followed me into my den by the side of John J.'s room, and there I got his side of it.

"Of course it's all right," he said. "A sort of a hazing, I take it, like I've always read about in stories of college life."

He said this with a large air, meantime playing with that confounded stick of his, as though to demonstrate that he was quite at his ease; but in his eyes I caught a troubled look, such as you might expect to see in a faithful dog who was being punished without cause and couldn't understand it.

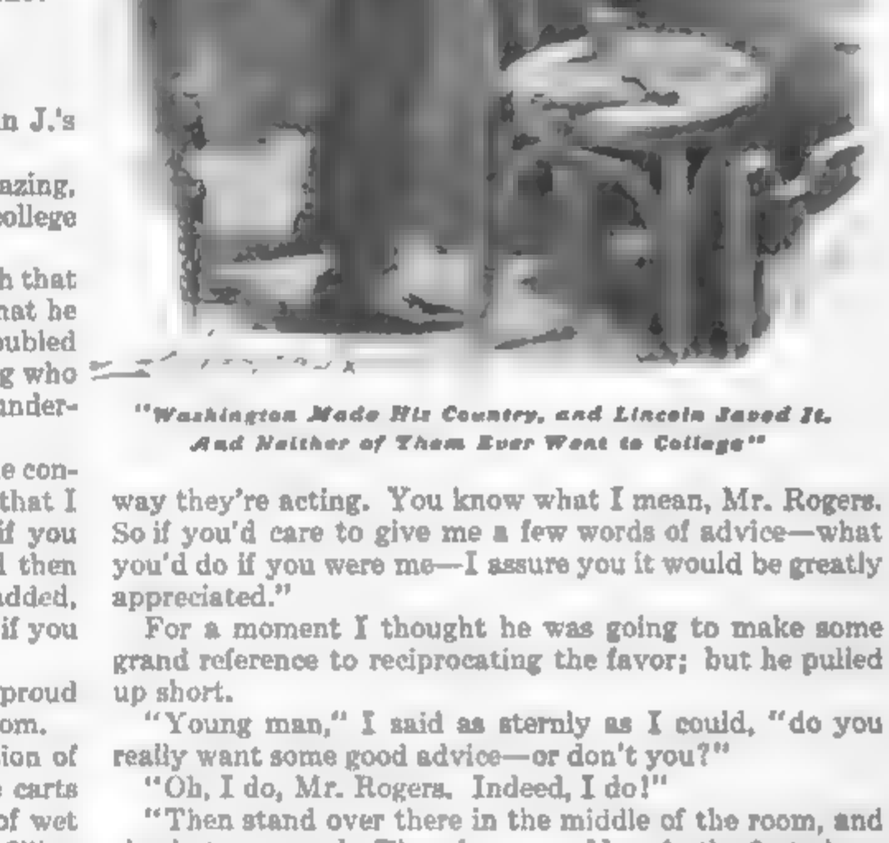
"Mother wants me to come and live in the city," he continued. "You know, it's always been her ambition that I should be a gentleman; and at home —— Well, if you don't mind, I'll tell you how it is, Mr. Rogers, and then perhaps you can advise me—that is, of course," he added, with an apologetic addition to his urbane manner, "if you would care to be so kind ——"

I nodded, for to tell the truth I wasn't altogether proud of the treatment Percy was getting in the drafting room.

"Well," he began, "we live in a pretty poor section of South Brooklyn. Father, you see, has a team. He carts ashes. A good many years ago we bought a piece of wet land near the water, and ever since then we've been filling it in. Some day we hope it's going to be worth something as a factory site; but—anyhow, that's where we live."

"I see," I nodded again.

"Well, now," he continued, "mother wants me to come and live in the city, so I can get away from all that. She wants me to make friends with some young gentlemen here in the office; but, of course, I haven't told her the way they're acting. You know what I mean, Mr. Rogers. So if you'd care to give me a few words of advice—what you'd do if you were me—I assure you it would be greatly appreciated."



"Washington Made His Country, and Lincoln Saved It. And Neither of Them Ever Went to College"

For a moment I thought he was going to make some grand reference to reciprocating the favor; but he pulled up short.

"Young man," I said as sternly as I could, "do you really want some good advice—or don't you?"

"Oh, I do, Mr. Rogers. Indeed, I do!"

"Then stand over there in the middle of the room, and slowly turn round. There! . . . Now, in the first place, you need a hair cut."

"A hair cut?" he repeated to himself. "Yes, sir."

"And a new suit from a good firm—I'll give you a few names."

"Just a moment, Mr. Rogers. I'll make a note of these things: 'Hair cut. New suit—good firm.' Yes, sir."

"New shoes—silent model. New collars—Lord Lummy's a good style. Gray silk necktie. Suède gloves. Soft gray hat, like Wally King wears. That's enough to start with. And when you've got them all on I want you to come in here and see me again; and then I'll tell you where you'll find a good boarding house."

He came in again a month later; and, at first, I hardly knew him—so handsome and fine he looked in his new outfit. I found him a boarding house just round the corner from my hotel; and when I walked round there that evening, to see how he was getting on, he was hanging two small framed pictures of Washington and Lincoln on the wall of his room.

"Great men, Percy," I said, nodding approval.

"Yes, Mr. Rogers," he replied in that earnest way of his. "The two greatest Americans that ever lived—don't you think so?"

"Not much doubt about it."

"And perfect gentlemen, both of them?"

"Perfect gentlemen, both," I solemnly agreed.

"Then let me tell you something, Mr. Rogers, that often helps me a whole lot—especially when Mr. King and that crowd are trying to make me look foolish: Washington made his country, and Lincoln saved it. And neither of them ever went to college."

III

PERCY gradually grew into the habit of dropping over to my apartments in the evening. At first I was glad to see him, if only because he amused me with such perfect unconsciousness. But after a while I found that I was building up a distinct liking for the boy. In his dreams of greatness he reminded me of the time when I, too, was twenty-one, and before my ambitions had shrunk to placing another bond each quarter-day in a safe-deposit box.

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," he said, one night, "do you think there's any reason why I couldn't learn to be a perfect gentleman—just as good as any of them?"

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"When You've Said and Done, Mr. Rogers, Being a Gentleman is Largely a Matter of Personality. Don't You Think So?"

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

Getting Over—By Will Irwin

AT SEA, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, 1917.

TO-NIGHT this little Spanish jitney steamer is eleven days from New York and twelve hours—perhaps—from her homeport of Cadiz, just outside of the Strait of Gibraltar. Since we passed the Azores three days ago we have been steering a curved course; but for that we should have reached port already. Approaching the Strait of Gibraltar is dangerous just now, even for a strictly neutral ship. Between the Pillars of Hercules the German mine-laying submarines are busy, and the currents carry the mines out into the broad Atlantic. For that reason we steered north; and just after sunset this evening a flashing light announced our approach to the Spanish Coast. We have been hugging the three-mile limit ever since, and across the severe shore, which we can make out in the beams of a new moon, comes the distant gleam of town lights. The ship's rumors, which always break out on the last night of these wartime journeys, have been especially common and startling this evening. One has it that we shall be stopped by a French cruiser early to-morrow morning and searched for German subjects. It is said also that the captain has advised all subjects of belligerent countries to disembark at Cadiz, outside the Strait, instead of trying the further course to Barcelona, within the troubled Mediterranean. Some of the belligerents are planning to sit up all night—for in spite of the German announcement that the Spanish coast is not blockaded for neutral vessels no one seems to put much faith in the self-control of a German submarine commander confronted with a fat prize.

On Our Boat Coming Over Was a Quiet Young Woman Who Wore a Diamond Solitaire on the Third Finger of Her Left Hand

This has been a queer voyage. I have crossed to Europe five times since the beginning of the war, and each time I have seen the business of sea travel grow less and less luxurious. Now we are down to primitive necessity—the travel of forty years ago. To begin with the ship, she was Clyde-built in 1891, before the era of ocean greyhounds and floating hotels. Her certificate of inspection shows that she registers less than six thousand tons; which puts her, on the standards of 1914, in the class of coasters. She is probably the smallest craft that dares to carry first-cabin passengers across the Atlantic in these times.

The Passengers and Their Errands

FOUR days ago we had a fine following wind, whereupon our merry Spanish crew—great singers and dancers—rigged a lateen sail on the foremast, which added thirty miles or so to the day's run. It recalled the early era of steam power in the United States Navy, when standing orders forced commanders to use sails whenever the wind was right, and admirals used to be reprimanded for burning coal when the wind would serve just as well.

She is a steady old tub, rolling and pitching far less than most ships of four times her tonnage—and that lets her out. At some time in her past history, I take it, she was refitted with secondhand furnishings torn out of dismantled ships; for no two cabin washstands are of the same pattern. Most of the washstands, indeed, function no more, as the French express it. Our tap is hopelessly out of order, and we pour our water from a can resembling a garden watering-pot. Few of the Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Japanese, Rumanians, Russians, Dutchmen and Italians making this journey of sentiment speak Spanish. We had thought that French, the universal language of European travel, would carry us through. But not a single servant of the boat has either French or English, and only one of the officers. The English-Spanish pocket dictionaries aboard are passing from hand to hand while we learn that dinner is "*comida*" and that sheets are "*sábanas*." For the rest we are down to the language of gesture.

To do the old tub justice, the food is passable. However, the American abroad refuses to recognize as coffee any mixture or brew except his own. In two years and a half of the war I have found only two places that served coffee measuring up to our standards. One was a very humble café at Lyons, and the other an equally modest establishment in the city where the Italian army has its headquarters. Our star passenger this trip is the Reliever of Belgium, returning to wind up, before the war breaks on us, that institution which has been America's most glorious work of war—so far. He is a little disgusted because a cautious board of directors persuaded him to take this safe route instead of the more dangerous one, via British passenger ship, from New York to Liverpool. He is used by this time to dodging explosives. He has crossed from England to Belgium on an average of once every six weeks since the first October of the war. The Dutch company on whose packets he used to sail has lost six out of seven vessels so far through floating mines; and twice his ship has been captured and searched by German torpedo fleets.

His cautious directors took no chances on the Friend of the Hungry going hungry himself. They loaded his cabin with fresh fruit, fresh eggs and—most useful of all—a complete coffee-making outfit, including ground Java and Mocha, canned heat and fresh cream. So every morning he and I have risen at our native farmer hour and made real coffee for ourselves and for whatever guests cared to breakfast before eight. The cream lasted only three days. We had tried to put it in the ice box, but the head steward, interviewed through an obliging Spaniard, replied that he had a very peculiar ice box. So six bottles had to go overboard sour. While on the subject of eating and drinking and quarters, let me mention that I paid four hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty cents for a cabin on the main deck for myself and my wife. That sum, in any March before the war, would have secured us a suite on a six-day boat. Still, the assurance of comparative safety is worth the price.

The passenger list is entertaining to the point of romance. Except for the Spaniards, it is a kind of journey of desperation for most of us. There are two or three American business men. One is going over to sell steel cars to the Italian Government—he has already filled up the Russian roads to the point of saturation. By contrast, another, bound also for Italy, will buy maraschino cherries for the New York cocktail market. A rosy-cheeked Dutchman and his plump, handsome wife found themselves in America when the submarine proclamation stopped all passenger traffic with Holland. They had left their children in Holland. They are going back via Spain, France, the Channel, England, and the Channel again. Only we who have encountered the official restrictions on travel know what our friends from Holland must endure in the next fortnight.

She whom we call to her face the Beautiful Wop joins us sometimes at breakfast—a young, pretty and alive Italian-American, by profession a costume buyer. This is her sixth trip over since the war, though she has gone previously via Bordeaux. Only two days before our sailing did she decide to make this voyage, and get out a last consignment of Paris fashions before the entrance of the United States should make shipments still more precarious. The second day out she found on board her Dearest Rival—on the same mission!

Religion, Banking and Matrimony

WITH her come to breakfast the Relief Girl, who has been learning stenography in order to act as secretary to a society for the relief of the French wounded, and "Mr. Y. M. C. A.," whose nickname explains his mission. He will take charge of a recreation tent in the war zone—almost all the British Y. M. C. A. secretaries are mobilized.

A pleasant little Italian attorney, who speaks all the languages current on board, has been for a year on a special commercial mission to the United States. A month from now he will be wearing the olive-gray and fighting with the Third Alpini among the peaks. An ex-football player of Princeton is going over to London to report to the head office of his banking firm; thence he passes on to a permanent station in India. He is escorting his sister, who will, upon arrival, marry an English naval captain. War is war, and a sailor of His Majesty's navy on active service cannot cross the seas for his bride!

Then there is the Newspaper Enterprise Association man, going to have his first shot at reporting the war and considerably excited over the prospect. He is walking the deck with an American who will introduce to Spain a new compact talking machine. Ship's orchestras are numbered with the things of that dead past before the war; but every fine afternoon he has given a concert on deck with his bijou machine. Other persons worthy of mention include the remains of the Russian Ballet—most of that troupe sailed two weeks ahead of us—and a French art dealer, member of a famous Franco-American banking family, who has been in America disposing of some great French paintings, sold because of the war.

The sportively inclined among the Spanish element are at this moment drinking champagne on deck. The Spanish have been enjoying themselves in their own way. First and last, they have found means to play every known

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Making J. M. A.'s at North Island

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

THE other day a stranger in San Diego paused during a difficult putt on the ninth green of the Point Loma Golf Club, straightened up and listened.

"What is that whirring noise?" he asked, puzzled.

"That," replied his opponent, "is the most important commencement oration in America." And he pointed into the air, where the graduating class of the Army Aëronautical School was returning in war formation from a three-hundred-mile test flight.

There are twelve in that North Island graduating class. Would there were twelve hundred! For each of these flyers may be worth more to the American fighting force than a thousand men on the ground.

It is estimated that France, England and Germany have over thirty thousand airmen on the war fronts. We have, all told, in our military service, perhaps less than two hundred. At present there are only five aëronautical squadrons connected with the United States Army. These are stationed at San Antonio, Texas; Columbus, New Mexico; Honolulu; Corregidor Island, in Manila Bay; and in the Canal Zone; with detachments at Memphis, Tennessee, and along the Texas border. A full aëronautical squadron consists of twenty officers and one hundred and fifty enlisted men.

At the very lowest estimate our new army of a million and a half will need three thousand flyers.

In to-day's warfare the flying machine is to the army what the periscope is to the submarine—both eyes and tongue.

We must have aëronauts, and have them speedily. But where are they to come from?

Birdmen are not hatched overnight by mere fervency of patriotism. The shortest possible time in which men can be trained to fly is three months; and they cannot be turned out in companies and battalions, but must be trained one by one.

Fortunately the Signal Service of the army already has three aëronautical schools established—one on Long Island; another near Chicago; the third at North Island, in San Diego Bay.

A Member of the Graduating Class in a Trial Flight

The World's Best Flying Field

THE last is in many ways the most important of the three, for it is the Junior School, where beginners are given elementary training in aëronautics; and, no matter how eager a man may be to fight for his country among the clouds, he must first learn to fly. In another way the San Diego school has a tremendous advantage in the rush to get men ready for air service: it is the one field in the world where the student can fly every day in the year. As the number of students graduated depends directly upon the number of flights each day, this enables the North Island School to turn out, with the same equipment, from fifty to one hundred per cent more airmen than the other schools, where a chance to practice is dependent upon weather conditions.

Some years back the Curtiss Company started a civilian flying school on North Island. Three years ago the Signal Service of the United States Army sent officers down there to investigate the location for a military school. The commission reported most favorably; in fact, of this field Arnold Kruckman, former secretary of the American Aëronautical Society and United States Aëronautical Commissioner, has said:

> I have visited every well-known flying field in the world, and there is no site anywhere which embraces all the qualities and advantages of the island in San Diego Bay. The nearest to it is at Assouan, in Egypt, where the British impart primary flying instruction.
>
> But North Island, in San Diego Bay, in my opinion, is the most perfect spot on earth for incubating human fledglings. The area is a huge, flat, sirloin-steak-shaped preserve of fourteen hundred acres. It has no irregular surface contours nor encumbrances which disturb the smooth movement of the currents of the air, and which constitute dangerous obstacles to the man who is learning to fly. Being one mile out in the bay, North Island is isolated, free from the interference and distractions which modify the usefulness of almost every other field I know. And its location in the bay, sheltered from the turbulent ocean, makes it an ideal school base for airplanes used on the water. Moreover, it has the advantage of being closer to a large city than any other flying field.
>
> A school was established for the training of Junior Military Aviators. In the beginning practically all the students were army officers. For the first two years the school was in rather an experimental stage, and during that time there were seven fatal accidents, due partly to overzeal or recklessness of young flyers.
>
> At the beginning of the third year the department put Col. W. A. Glassford in charge. Colonel Glassford, a soldier since 1874, has spent all his army life in the Signal Service. He studied aeronautics in both America and France, and had made a special investigation of the use of balloons for military purposes before the aeroplane was invented. Coupled with his knowledge and love for aëronautics, Colonel Glassford is an organizer and executive of unusual ability.
>
> When he took charge there were forty officers as students and one hundred enlisted men as helpers, with an equipment of six training machines and inadequate shops and housing facilities. The colonel at once began to mobilize supplies, and to establish and equip machine shops where repairs of all sorts could be made, so that there should be no loss of time by planes being out of commission.

Keeping Down the Casualty List

THE island itself, consisting of fourteen hundred acres—very valuable acres—belongs to John D. Spreckels, who had granted the Government free use of it for a time, but was considering turning it into another resort like Coronado. Through the efforts of Colonel Glassford, Mr. Spreckels patriotically consented to a continued use of the island by the army school—not only granting them occupancy free of charge, but during the three years Mr. Spreckels has paid approximately fifty thousand dollars in taxes on the land, and in addition has spent a great deal more in building roads and docks that were especially needed by the school.

Colonel Glassford pushed the development of the academy with such energy and foresight that at the end of the school year, two months ago, there were twenty-four machines in active use, with a complete equipment of shops, hospitals, classrooms and hangars; and in the school were seventy officers, four hundred enlisted men, and about sixty civilian instructors. Still more remarkable, by rigidly enforcing careful and intelligent rules of safety during the year, there were something like forty or fifty thousand practice flights with not a single serious accident.

The school, in an emergency, even with its present equipment, might turn out four hundred flyers every three months.

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Speed Boat Used in Conjunction With Ambulance at North Island

FOR REVENUE ONLY

Wherein Cappy Ricks Does Some Pinch Hitting

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPPY RICKS, president emeritus of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, had smoked his postprandial cigar and was in the midst of his mid-afternoon siesta, when the buzzer on his desk awoke him with its insistent buzzing. Cappy reached for the telephone.

"My dear," he reproved his private exchange operator, "how often have I told you not to disturb me between two and three?"

"I knew you wouldn't mind being disturbed this afternoon, Mr. Ricks. Your old friend Mr. Gurney, of New York, is calling."

"Old Joe Gurney? By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet! Show him in." Cappy was at the door to meet his visitor when the latter entered. Mr. Joseph Gurney, senior partner of the firm of Gurney & Harlan, was, like Cappy Ricks, a shipping man and a Down-Easter. He and Cappy Ricks had been boyhood friends together in Thomaston, Maine, and Gurney & Harlan were the agents and controlling owners of the Red Funnel Line between New York and ports on the West Coast.

"Well, Joe, you doddering old pirate!" cried Cappy Ricks affectionately. "Come in and rest your hands and feet. I'm tremendously glad to see you. When did you drift into town?"

He shook hands with Gurney and steered him toward a chair.

"Ten minutes ago, Alden, my boy. Delighted to see you again, and particularly pleased to see how carelessly you carry your years. I'm three months younger than you—and I feel like the last rose of summer."

"You look it, Joe. Take a leaf out of my book and let the young fellows 'tend to business for you. Don't let worry ride you in the shank of your old age, my boy. I never do. Haven't paid a bit of attention to business in the last ten years, and that's why at my age I'm looking so fit."

"You'll live to be a hundred, Alden."

Cappy smiled.

"Well," he declared, "I'm going to live while I have the time, Joe. I never expect to be a walking corpse just stalling round in an effort to defer settlement with the undertaker, and I won't be a dead one until the neighbors hear a quartet singing Lead Kindly Light out at my house —— Joe, you look worried. Anything gone wrong with you, old friend? Need some money? Have you married a young wife?"

"It's Joey," Gurney confessed miserably.

"What? My godson, little Joey Gurney?"

"He's big Joey Gurney now."

"Yes, and a fine boy, Joe—no thanks to you. His mother's influence was strong enough to counteract any impulses for crime he might have inherited from his father."

Gurney smiled sadly at Cappy Ricks' badinage.

"He is a fine boy, Alden, but—he's only a boy, and I'm afraid he's going to make a hash of his young life before it's fairly started."

"Booze?"

"No."

"Well, then, where did he first meet this woman?"

Joe Gurney Senior hitched his chair close to his friend's and laid an impressive hand on Cappy's knee.

"Alden," he said feelingly, "you and I have been friends, man and boy, for about sixty-five years. I believe we were five years old when we robbed Deacon Follansbee's beehive and like to got stung to death."

"Yes, and we've both been getting stung more or less ever since, only somehow we still manage to recover and be none the worse for the experience. At least, Joe, we learned about bees. When it comes to boys, however, I've still got my experience coming. My little chap died when he was twelve, you know. I've never quite gotten over his loss; in fact, Joe, I was dreaming of him a minute ago when you called."

"You had him long enough, Alden, to realize how I feel about Joey." Cappy nodded.

"He Has a Schooner That's a Hundred and Six Feet Over All and He Seems to Win Pretty Regularly With Her"

"Let's see," he answered, reflectively pulling his whiskers, "Joey must be about twenty-four years old now, isn't he?"

"Twenty-four last Tuesday; and at twenty-five he comes into his mother's fortune. I've managed his little nest egg pretty well, Alden; invested it all in the vessel property of Gurney & Harlan, and since the war started I've swelled what originally was a quarter of a million to about a million and a half. His stock in the Red Funnel Line is worth a million at the very least and the remaining half million is represented by cold cash in bank and bonds that can be converted into cash overnight."

"Hum-m-m! Harumph-h-h! Quite a fortune for a youth of twenty-five to be intrusted with. I'll bet somebody takes it away from him before he's thirty."

"That's a safe bet, Alden. He has a candidate for his money on his trail right now."

"And he doesn't realize it?"

"Alden, he's only twenty-four years old. What does a boy know at twenty-four?"

"Well, Joe, you and I had accumulated a heap of experience and hard knocks at that age, and I seem to remember we each had a little money we'd managed to save here and there. I don't agree with you on this twenty-four-year-old excuse at all. My son-in-law, Matt Peasley—you remember the Peasleys of Thomaston; Matt's a nephew of Ethan, who was lost off the main yard of the Martha Peasley—was holding a master's ticket for sail, any ocean and any tonnage, before he was twenty-one. He's not much older than your Joey right now, but, nevertheless, he's president of the Blue Star Navigation Company and worth a million and a half, every dollar of which he has made by his own energy and ability. And he has a son almost ready to walk."

"Well, of course, Alden, there are exceptions to every rule."

"Not if you raise 'em right and you've got the right kind of stock to work on and the boy is healthy and normal. Now I know your Joey comes from the right stock; I know his mother raised him right until he was sixteen and the good Lord took her away from you both; and I know he is healthy and normal. Hasn't he proved that by falling in love? The only conclusion I can draw, therefore, is that you've made a monkey out of him, Joe Gurney."

"Perhaps I have, Alden; perhaps I have," Gurney replied sadly.

"No 'perhaps' about it. I know you have. You sent him to college and gave him ten thousand dollars a year to spend. If you wanted to give him a fine education and turn out a man and a gentleman you might have gotten him into the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he would have learned something of ships and graduated with a master's ticket; after serving a few years and getting the corners knocked off him he could have resigned and you would have had a sane, dependable man to sit in at your desk when you're gone. By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, Joe Gurney, you make me sick! You're like every other damphool American father, who accumulates a few million dollars in excess of his legitimate needs and then gets all het up with the notion he's got to give his son all the so-called advantages his own parents were too poor to afford him—or too sensible. The result is you turn out an undeveloped or overdeveloped boob, too proud to work and not able to take a real man's place in the world because he hasn't been taught how. And in the course of time he marries a female boob who has been raised according to the same general specifications, and nine times out of ten she's too refined to be bothered with a family. And presently there's a trip out to Reno and the little squib in the paper and—er—ahem! Drat your picture, Joe, you're the responsible party. You created a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year parasite on the body politic while your boy was still in his teens, and now you want to know what the devil to do about it, don't you?"

"That's exactly what I want to know, Alden," Gurney confessed miserably, "and I've crossed the continent to get your advice. I haven't very many real friends—the kind I can open my heart to ——"

"Tut, tut, Joe. Enough of vain repining. Now then, old friend, let's get to the bottom of this thing and see if we can't buy this wreck in from the underwriters, salvage it and get it in commission again. Never say die, Joe! Where there's a will there's a lawsuit or a heartache—particularly if the estate makes it worth while. Now then, Joe, you must realize that it's the fashion nowadays, when a fellow has to consult a specialist, to give his personal and family history for three generations back before receiving treatment. So if I am to diagnose Joey's case I'll have to have a history of Joey. Now then! He graduated from college at the age of twenty-two, did he not?"

"He didn't graduate, Alden. He was requested to leave."

"Hum-m-m! I didn't know that. What for?"

"General uselessness and animal spirits, I suppose. It wasn't anything dishonorable. The main contributory cause was an alleged poem lampooning some individual they called Prexy."

"Hum-m-m! And since leaving college what has he done?"

"I've had him in my office."

"Joe, answer my question. I know you've had him in your office. But what has he done? Has he earned his salary?"

"I'm afraid he hasn't, Alden. Somehow golf and tennis and week-end parties and yachting and big-game hunting in Alaska and tarpon fishing in Florida sort of interfere with business."

"Well, that isn't much of a crime, Joe. I never had time to do those highly enjoyable things and I couldn't afford them. When I could afford them and had time to do them I was too old. You say the boy is fond of yachting?"

"It's his greatest hobby. In his taste for salt water he at least resembles his ancestors. The Gurneys were all sailors and shipping men."

"Is he a good yachtsman, Joe?"

"He has a schooner that's a hundred and six feet over all and he seems to win pretty regularly with her. I never knew him to get worse than second place in all the races he has entered."

"Too bad," Cappy Ricks murmured sadly. "A noble ambition absolutely misdirected. He would have been a skipper and, lastly, a good shipping man if you had only managed him like a sensible father should. Now about this girl he's in love with?"

"That happened about three months ago. He met her at one of those roof-garden, midnight cabaret, turkey-trot palaces in New York ——"

"Yes, I know. I always take in the sights when I go to New York, but the last time I was at that one up near Fifty-fourth Street the noise bothered me. And the show was punk; in fact, after seeing it I made up my mind I was off this cabaret stuff for keeps."

"You ancient scalawag! What were you doing in a place like that?"

"Seeing life as it ought not to be, of course. Your boy Joey took me up there, by the way. In-fer-nal young scoundrel! He showed me the town and we had quite a time together."

Joe Gurney's old eyes popped with amazement.

"You went batting round with my Joey—an old ruin like you?"

"Why not? We behaved ourselves, and besides I always trot a heat with the young fellows whenever I get a chance. It keeps me young. I enjoyed Joey a heap, although I could see he was a jolly young jackass. Moreover, I'm his godfather, and I guess it was all right for me to tag along and see to it that my godson didn't get into deep water close to the shore, wasn't it? Don't you ever step out with Joey and get your nose wet?"

"Certainly not!"

Cappy Ricks smiled wistfully.

"If I had a son I'd pal up with him," he declared. "I'd want to get out with him and raise a little dignified hell once in a while, just to be a human being and keep him from being a mollycoddle. Ahem! Harumph-h-h! So he flagged this damsel in the leg show, eh?"

Joe Gurney nodded miserably.

"Have you given her the once over?" Cappy demanded.

"Yes, I went up there one night. I was afraid somebody would see me, so I took along Joey's aunt, Matilda. We saw this young woman. She does a dance specialty—an alleged Hawaiian hula-hula. It's fake from start to finish."

"You show a guilty technical knowledge of the hula, Joe," Cappy reminded him. "But passing that, what's the latest dope on the situation?"

"Horrible, Alden, horrible!" replied Joe Gurney.

"Careful, Joe, careful! Many a wheat-straw shirt and sharks'-teeth necklace may conceal a pure and honest heart."

"Well, she's been married twice and divorced once, to begin with, and— "

"That's a-plenty, Joe."

"And she has just completed her contract in the show, and gone out to Reno to acquire a six months' residence in order to get rid of husband number two so she can take on Joey."

"Who told you all this?"

"I found it out—by asking."

"Have you told Joey?"

"No."

"Does he know it?" Gurney nodded.

"I had one of his young friends, whom I can trust, tip him off in confidence. The news didn't make any difference to Joey. He asked her about it, and she explained it all away to his entire satisfaction."

"I dare say. And you haven't given any indication to your son that you're on to him and his love affair?"

"I thought best to pretend ignorance, pending my arrival at a solution of the difficulty."

"Therein you showed a gleam of real intelligence. Having humored your boy all his life you could not expect to cross him in his first love affair and get away with it. No, sir-ree! The thing to do is to put the skids under Joey and his lady love before they know you know it. Tell me more about her, however, before I begin making skids and skid grease."

"She is thirty-one years old——"

Cappy Ricks threw up both hands.

"Farewell, O my countrymen!" he murmured.

"She has two children—one by her first husband and one by her second. They're living with her mother. She supports them from the proceeds of her hula dancing."

"Score a white mark for her, Joe. Is she a good looker?"

"A brunette, Alden, and Joey's Aunt Matilda admitted against her will that she was a beauty. My lawyer tells me, however, that she hasn't an ounce of brains, and proclaims the fact by laughing loudly when there is nothing particularly worth laughing at."

"I imagine you've had a detective agency investigating her."

"I have. She has little education and no refinement; her people are very ordinary. Her father is a whitewing in Philadelphia and is separated from her mother, who keeps a boarding house in Muncie, Indiana."

"I'm afraid, Joe, she won't do for your daughter-in-law," Cappy Ricks opined slowly. "But don't worry, my boy. You've come all the way from New York to confide in me and get my advice, and somehow I have a sneaking notion you've come to the right shop. If there's anybody calculated to put a crimp in love's young dream I'm that individual."

"I knew Joey and you were good friends, and besides you're his godfather. He thinks a lot of you, Alden, and I kind of thought maybe you might come East with me, see the boy, get him to confide in you and—er—sort of advise him in the way he should go. I'm—er—well, Alden, I'm afraid I feel too badly about this to talk to Joey. I might lose my temper, and besides—besides, he's all I have and he reminds me so much of his mother that I——"

"Yes, yes, I understand, Joe. Leave it to me and I'll advise with him. Yes, I will—with an ax handle! And I'll go East with you and tie knots in his tail—only he won't know anything about it. It may cost you a little money, but I assume expense is no object."

"It would be cheap at a million."

"Where that boy and your money are concerned you're such an ass, Joe, I'm almost tempted to charge you a million for the operation. However, considering Deacon Follansbee's beehive, and Joey's mother and my godson——"

Old Joe Gurney took Cappy Ricks' hand in both of his, that trembled so with age and anxiety.

"Dear old Alden," he declared, "I knew you wouldn't fail me."

II

FOR a long time after old Joe Gurney had terminated his visit Cappy Ricks sat in the position which with him always denoted intense mental concentration. He had sunk low in his swivel chair and swung his old legs to the top of his desk; his head was bowed on his breast and his eyes were closed.

Suddenly he started as if snake-bitten, sat in at his desk and reached for the telephone.

"Get me the West Coast Trading Company," he ordered the private exchange operator, "and tell Mr. J. Augustus Redell I want to speak to him. If Redell isn't in put Mr. Almeida on the wire."

Redell answered presently.

"Gus, my dear young friend," Cappy began briskly, "I want you to do me a favor, and in so doing I think you'll find you are going to perform one for yourself also."

"Good news, Cappy. Consider it done."

"Thank you, my boy, but this particular favor isn't done quite so quickly. I want you to tell that Peruvian partner of yours, Live Wire Luis, to dig up a specification for a cargo of fir to be discharged on lighters at some open roadstead on the West Coast, and the more open the port, the more difficult it is to discharge there, and the harder it is to get any sane shipowner to charter a vessel to deliver a cargo there, the better I'll be pleased. Surely, Gus, you must have a customer down on the West Coast in some such port as I describe, who is actually watering at the mouth for a cargo of lumber and is unable to place it with

"He Cracked On All the Way Down and Made a Smashing Fast Voyage"

a mill that will guarantee delivery? Look into the matter, Augustus, and see what you can do for me."

"Do you want to furnish such a cargo from one of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company's northern mills and freight it in one of your Blue Star Navigation Company vessels?"

"No, I don't want to do it," Cappy replied; "but in this particular case the acceptance of such a cargo and the freighting of it via a Blue Star windjammer, even though the usual demurrage at such discharging ports will cause the vessel a loss, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Ordinarily, if you made such a proposition to me I'd call in the boys from the general office and tell them to throw you out, but—well, in this case I'm willing to stand the loss, Augustus."

"Yes, you are—not. Somebody else will recompense you for any loss, Cappy Ricks, never fear. Do you want the West Coast Trading Company to give you a bonus for accepting our order?"

"No, my boy. I'll make Skinner sell you the lumber at the regular base price at the mill, plus insurance and freight to point of discharge. And I won't stick you too deep on the freight, even in wartime."

"There's something wrong with you this morning, Cappy," Redell declared, highly mystified. "You're too obliging. However, I'm not to be outgamed. I have a specification for a cargo of half a million feet for delivery at Sobre Vista, Peru; I've been trying for a month to place the order and nobody will accept it because nobody wants to guarantee delivery. On the other hand, the purchasers have been unable to get any ship owner to charter them a vessel to go to Sobre Vista without a guaranty of a perfectly prohibitive rate of demurrage per diem; consequently I had just about abandoned my efforts to place the order."

"Fine business, Gus. And is this Sobre Vista a rotten port at which to discharge?"

"It's vile, Cappy. It's an open roadstead and the vessel lies offshore and discharges into lighters. About four days a week the surf is so high the lighters cannot lie alongside the ship or be run up on the beach without being ruined, and to complicate the situation they only have two or three lighters at the port. Labor is scarce, too, and the few *cargadores* a skipper can hire have a habit of working two days and staying drunk for the remainder of the week on the proceeds of those two days of labor. So you can see for yourself that discharge in Sobre Vista is very hard on a skipper's nerves, and that if he can work two days a week he's in luck. And when we deduct from those two days all the national holidays and holy days and saints' feast days that have to be duly celebrated, not to mention the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the populace doesn't feel like exerting itself—well, Cappy, I couldn't give you anything worse than Sobre Vista if you paid me for it."

"May the good Lord bless you, Augustus! Come down and do business with Skinner on the cargo. Get him to quote you a price f. o. b. ship's tackles at the mill dock and tell him you'll furnish the tonnage when the cargo is ready for delivery.

"There's no sense in worrying poor Skinner until his worries are due, and when I send a Blue Star schooner to load your cargo for Sobre Vista I'm going to have to fight him and my son-in-law, Matt Peasley. But leave it to me, Gus. I'll guarantee the tonnage."

"This is certainly wonderful," the grateful Redell observed. "Thank you, Cappy. What I'll do to those Peruvian customers of mine on price will be a shame and a disgrace. Are you going to stick me for any demurrage on the vessel, Cappy? Because if you are, I'll have to stick my customers in order to get out clean."

"No demurrage, Gus, not a buffalo nickel."

"Bully! Then I'll stick my customers anyhow. It makes the profit all the greater, and since they expect to pay a reasonable demurrage I see no reason why I should disappoint them."

When Redell had hung up Cappy summoned into his presence Captain Matt Peasley, the youthful president and general manager of Cappy's Blue Star Navigation Company.

"Matt," he queried, "what schooners have you got due at any one of our northern mills within the next thirty days?"

Matt Peasley pondered and counted on his big fingers. "The Tyee will be in from Valparaiso about that time," he answered.

"Have you got her chartered?"

"Oh, no. We're using her in our own trade. Skinner will have a cargo ready for her by the time she gets back, although we don't know yet where we will send her."

"Well, Matt, you tell Skinner he can't have her and to look round for some other vessel to take her place. I may give her to him at the last minute, but then again I may not. When she arrives at the mill, Matthew, my boy, tie her up to the mill dock to await my pleasure."

"Why, what the devil are you going to do with the Tyee?" Matt demanded, astounded beyond measure.

"I might want to take a cruise for my health and use the Tyee as a pleasure boat," Cappy answered enigmatically. "They tell me she's as fast as a yacht in a breeze of wind."

"The longer I'm acquainted with you, father-in-law," Matt Peasley declared, "the less I know you. You can have your Tyee, but for every day she is held awaiting your pleasure your personal account will be charged with something in three figures. I'll figure out her average profit per day for the last five voyages and soak you accordingly."

"Fair enough," quoth Cappy Ricks.

Three weeks later Alden P. Ricks dropped into New York. After he had been driven to his hotel and had removed the stains of travel he telephoned the office of Gurney & Harlan and got Gurney Senior on the line.

"Well, I'm here, Joe," he announced. "Have you followed my instructions and cut Joey off at the pockets?"

"I have, Alden. He's rather desperate as a result, and has been trying to borrow money by hocking the inheritance due him on his twenty-fifth birthday. You see, I didn't give him a second's notice; just told him he was spending too much time in play and too much money for pleasure, and that until he came into his private fortune he would have to earn any money he desired to spend. I have been very firm."

"That's the stuff, Joe. And is he trying to earn it?"

"Yes, I think so. He's sticking round the office at any rate."

"Hum-m-m! That's because it costs money to go anywhere else. Has he succeeded in raising a loan by assigning an interest in his inheritance?"

"No, not yet. I blocked him at all the banks and with my old friends, and I do not think he can borrow as much as he needs from any of his friends. They, like him of course, are dependent on their fathers' generosity."

"Fine way to raise a boy! Bully! Well, I'll be down to your office in about an hour and take you and Joey to luncheon at India House. You haven't forgotten what I wrote you, Joe? You know your part, don't you? . . . Well, see that you play your hand well and we'll save that boy yet."

Two hours later the Gurneys were lunching with Cappy Ricks at the one New York club to which Cappy belonged—quaint old India House in Hanover Square, haunt of shipping men and shippers, perhaps the best and least-known club in New York City. Joey had been unaffectedly glad to see his godfather; so much so, indeed, that Cappy rightly guessed Joey had designs on the Ricks pocketbook; for *after* all, as Cappy admitted to himself, he is a curmudgeon of a godfather indeed who will refuse to loan his godson a much needed twenty-five thousand dollars on gilt-edged security. In expectation of an application for a loan before the day should be done, however, Cappy was careful not to be alone with Joey for an instant, for something told him that only the presence of Gurney Senior kept Gurney Junior from promptly putting his fortune to the touch.

"Well, Joey, you young cut-up," Cappy began as the trio settled in the smoking room and the waiter brought the coffee and cigars, "I see you're getting to be quite an amateur sailor. Dad tells me you won your last race with that schooner yacht of yours in rather pretty fashion."

"It was a bully race, Mr. Ricks. I wish you could have been aboard with me," Joey declared enthusiastically.

"Hum-m-m! Catch me on a yacht!" Cappy's tones were indicative of profound disgust.

"Ricks, you're a kill-joy," old Gurney struck in. "All you think of is making money, and you've made so much of it I should think the game would have palled on you long ago. I tell Joey to go it while he's young—while he has the capacity for enjoyment."

"Joe, I tell you now, as I've told you before, you're spoiling this boy. When he's twenty-five years old he comes into a fortune and you're not even preparing him for the task of handling that money wisely. You bought Joey that schooner yacht, didn't you?"

"I bought her cheap," old Joe Gurney protested lamely.

"They cost a mint of money to keep up, Joe. Now if Joey wanted some salt-water experience you should have sent him to sea as quartermaster on one of your own Red Funnel liners; presently he would have worked up to second mate; then first mate, and finally skipper. By that time he would have known the salt-water end of his father's business, after which he could sit and learn the business end. Somehow, Joe, when I see a shipping man's son fooling away his time on a pleasure yacht instead of learning the shipping business, I feel as if I'd just taken a dose of ipecac."

"Godfather is out of sorts," Joey observed sagely, and resolved to wait a day or two before broaching the subject of a loan. Cappy Ricks surveyed the young fellow severely.

"Joey," he began, "I've no doubt you're quite a sailor on your handsome yacht, in your yachting uniform, with all the real head work to be done by your sailing master ——"

"Not a bit of it," Joey protested. "I'm not that kind of a yachtsman. I'm the captain tight and the midshipmite, and the crew take orders from me, because I don't employ a sailing master."

"Do you mean to tell me that when you go away on a cruise to the West Indies you navigate the yacht yourself—lay out your own courses and work out your own position?"

Joey smiled patronizingly.

"Certainly," he replied. "That's easy."

"Sure. Play is always easy. But let me tell you, young man, if you had command of a big three-legged wind-jammer, with a deckload of heavy green lumber fresh from the saws, and ran into a stiff sou'easter such as we have out on the Pacific coast, you'd know what real sailoring is like."

"Joey could handle her like that," old Gurney declared with pride, and snapped his fingers.

"Could you, Joey?" Cappy Ricks demanded. "I have my doubts."

"Why, I think so, Mr. Ricks. I might be a little cautious at first ——"

"Well, I don't think you could," Cappy interrupted.

"Well, I do," old Gurney declared with some warmth. "I've been out with Joey on his yacht and I know what the boy can do."

"Bah! You're a doddering old softy, Joe. Yachting is one thing and sailorizing is another. I have an old lumber hooker on Grays Harbor now, loading for a port in Peru, and I'd certainly love to see Joey with her on his hands. I'll bet fifty thousand dollars he couldn't sail her down to Sobre Vista, discharge her and sail her

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"It's an Open Roadstead and the Vessel Lies Offshore and Discharges Into Lighters"

THE EYES OF ASIA

A Trooper of Horse—By Rudyard Kipling

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

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TO THE sister of the pensioned Risaldar Major Abdul Qadr Khan, at her own house behind the shrine of Gulu Shah, near by the village of Korake in the Pasrur Tehsil of the Sialkot District in the Province of the Punjab. Sent out of the country of France on the 23d of August, 1916, by Duffadar Abdul Rahman of the 132d—Pakpattan—Cavalry—late Lambart's Horse.

Mother, the news is that once only in five months I have not received a letter from you. My thoughts are always with you. Mother, put your ear down and listen to me. Do not fret; I will soon be with you again. Imagine that I have merely gone to Lyallpur [a big dépôt in India]; think that I have been delayed there by an officer's order, or that I am not yet ready to come back. Mother, think of me always as though I were sitting near by, just as I imagine you always beside me. Be of good cheer, Mother; there is nothing that I have done which is hidden from you. I tell you truly, Mother, I will salute you again. Do not grieve. I tell you confidently I shall bow before you again in salutation. It will be thus, Mother. I shall come in the dead of the night and knock at your door. Then I will call loudly that you may wake and open the door to me. With great delight you will open the door and fold me to your breast, my Mother. Then I will sit down beside you and tell you what has happened to me—good and evil. Then having rested the night in comfort I will go out after the day has come and I will salute all my brethren at the mosque and in the village. Then I will return and eat my bread in pleasure and happiness. You, Mother, will say to me: "Shall I give you some *ghi?*" [native butter]. I will say at first proudly, like one who has traveled: "No; I want none." You will press me, and I will softly push my plate over to you and you will fill it with *ghi*, and I shall dip my cake in it with delight. Believe me, Mother, this homecoming will take place just as I have described it. I see you before me always. It seems to me only yesterday that I bent to your feet when I made salutation and you put your hand upon my head.

"Oh, My Mother, If I Could Now See You for But Half of One Watch in the Night!"

Mother, put your trust in God to guard my head. If my grave lies in France it can never be in the Punjab, though we try for a thousand years. If it be in the Punjab then I shall certainly return to it, to that very place. Meantime, Mother, consider what I have to eat. This is the true list: I eat daily sugar and *ghi* and flour, salt, meat, red peppers, some almonds and dates, sweets of various kinds, as well as raisins and cardamoms. In the morning I eat tea and white biscuits. An hour after, *halwa* and *puri* [native dishes]. At noon, tea and bread; at seven o'clock of the evening, vegetable curry. At bedtime I drink milk. There is abundance of milk in this country. I am more comfortable here, I swear it to you, Mother, than any high officer in India. As for our clothing, there is no account kept of it. You would cry out, Mother, to see the thick cloth expended. So I beg you, Mother, to take comfort concerning your son. Do not tear my heart by telling me your years. Though we both lived to be as old as elephants, I am your son, who will come asking for you as I said, at your door.

As to the risk of death, who is free from it anywhere? Certainly not in the Punjab. I hear that all those religious mendicants at Zilabad have proclaimed a holy fair this summer in order that pious people may feed them; and now, having collected in thousands beside the river in hot weather, they have spread cholera all over the district. There is trouble raging throughout all the world, Mother, and yet these sons of mean fathers must proclaim a beggars' festival in order to add to it. There should be an order of the Government to take all those lazy rascals out of India into France and put them in our front line, that their bodies may be sieves for the machine guns. Why cannot they blacken their faces and lie in a corner, with a crust of bread? It is certainly right to feed the family priests, Mother, but when the idle assemble in thousands begging and making sickness, and polluting the drinking water, punishment should be administered.

Very much sickness, such as cholera and dysentery, is caused by drinking foul water. Therefore, it is best to have it boiled, Mother, no matter what is said. When clothes are washed in foul water sickness also spreads. You will say, Mother, that I am no longer a trooper, but a washerwoman or an apothecary; but I swear to you, my Mother, what I have said is true. Now, I have two charges to deliver to you as to the household under you. I beg you, my Mother, to give order that my son drink water which is boiled, at least from the beginning of the hot weather till after the rains. That is one charge. The second is that, when I was going down to the sea with the Regiment, the Lady Doctor Sahiba in the Civil Lines asked of our Colonel's lady whether any of us desired that their households should take the charm against the smallpox [be vaccinated]. I was then busy with my work and I made no reply. Now let that Doctor Sahiba know that I desire by her favor that my son take the charm as soon as may be. I charge you, Mother, upon *his* head, that it is done soon. I beg you respectfully to take this charge upon you.

Oh, my Mother, if I could now see you for but half of one watch in the night or at evening preparing food! I remember the old days in my dreamings; but when I awake there is the sleeper and there is the bedding, and it is more far off than Delhi. But God will accomplish the meetings and surely arrange the return.

Mother, before going out to the attack the other day, I had a dream. I dreamed that a great snake appeared in our trenches in France and at the same time our Pir Murshid [our family priest], whose face I saw quite clearly, appeared with a stick and destroyed it. Well, then, Mother, our lot went in to the attack and returned from it safely. Those who were fated to be the victims of death were taken and those who were fated to be wounded were wounded: and all our party returned safely. At the same time, the Government secured a victory and the Regiment obtained renown. It was *our* horse that went out over the trenches, Mother; and the Germans, being alarmed, fled. We were forbidden to pursue because of hidden guns. This was trouble to us. We owed them much blood on our brethren's account. Tell the Murshid my dream and ask him for a full interpretation. I have also seen our Murshid twice before in my dreams. Ask him why he comes to me thus. I am not conscious of any wrongdoing; and if it is a sign of favor to me, then the shape should speak.

I am quite aware how God rewards the unwilling. He is all powerful. Look at the case of that man of our own family who was ordered to the front with a higher rank. He refused promotion in order to stay behind, and in a month's time he died of the plague in his own village. If he had gone to the front his family would have received the war pension. An atheist never achieves honor, Mother. He is always unsettled and has no consolations. Do we Mussulmen think that the Prophet will spend all his time in asking God to forgive our transgressions? Tell the Pir Murshid what I have written.

Mother, put down your ear and listen to me in this matter, my Mother. There is one thing I wish to impress earnestly on you. You must know that among recruits for the Regiment there are too few of our kind of Mussulmen. They are

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Miss Greenhorn Goes A-Nursing

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

"WATCH that man!" said the nurse to her volunteer aid, nodding toward a bed that had been tilted at an angle by means of wooden blocks inserted under the legs, so that its occupant, a wounded Frenchman, lay downhill, his feet higher than his head. He looked as if he were past the need of watching and were dead already, that rigid, immobile, white-draped figure. His face was a livid mask, with heavy shadows beneath the closed lids, pinched nostrils, deep carved lines of pain round the bluish mouth, and a black unkempt bristle of beard that showed up startlingly against the white of the pillows. Not a movement, not a stir or visible breath or touch of warm living color. He was a fresh arrival, thirty-six hours from Verdun, and in the morning—if he lasted that long!—he was going up for operation. Both of his legs were broken above the knees.

"Watch that man!" warned the nurse again from the door. "I'm going off duty for two hours. Lord, I'm tired!"

"Oh, I'll watch him all right," promised the young aid confidently. "That's what I'm here for," she added with dreamy sweetness.

The nurse walked over to the bed, bent down and took the soldier's pulse.

"He seems all right," she murmured dubiously. "Pretty weak. Well, keep an eye on him." She sighed a sigh of pure fatigue and departed.

An Incompetent Gets a Job

LEFT to herself, the auxiliary fussed about the ward for a few minutes, after which she, too, crossed to the bedside of the man on whom she had been commanded to keep an eye. For a space she stood staring down watchfully upon him. That was what she had been told to do, and she did it conscientiously.

Then, her duty performed, she returned to her seat at the table and commenced a letter to a girl friend. And while she is thus engaged, and the stage is set for action and probably tragic action—let me give a brief thumbnail sketch of her.

It was a big war hospital in France, and the volunteer aid was a girl from the Middle West who, in a fine white flame of enthusiasm for the Allied cause, had come all the way from her native town as fast as train and ship could bear her in order to nurse the fine, brave, glorious and magnificent French soldiers. For it was with such glowing adjectives that she described them, and she could not even think of them without springing tears. The dear, rugged, war-torn heroes, flat upon beds of pain, with romantic white bandages bound about their brows, gazing up at her with unutterable gratitude in their dying eyes. For it was thus, movie-wise, she pictured them: and she pictured herself as a nurse, a sort of ministering-angel-of-mercy ingénue cast, divinely compassionate, dressed for the part in pure spotless white garments, on her head that very becoming French coif—it had looked so attractive in the pictures; she really must have one of them—bending over a dying *poilu*, soothing his fevered brow with cool white fingers, murmuring gentle words of hope, promising to write to his mother, and finally kissing him good-by into Heaven. She had read of nurses doing that, of soldiers whispering faintly "Kiss me good-by for my mother!" And she knew—she had a sure instinct—that she would be good in that part. For, as she told her girl friend, she had so much sympathy and tenderness in her nature!

One Armless Man Helps Another—the Man Standing Has His Arm in an "Aëroplane" Apparatus

So great had been her zeal to help along the above lines that she had not tarried to take any tiresome, humdrum courses in nursing. For the war might be over any time, she argued, and she couldn't bear to lose a single precious instant. And so she had come right on. She had come right on, and with fool's luck she had arrived in Paris at an opportune moment—for her. A mighty drive was on on the Western Front, and the backwash of French wounded was pouring in—a vast, unending, sanguinary tide. It was the tail end of summer, a terrific, heart-breaking summer, on top of a terrific, heart-breaking spring, and no let-up in sight. Doctors and nurses and aids were exhausted, pegged out, at the end of their tethers. Some of the workers had collapsed under the abnormal tension, and the rest toiled on, showing their fatigue by curt crisp orders, by quick bursts of irritation or sudden explosions of savage temper. It was into this dynamic atmosphere that romantic little Miss Greenhorn walked one day, utterly incompetent technically and spiritually, but self-confident, unabashed, full of her dream of those fine, splendid French soldiers—poor wounded darlings!—and strong in the belief of her own divine function to succor and save—in that very attractive coif: And they gave her a place. Such was the stern necessity of the hour. Here was another pair of hands, another pair of feet; certainly they could scrub tables, carry slops, run errands, and thus divert fatigue from the more important trained members of the corps. And so Miss Greenhorn donned her coif—her premonition concerning it was right; it was, indeed, very fetching—and prepared blithely to materialize her Florence-Nightingale-Mary-Pickford dream.

The Rough-Handed Amateur in Action

THEY assigned her to a small ward of ten. The orderly had not arrived, which is a salient characteristic of orderlies, and the nurse bade her take a pail of slops to the lavabo. It was a heavy pail, too heavy for her slight shoulders. After that she carried piles of blood-stained linen to the same destination, and following hard upon that several morning bedpans. It was not distinguished work, and dainty little Miss Greenhorn performed these lowly duties with a disdainful nose in air. 'Twas not for this she had traveled all the way to France! The ward doctor, noting the contemptuous, gingerly fashion in which she held her burdens at arm's length from her immaculate linen costume, murmured ironically to the nurse:

"We've got a queen in disguise among us. Look out!"

Presently she was set to make a bed. Now in the course of all her fair young life Miss Greenhorn had not made half a dozen beds, and, moreover, she did not deem it a matter of grave importance. Still she was willing to oblige.

"Poor man!" she breathed, hanging above him tenderly. "How grateful he must feel toward me!" And, smiling her Florence-Nightingale-Mary-Pickford smile, she began pulling away a sheet at random. The soldier let out a yell of fury:

"Imbecile! Are you trying to kill me? Oh, *mon Dieu!* Get out!"

The nurse dropped her work and came running. It appeared that, instead of the bed sheet proper, the novice had got hold of another which, quadruple-folded, formed part of the padding of a wooden fracture-box that held the soldier's broken leg; and with the first tug she had all but capsized the entire apparatus and spilled fracture-box, leg and soldier out upon the floor.

Miss Greenhorn backed off from the scene, deeply mortified. Her sensitive feelings were hurt. The man had called her an imbecile! The very first words a French soldier had addressed to her—to her who had traveled five thousand miles to nurse him—had been not "You are heavenly kind, miss!" or "Kiss me, for I am dying!" but a brutal "Imbecile! Get out!" It was a rude jolt to her rosy dream. In addition, the nurse reprimanded her sharply, and for the next two

The Great Hospital is Built So That All the Wards Have Plenty of Air and Sunlight

back-breaking hours she made beds under a dragon eye of supervision, made and remade them.

Everything she did was wrong, clumsy, maladroit, and had to be altered twice, thrice, while the men turned pale under the prolonged strain and sweated or muttered nervously "Let be, mees! Enough! Oh, good God!" After her first mishap they were deadly afraid of her. And so sensitive spots went unbathed, uneased; temperatures shot up, and infected wounds began to throb, while little Miss Greenhorn took her first lesson in nursing. It was hard upon her, for everyone within the circle of her inexpert activities became irritated and vented their irritation freely; but it was even harder on her victims, the soldiers of France she had come so far to serve.

After two hours of constant stooping, kneeling and lifting heavy and helpless men, little red lightnings of pain began to play up and down her spine, her shoulder muscles ached cruelly, and there was a dull roaring in her ears. Her feet, too, already swollen in their fashionable white buckskin pumps, began to hurt atrociously and to show a congested purple beneath the transparent white-silken hose. Above all things on earth, she desired to sit down five minutes and rest. Instead of this the nurse bade her disinfect a bed. Another unwieldy mattress to tug and haul about!

"Do I have to put this strong stuff into the water?" she demanded plaintively, holding up the disinfecting fluid. "It'll spoil my hands!"

She was proud of those hands. They were delicate and cool and white. And, besides, they were part of the stage property of her movie dream.

"If you intend to disinfect the bed, you do," returned the nurse dryly. "The case in that bed died of gas gangrene, and I shouldn't care to expose another patient to the microbes, even at the risk of spoiling your hands."

"May I have a pair of rubber gloves then?"

"We're short of rubber gloves just now. What we have are needed in the operating room."

More Futility

MISS GREENHORN bent to her task in silence. Her cheeks were burning and her eyes were blurred with tears of rage and fatigue. As she stooped, dabbing futilely here and there with her cloth, the blunt voice of the nurse came to her:

"Don't shirk your work that way. That isn't half disinfected. Here, give me the rag." And, squatting comfortably, she proceeded to give a thorough demonstration. "Don't be afraid to use a little elbow grease," she concluded ironically.

Miss Greenhorn bit back an angry retort. She had not come over to France to do low, menial, scrubby, grubby work and then be treated like a servant. At home she gave orders instead of receiving them. But aloud she only said "Thank you!" so low that the nurse glanced at her keenly and added: "Never mind. You'll learn some day. Now suppose you wash all the bedside tables. Remove everything from them first. And after that, if there's time, scrub the big table. Then the men's *déjeuner* will be coming along. Have you got the hot drinks from the diet kitchen? Ah, but I told you to do that always before eleven o'clock! The kitchen's closed now, and the poor chaps have lost their nourishment for the morning. Try not to fail on that again. Oh, before you begin on the tables, please make me a hot compress for Number Two. You don't know how? Very well!" And with a smothered exclamation of impatience she hurried off to make it herself.

Somewhat subdued, Miss Greenhorn began on her tables. A few minutes later a peculiar sound from the adjacent bed caused her to look up and then cry hastily:

"Oh, nurse! That poor man—Number Six—he's vomiting."

But the nurse, with the hot compress and a patient's broken arm in her hands, could not disengage herself instantly. Moreover, her patience for the moment had gone into complete eclipse.

"When a man vomits, don't call me!" she barked savagely. "Hold something!"

But unfortunately little Miss Greenhorn could find nothing to hold. Terribly disconcerted, she flew round wildly in a circle, like a kitten chasing its tail, seeking a suitable vessel. But nothing seemed to present itself to her distracted gaze. The pail? Obviously too large! The bedside wine cup? Obviously too small! Oh, where —— But by this time the nurse had caught up a basin and was supporting the sick man's head.

"He's gone through everything," she said wearily.

"We'll have to change the entire bed. Fetch some linen. And next time use a little horse sense, if you've such a thing concealed about your person."

During the change the patient groaned horribly. The sweat of exhaustion poured from his face. His flesh was clammy.

"Get some hot-water bottles," the nurse ordered tersely. "No, never mind, I'll do it. You'd probably scald him!"

Miss Greenhorn returned to her tables, the corners of her mouth dipping like those of a baby whose hands have been slapped. And during the rest of the morning Number Six's white face reproached her mutely.

In the afternoon she left another wide swath of errors behind her. The men thanked her politely, but declined her kind offers to shake up their pillows. When she took the temperatures she broke three thermometers hand-running, and French thermometers were rare commodities.

"I think they must have been cracked," she apologized. "They snapped so easily."

Later, marking up the temperature charts, she made atrocious blunders. Normal patients suddenly exhibited fever peaks high as the Himalayas. The astounded ward doctor, discovering such a one and its source, swore fervently and voted her a pest, with a double-barreled profane adjective attached. That night her feet ached so that she cried when she removed her shoes. And for that night and many nights thereafter she had her dinner in bed and fell to sleep immediately from sheer exhaustion.

Receiving the Wounded

An Ambulance With the Latest American Contrivances for Comfort

Overhead Apparatus of the Leg Extension

Her Letter

AND now, the résumé complete, let us skip a week and return to Miss Greenhorn as she sat writing a letter to her friend. Every few minutes, true to her orders, she had risen for a look at the patient she had been set to watch. She watched him dutifully, ignorantly. She was still Miss Greenhorn, with one short week of experience. Not once did it occur to her to query: What am I to watch this man for? What is likely to happen? What shall I do if it does? And yet she was not a particularly stupid girl. She was rather above the average in intelligence and eagerness; but so firmly had she riveted her gaze upon the romantic, the false, the pseudo-æsthetic aspects of her job, that she was temporarily blinded to its actual features. But that the unriveting process had already begun and was somewhat painful was evidenced by her letter to her friend. And as the man she was set to watch seems quiet, ominously quiet, let us peep a moment over her shoulder:

"*Dearest Amelia:* This is the very first time I have had a chance to sit down since I entered the hospital a week ago to-day. And oh, Amelia, before I say another word, I want to tell you: Don't come over! Don't, Amelia, don't! With your delicate health you never would be able to stand it. The work is simply terrible—hard, brutal, back-breaking, menial. You should see my poor hands! And my feet! And never a single word of thanks from anybody. They just seem to take you and your sacrifices for granted, and they expect you to know how to do things letter-perfect, right off the reel. Of course I don't know anything.

"The other day a soldier called me an imbecile, and that's exactly what I am, Amelia, a proud, presumptuous, ignorant little fool! But I never dreamed how dangerous it is to be so ignorant. The nurse gives you some mean, insignificant little job that does not seem to amount to a hill of beans, and in the end it turns out to be something horribly important, fraught with terrible consequences. For example: The other day a man had a relapse and all but died simply because I couldn't find something quickly for him to vomit into. The first consequence was that we had to change his bed. The second consequence was that the extra effort fatigued him so he couldn't eat any lunch. The third consequence was that, having eaten nothing, in the afternoon he had a relapse. For a while I thought he was going to die. Those were dark hours for me, Amelia!

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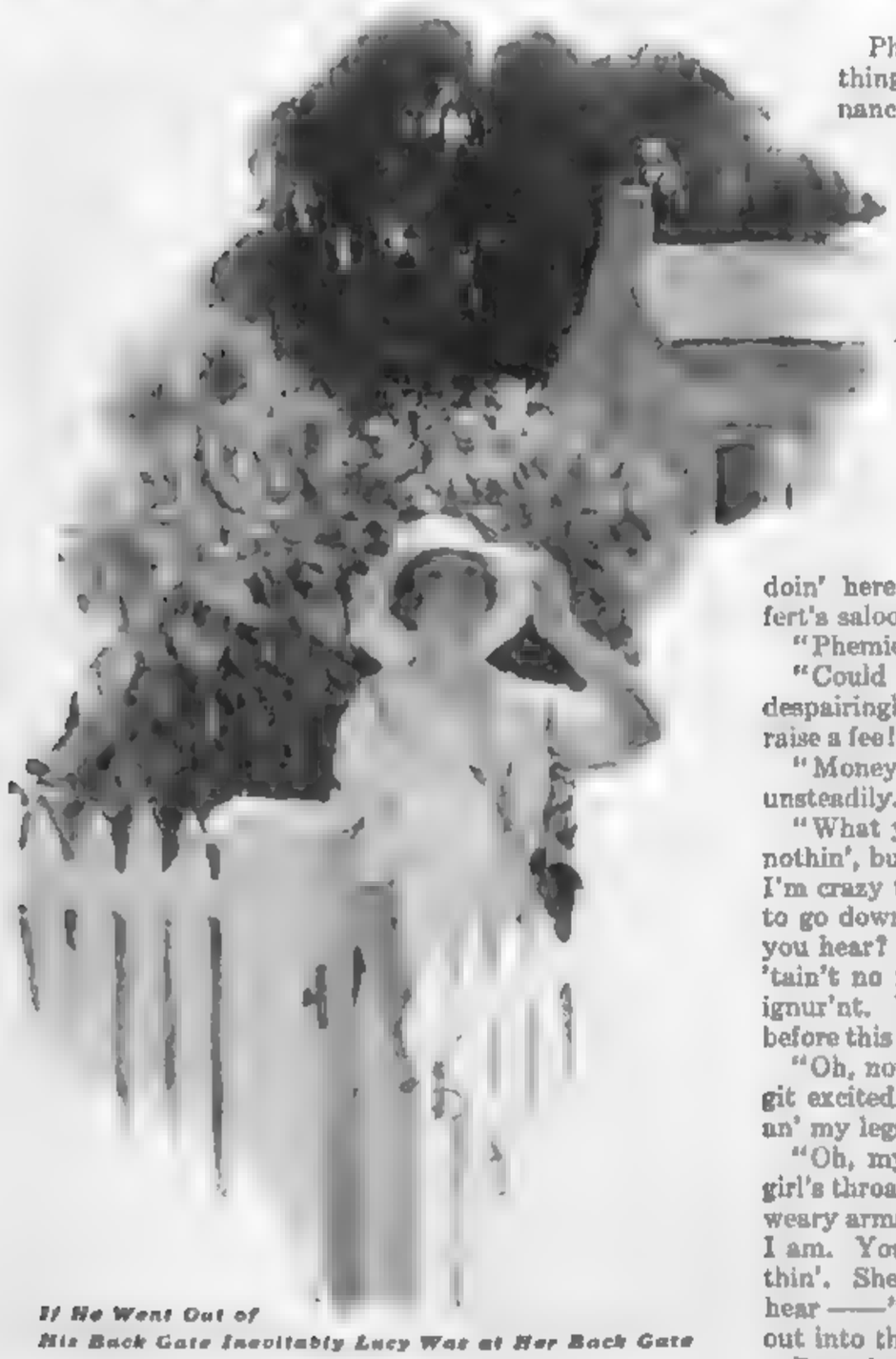
THE MAN-HATER

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



If He Went Out of His Back Gate Inevitably Lucy Was at Her Back Gate

IT RAINED the night the new member came, and that was the reason Mrs. Eccles couldn't see the lantern Phemie lighted and set in the attic window. Mrs. Eccles had promised when she saw the light to come over from Snider Mountain and look after Maw, good-neighbor fashion, but the fog and mist were so thick that someway she missed it.

Of course if Paw had been there Phemie could have sent him to get her, but Paw wasn't. He had gone down to town, and you couldn't expect Paw, who always hated water inside or out, to come home in the rain. So there was nothing for Phemie to do but man the boat herself, the rest of the youngsters being too small for the journey down the dark hill. After she had given them their milk and corn-meal pudding and got them off to bed, she went in to Maw herself.

Along about three it stopped raining, though the eaves still dripped. The lantern had burned out in the garret window by then. Paw didn't come in until nearly four. Phemie heard his shuffling step coming and went out to the kitchen to meet him.

There was a lamp still burning here, and by its light Phemie looked very tired. She was a pretty girl, rising eighteen, small but strong. Her face was very white—even her lips—but the lamp lighted little curly red-gold edges on the fine hair round her temples.

The steps without lagged and dragged, then feet shuffled just outside the door. The door opened and Phemie's father came in.

He was a blotted-looking person with a coloring reminiscent of Phemie's—grayed over on beard and temples. His eyes were watery, vacant and bleared; the hand he closed the door with, unsteady.

"You up—up yet?" The voice was thick and uncertain. "Hadn't ought to lose—b-beauty sleep—Phemie."

He eyed Phemie uncertainly. There was a volcanic quality about Phemie—a shrewishness of tongue that made her the one formidable element in his family.

For a minute Phemie did not stir under his eyes nor alter the pale repression of her features. Then:

"Well, we got another," she said curtly, as if the words were torn from her throat.

"Heh! That so?" The blotted-looking man advanced, swaying, toward the table; tried to lower the smoking lamp; turned it out. But there was no need of the lamp. The pale gray day was coming into the bleak shabby room to light the two faces.

Phemie's father tried to steady himself. Something was evidently expected. The proper convenances, of course.

"How—how is ——" He had a moment's difficulty to remember of whom he was speaking. "How is—your maw?" he enunciated politely.

"She's a-dyin'!" The words came again like fragments torn out unwillingly. "I was here alone—an' she ain't goin' to live! Mis' Eccles didn't git here, an' there wasn't no one but me. We gotta get a doctor."

"Heh! Oh, now—Phemie, your maw's weathered through it eight times afore 'thout no doctor. I—you hadn't ought—ought to worry, girl."

"You!" Phemie spat the words at him suddenly. "Where was you while I was doin' here alone? Drinkin'! Sousin' yourself at Seifert's saloon!"

"Phemie! I'm your paw—ought to remember that."

"Could I ever forget it?" She flung out her hands despairingly. "How much money you got? We gotta raise a fee!"

"Money? Phemie!" The hand went into his pocket unsteadily. "I'm a little—sh-short, girl."

"What you have, if you got any. Doc could come for nothin', but we'll likely need medicine. Listen here, Paw, I'm crazy tired an' worried, but I'm tellin' you! You got to go down this minute, I say, an' fetch Doc Andrews—you hear? Maw's awful bad! I done what I could. But 'tain't no fair anyhow. Maw's all worn out an' I'm too ignur'nt. You got to go now, an' quick. I'd ha' gone before this myself if they'd ha' be'n someone to leave here."

"Oh, now, Phemie! Oh, now, girl, you hadn't ought to git excited. I—I—it's awful damn wet walkin', Phemie, an' my legs aches as it is. Better wait a spell."

"Oh, my Lord help me!" The words burst from the girl's throat in a queer alien voice. She flung up two slight, weary arms in sudden despair. "Then if you hain't goin', I am. You set here an' don't stir less'n you hear somethin'. She's layin' unconscious now—but you go in if you hear ——" She tore a shawl from a near-by peg and ran out into the drab morning.

But after all there was no need for haste; no need for tired young limbs to hurry, trembling, down the rugged hill path to the town road, for a frightened heart to beat so anxiously under the knotted shawl—no need for the reckless haste with which old Doc Andrews was torn from his breakfast pancakes.

It was quite finished when they got back.

Paw was sleeping peacefully in the kitchen rocker when they got in—but not so dreamlessly, perhaps, as Maw, who lay so still and haggard-gray in the inner room. The doctor took only one look, and Phemie uttered a single queer cry and slipped down beside her.

The day after the funeral—managed by the kindness of neighbors—Phemie came out of her mother's room carrying a little closely shawled bundle. She was no longer pale. A queer steadfast light burned in her eyes. Her voice was level with hate.

She spoke to the man who still sat in the rocker by the fire: "Well, you done it, didn't you? Killed the woman that stuck to you Bible-true all these long years. And much you care!"

"Phemie! Phemie! I'm your father ——"

"Why didn't you 'member it sooner? A pretty father! I wish t' God I'd never had a father—not any of us." She flung back her head bitterly. "What's life be'n to any of us, Maw or me or the kids? Hungry an' cold an' whippin's when I'm little—hungry an' cold and slavin' when I'm big. I hate men an' what they got the rights to do! I could poison the hull lot of 'em!"

She had laid the little bundle on the table; found a second wrap, in which she muffled herself.

"Wh-where you goin'—Phemie?" the man in the rocker whined.

"I'm goin' where I'm a mind to, an' you can't stop me. An' I hain't comin' back neither. I'm done. We couldn't keep together nohow—even if you was willin' to work. I stuck by Maw what I could, but she ain't needin' me no more. I wash my hands of the whole trash. I'm a-goin' to take the littlest, though. 'S all I can do. The rest'll go on the poor farm, an' you—you ——" Her voice broke in her throat.

"But you hain't said —— Phemie, don't leave me! I —— Where be you goin'?" her father whimpered.

She flashed back at him like a flame:

"If you want to know, I'm a-goin' to git married!"

II

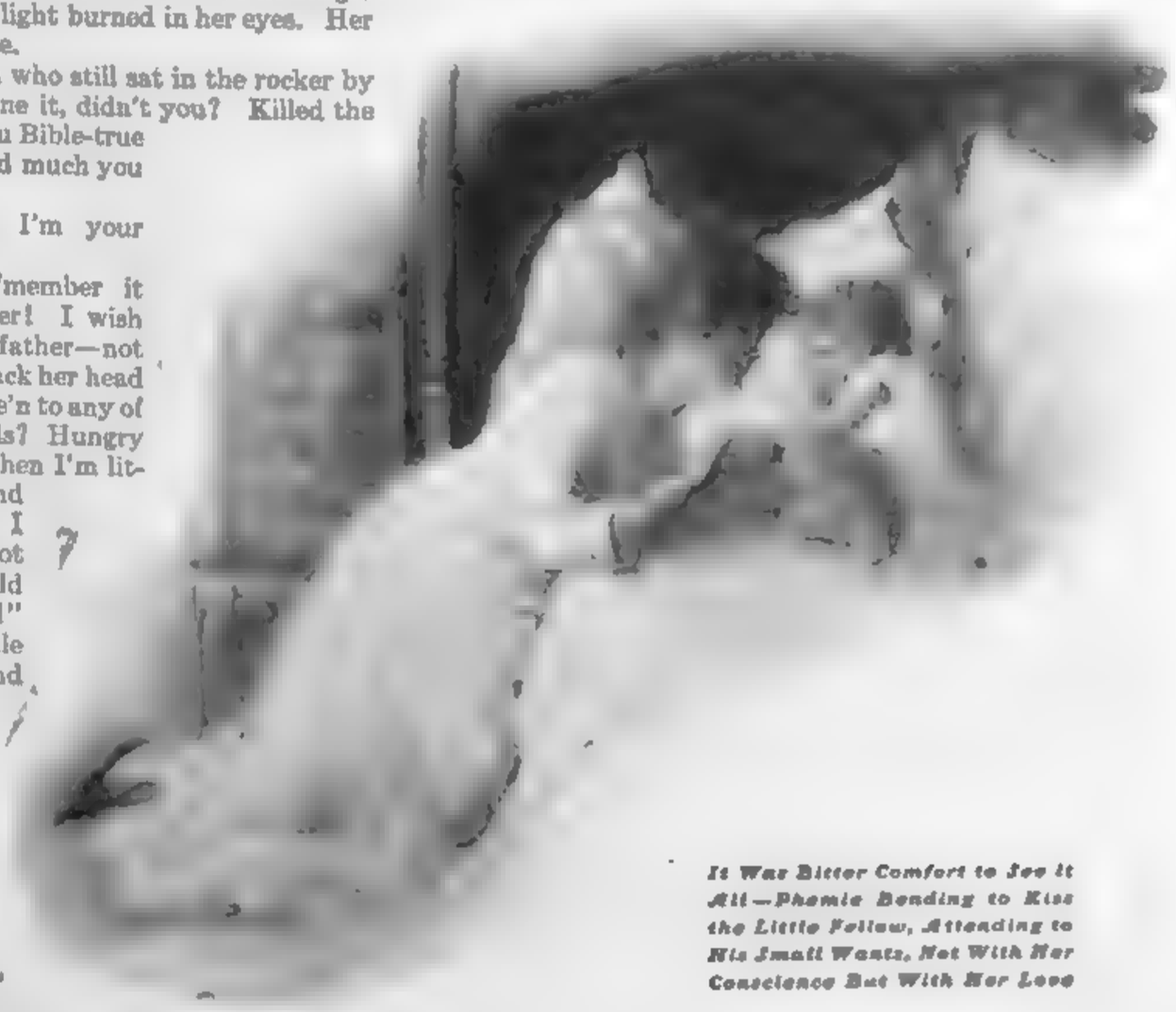
THE girls of town had never interested Joe Stull. This was—he had known even in his early youth—because of some constitutional failing of his own. Stylisher or prettier girls, as Joe himself said, couldn't be found anywhere; yet he had always fought shy of the trim, elegant young females who thronged about the depot Saturday nights or sipped soda in Brandt's drug store.

In reality he was afraid of them, and this obsession had grown with his years, until at twenty-seven he was as hopelessly girl-shy as the defendant in a breach-of-promise suit.

Not that Joe looked as if he were afraid of anything. He had a big red fist that weighed half a stone, a biceps like Hercules', shoulders to match, long powerful legs, and a thick strong neck like a young bullock's. He had in addition an absurd habit of blushing, a cap of closely curling hair, and a mellow barytone, which he unleashed regularly every Sabbath in the Baptist choir, dressed in his blue serge that strained a little at the seams and made his big hands look even redder than ordinary; and on week days in the hereditary blacksmith shop, attired in shirt sleeves and leather apron, where for propriety of design and a certain virile harmony with his elemental occupation he could have given points to the hero of The Village Blacksmith.

To see Joe bending, powerful, red-faced, nipping up the shaggy-fetlocked hoof of Eph Baxter's big Percheron—as gracefully as your dandy flicks away a cigarette ash—was to see muscle power at its prettiest play. You felt Joe ought to be contented here. And when you heard him singing, you knew he was. Joe was the human songbird who, attuned to the infinite, has to let the world know it. He couldn't draw out an inch of chain or temper down a nail without exulting vocally. On a lazy summer afternoon his rich voice filled the air to the obligato of his busy hammer.

And if he sang religious bits—stray notes from choir rehearsal—One Sweetly Solemn Thought, the Doxology, Lead, Kindly Light, and so forth, under the unconscious pressure of his true self, overriding his surface concentration, just as Freud would have us believe we release our real selves in our dreams, other melodies would fall unerringly from his lips. The least mulierose of mankind, he sang with saccharine fervor Love Me and the World is Mine, Some One Thinks of Some One All the Livelong



It Was Bitter Comfort to See It All—Phemie Bending to Kiss the Little Fellow, Attending to His Small Wants, Not With Her Conscience But With Her Love

Day, A Little Love, a Little Kiss. But he was never actively conscious of these tunes.

He was well content as he was. Evenings, after washing up in the shop, he went across the road to the neat yellow cottage his parents had bequeathed him, got a tasty supper, fed the hens, watered the plants, changed his clothes, and wandered up the street in the dusk.

Sometimes he climbed the stairs to Odd Fellows Hall, when there was a dance in progress, and watched the pretty girls in their fluffy dresses. Only watched—for his feet were far too big and clumsy for Terpsichore. Other times he sat in the barber's shop for an hour's gossip, or dropped in at a church social and joked with the minister's wife and bought a plate of strawberry ice cream. This was the span of his social life and he expected to be living that way at sixty.

Then he went to a G. A. R. dedication—and across the ground he saw Phemie Sanders! The deuce of it was that he was a grown man, settling down toward thirty, and the chit he looked at couldn't have been more than sixteen. Furthermore, she was an alien type. Her clothes were absurd even by village standards—washed out, styleless, ridiculous. Little and slim as she was, she was far too big for them—relics, no doubt, of other years. Her brown hands and white little wrists thrust far out of the tight cotton sleeves. He could see every breath of her slim body tightening the stuff across her small breast. Her hat was a mere fluke—a ginger cake made of straw with a whitey-brown muslin rose on one side. Poor effort to be femininely lovely! So poor that any village lass would have sneered.

She was piteous! That was it, and Joe Stull's heart had always swelled to pity. Like a poor little kitten that had got soused in the rain. Then he told himself he lied; there was more than pity here. The girl was lovely—fragile-strong, with a certain wild sweetness like one of those delicate patches of bluets one sees in spring flung against a hillside. After a space Joe had edged round in the crowd toward her, worked up quite close so he could see her poor patched shoes—and below the ginger-cake hat a tiny thread of goldy-red hair, like a bit of flame from his forge.

When the crowd broke he followed still. The girl was alone, pointing for the open country—back to some dingy hill farm no doubt. Joe followed silently, even doggedly. He did not mean to accost her, but he could no more have desisted than he could have lain down to die. But all at once it ended. She flashed round to him, with a tilted head like a princess royal:

"Why be you a-followin' me?"

"I—I was j-just wonderin' where you was a-goin'."

"Well, it's none o' your partikilars," she said haughtily, and strode on; but Joe followed.

"Say!" she cried again after a minute. "Do you take me fur a lady?"

"Sure I do," cried Joe eagerly.

"Then treat me like a lady," she cried stormily, and as she turned he caught the flash of tears in her eyes.

Well, but of course this was no way to treat a lady—pestering her on her way home.

So Joe stopped in his tracks and wiped his forehead. He found out about her very shortly. She belonged to the humblest of earth financially—and, literally, to the shambling derelict Pete Sanders, who fooled away time and pennies in the village taverns and was keeping a wife and brood of miserable children up on the Tyler Watts place. She came to town seldom. So seldom that one Sunday Joe, hiring a buggy, had driven out to the Watts place in his best clothes—the seams straining more than ever, apparently from a bursting heart.

He had faked an outrageous errand at the house, and had had a few minutes' talk with the forlorn Maw Sanders, a crushed nondescript, whose older boys had run away from home and who leaned obviously on the stout right arm of Phemie. Phemie was present, too, and lovelier than he had dreamed—a barefoot, tousled Phemie with a whole head full of forge fire.

All that week as he tinkered he sang outrageously—Amor's entire repertoire. And he kept on driving out to the Tyler Watts place. Once, after many weeks, he nerved himself to ask for a white rose off the big bush at the gate.

"Help yourself," said Phemie coldly.

Plainly there was no sentiment here, and a rose no more than a thistle to her. But he did not despair, and later, managing to inveigle Phemie for a walk in the Willow Woods, he went the limit. He put his arm round her, and when she slipped through the clumsy noose, he caught her again and held her tight and kissed her ruthlessly.

She beat him in the face with both clenched fists, like a hail of falling walnuts. Beat him so that, full-blooded behemoth that he was, his nose began to bleed and he had to do his pleading behind a marbled handkerchief. He had only meant to ask her to marry him, he explained contritely.

Well, but she was only a girl—a poor little creature who knew an unhappy life. Time might change her views, if he could persuade her himself—if he were patient and tender and convincing.

He had tried to reason with her—even bargain. If she could not come with love, then perhaps with liking. She liked him, didn't she? He'd be good to her—kind. He wanted her anyway—if she would only come to him. Any time, any terms.

She had only flouted him with more barbed words and ended in a passion of tears.

So Joe stopped going out to the Tyler Watts place and he did not sing so much as before. But now this gray March morning he looked out of the shop window and saw Phemie Sanders coming down the street. The frolic wind played tag with the ends of her poor shawl, and under its shelter her little face looked pale and peaked. He wondered what brought her down to town. He was not long in suspense.

Phemie came in and closed the door impatiently behind her.

"Well—I've come," she said curtly.

Joe could not even speak his surprise; and, the shawl slipping from her bright head, Phemie drew her breath with a queer catch: "You said—last fall—you wanted me on any terms, so I came."

"My God!" breathed Joe. "You don't mean you're goin' to marry me?"

Phemie nodded.

"Oh, Phemie, little sweetheart, have you found out your true heart? You do like me ——" The big oaf was almost blubbering.

"Like nothin'!" The girl straightened and backed away. "I'm the same person—the same. I told you I hated men, an' I do, every one of 'em! I hate marryin' too. Oh, I could play false, but I won't. I didn't come that way. I'll say it all square. You said any terms. Listen!"

She flung back the shawl and showed the little bundle.

"This is our last one, Maw's littlest. But Maw's dead an' can't do fur it, so it's up to me. Oh, there's other ways. I could go to work fur someone, I s'pose, but that wouldn't help. I'd ruther have a home—a home—fur the both of us. That's why I came. I can work good. I can housekeep grand if I have the chance." She spoke almost fiercely. "An' I'll pay myself—fur a home fur us."

"Well, but ——" Big Joe stood biting his lips, staring at the ragged, wind-blown waif and her burden.

"Did ye mean it, or didn't ye?" she hissed fiercely; but her face went white.

"Oh, I meant it," Joe choked suddenly.

The color flowed back into the girl's face.

"Then you better run fetch Will Waters outen the parsonage to marry us off proper. An' you can stop at Beckonridge's an' fetch a quart o' milk, the little kid's gittin' hungry."

"Oh, I've Been So Lonely! I Said I Just Must Run Over to See Joe Stull Again, an Old Pal Like Him"

III

IT WOULD not be quite accurate to say that the first two years of Mr. Joseph Stull's married life were unhappy. Having a woman about the house, and that woman Phemie, made of itself an amazing difference in the hitherto colorless bachelor establishment, for Phemie transcended all expectation. She had blossomed out, in short, on prosperity, decent food and peaceful occupation, so that at twenty she gave more than gracious promise of that mellow matronliness which completes the picture of true wedded bliss. To see Phemie moving about the exquisitely kept little cottage in her spotless blue gingham gowns, with her goldy-red hair twisted up in a soft knot, and her elbows—becoming more rounded daily—bewitchingly bare, was to see the Tennysonian ideal of womanhood divine utterly realized. It was an exquisitely moving sight to the swelling heart of simple Joe Stull.

To watch Phemie mixing pie crust, or tacking up a curtain, or cutting out an apron, or bathing "Maw's littlest" in his green tin bathtub evenings; to behold Phemie pouring his own cup of tea, or writing little notes on the gilt-edged note paper she had learned to affect—signing them carefully "Mrs. Joe. Stull"—or pinning on her little round hat of peacock's breast, whose rich tones made a symphony with her wonderful hair, thrilled the soul of Joe Stull till it threatened to boil over.

All this—his wife! Miraculous!

Evenings, sitting in his easy-chair, his stockinged feet tilted on a stool, his pipe going comfortably, and in his ears the pleasant sounds of Phemie moving domestically about her kitchen, he was, he told himself, the most fortunate man in the world. For he had Phemie—and he loved Phemie! And that ought to be enough for anyone.

And Phemie was wonderful. She was not only neat and pretty—prettier by the hour, by jingo!—but she was capable.

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WHAT IS NEW ORIENTATION?

By Carl W. Ackerman

A GERMAN Secret Service agent, who was searching a Russian prisoner, found two letters addressed to God. The first one read:

VOLHYNIAN FRONT, June, 1916.

Dear God: My wife says she cannot provide for the children because prices are so high. She says she needs two hundred rubles or our poor children will starve. I am here at the Front, fighting for the Czar and my country, and cannot send her the money.

I know, dear God, that you will answer my prayer and send my family this money. My home is ———, Kieff.

The prisoner had posted this letter at the Front in June. It was sent to the Censorship Bureau in Moscow, where it fell into the hands of a devout censor, a member of the Russian Greek Church. Believing that God intended to have some prayers answered by the kindness of Russian citizens themselves, this official started a fund for the relief of this Kieff family. Within a few days one hundred and twenty-five rubles were collected, and the Russian private was notified that God had answered his prayer by sending one hundred and twenty-five rubles to his wife. The notice was inclosed in an envelope from the Russian Ministry of War, returning the original letter.

The poor soldier was terribly distressed. He had asked for two hundred rubles, and only one hundred and twenty-five were sent. So he wrote a second letter, which was in his pocket when he was captured. It was carefully sealed and addressed to God, as the first letter was:

VOLHYNIAN FRONT, July 31, 1916.

Dear God: I am so sad to hear that two hundred rubles were not sent to my wife at Kieff. I know, dear God, that if you had answered the letter direct, and sent the money, my wife would have received two hundred rubles. But your letter went through the Ministry of War, and seventy-five rubles were taken out.

That was new orientation in Russia—the feeling among the people and soldiers that the Czar's War Office could not be trusted. New orientation preceded the Russian Republic.

But what about new orientation in Germany?

The Tempting of the Kaiser

AFTER the assassination of the Austrian heir and his wife at Sarajevo, Kaiser Wilhelm was taken to the top of a high mountain by his military leaders. He was shown the whole world and told that all this was his for the asking—if he would bow down and worship militarism. The Kaiser looked at Russia, the Balkans, Turkey and Egypt. He saw Belgium, Paris, London and, in the distance, America.

The Emperor clicked his heels and saluted. The war was on. Since then William of Hohenzollern has been trying to lead the German people up the same steep incline, to show them what they can have by following him. But the roads now are covered with trenches and barbed wire. Food is scarce. Many are dying from wounds and hunger. Militarism still commands the height; but the tide has turned.

At the beginning of the war people could be led as one gigantic body of men and women, because they permitted the Kaiser to do their thinking. At that time public thinking in Germany was *verboten*. But nearly three years of war have changed the German character. Travelers in Germany in August, 1914, often remarked that the German people were different from the inhabitants of almost any other part of the globe, because they never questioned what their government did or said.

"Germany rose like one man" was the testimony of every observer; but when I left Germany with Ambassador James W. Gerard, this was not the situation. Germany to-day is divided between Ruthlessism and Liberalism.

One morning last December, when I arrived at my office, the janitor handed me the morning newspapers, which displayed in bold-face type, on page one, a message from the Kaiser to the German people.

As the old caretaker, whose son was an electrician with the army before Verdun, handed me the papers that morning, he remarked:

"I see the Kaiser has written us another letter. You know he never wrote to us in peacetime."

When Germany declared war in 1914, and explained how the nation was forced into a defensive war, the people accepted without debate the government's statements. During the two years I was in Germany I met only one person who doubted that Germany was fighting to protect herself—that was Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the former radical Socialist member of the Reichstag, now in prison.

It did not develop until several months after the beginning of the war that anyone in Germany even counseled the Emperor to postpone mobilization in an attempt to avert war. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg stated in the Reichstag one day that he was criticized for postponing mobilization three days; but what he regretted, he added, was that he was not able to postpone mobilization long enough to prevent war. But at that time the Chancellor stood alone. Not even the Socialists voted against the first war credits.

When Secretary of the Navy von Tirpitz announced his submarine blockade in February, 1915, it was done against the advice of the Foreign Office; but that department of the government had no influence. After the sinking of the Lusitania, however, there was almost a revolutionary change in German politics. The storm of horror and resentment that swept the whole world reached Germany when President Wilson's first Lusitania note was published. Until it was squarely placed before the German people by the Executive of the greatest neutral Power that an act of their government caused such indignation throughout the world, people could see nothing wrong about the Von Tirpitz methods.

The international discussion that followed this unavenged crime on the high seas awakened the minds of the German people for the first time during the war. Public sentiment was divided. Germany did not take the Lusitania shock as one man.

I was in St. Quentin, France, when the bulletin was posted in front of the Hotel de Ville that the Lusitania had been sunk by a German submarine, killing over one thousand passengers. German officers and men alike, who had seen so much of death among soldiers and civilians in Belgium and Northern France, praised the Von Tirpitz submarine war, and remarked that they were glad the German Navy was at last helping the army win the war. From Brussels I sent a dispatch reflecting the army's attitude; but upon arriving in Berlin a few days later I learned that the telegram was not forwarded to New York, because the Foreign Office had notified all neutral Powers that "the German Government desires to express its deepest sympathy at the loss of human lives on board the Lusitania."

This Von Tirpitz war measure brought about more of a crisis in Germany than between Germany and the United States, because the Foreign Office realized that, unless the military authorities were curbed in their ruthlessness, the whole world would be against the Fatherland. But the Foreign Office and the Chancellor had the commander in chief of militarism, the Kaiser, against them; and Secretary of State von Jagow had to sign the notes containing German excuses as they were prepared and written by the navy. Von Tirpitz and the army were so embittered because the United States objected to such U-boat methods, they were so frightened by the first effects of the President's note upon the minds of thinking Germans, that they were forced to a defensive position.

The Beginning of the Hate Campaign

BEING keen students of German public opinion, and realizing the influence they had over the people through the censorship and the press, the military bureaus started an anti-American campaign. Newspapers and magazines were flooded with sharp articles attacking the United States for shipping arms and ammunition to the Allies. The people were made to suspect President Wilson's motives. They were made to hate Americans. Even these words were printed on money with a rubber stamp: *Gott Strafe England und Amerika!* People were told that the United States already was an enemy in spirit if not in action. This press campaign against a friendly Power was pushed vigorously; and the Foreign Office, though it opposed a break with the United States, closed its eyes to the propaganda, knowing that, if relations were broken or war declared, the German people would have to hate America in order to support the government in future war plans.

During the following months violent attacks upon America were circulated in Germany. Posters containing a reproduction of the Declaration of Independence with a bloody hand over the face of it were widely distributed. The public was informed that the United States was already killing German fathers and sons at the Front without declaring war.

This sort of thing continued for over a year until, in March, 1916, the Sussex, a Channel steamer, was torpedoed without any warning, and more Americans were killed and wounded. Ever since the previous June the

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THE HIGH HEART

VI

By Basil King

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHAT Hugh did in the end was simple. Finding Thomas, the pretty little rosebud English footman who was accustomed to valet him, he ordered him to bring a supply of linen and some suits to a certain hotel early on the following morning. He then put on a light overcoat and a cap and left the house.

The first few steps from the door he closed behind him gave him, so he told me next day, the strangest feeling he had ever experienced. He was consciously venturing forth into life without any of his usual supports. What those supports had been he had never realized till then. He had always been stayed by someone else's authority and buoyed all round by plenty of money. Now he felt, to change the simile as he changed it himself, as if he had been thrown out of the nest before having learnt to fly. As he walked resolutely down the dark driveway toward Ochre Point Avenue he was mentally hovering and balancing and trembling, with a tendency to flop. There was no longer a downy bed behind him; no longer a parent bill to bring him his daily worm. The outlook which had been one thing when he was within that imposing, many-lighted mansion became another now that he was turning his back on it permanently and in the dark.

This he confessed when he had surprised me by appearing at the breakfast loggia where I was having my coffee with little Gladys Rossiter somewhere between half-past eight and nine. He was not an early riser, except when the tide enticed him to get up at some unusual hour to take his dip, and even then he generally went back to bed. To see him coming through the shrubbery now, carefully dressed, pallid and grave, half told me his news before he had spoken.

Luckily Gladys was too young to follow anything we said, so that after having joyfully kissed her Uncle Hugh she went on with her bread and milk. Hugh took a cup of coffee, sitting sidewise to the table of which only one end was spread, while I was at the head. It was the hour of the day when we were safest. Mrs. Rossiter never left her room before eleven at earliest, and no one else whom we were afraid of was likely to be about. "Well, the fat's all in the fire, little Alix," were the words in which he announced his position. "I'm out on my own at last."

I could risk nothing in the way of tenderness, partly because of the maid who was coming and going, and partly because that was something Gladys would understand. I tried to let him see by my eyes, however, the sympathy I felt. I knew he was taking the new turn of events soberly, and soberly, with an immense semimaternal yearning over him, I couldn't help taking it myself.

He told his tale quietly, with almost no interruption on my part. I was pleased to note that he expressed nothing in the way of recrimination toward his father. With the exception of an occasional fling at old Mrs. Billing, whom he seemed to regard as a joss or a bottle imp, he was temperate, too, in his remarks about everybody else. I liked his sporting attitude and told him so.

"Oh, there's nothing sporting in it," he threw off with a kind of serious carelessness. "I'm a man; that's all. As I look back over the past I seem to have been a doll."

I asked him what were his plans. He said he was going to apply to his cousin, Andrew Brew, of Boston, going on to tell me more about the Brews than I had ever heard. He was surprised that I knew nothing of the important house of Brew, Borrodaile & Co., of Boston, who did such an important business with England and Europe in general. I replied that in Canada all my connections had been with the law, and with Service people in England. I noticed as I had noticed before in saying things like that, that, in common with most American business men, he looked on the Army and Navy as inferior occupations. There was no money in either. That in itself was sufficient to condemn them in the eyes of a gentleman.

I forgot to be nettled, as I sometimes had been, because of finding myself so deeply immersed in his interests. Up to that minute, too, I had had no idea that he had so much pride of birth. He talked of the Brews and the Brokenshires as if they had been Bourbons and Hohenzollerns, making me feel a veritable Libby Jaynes never to have heard of them. Of the Brews in particular he spoke with reverence. There had been Brews in Boston, he said, since the year one. Like all other American families, as I came to know later, they were descended from three brothers. In Norfolk and Suffolk they had been, so I guessed—though Hugh passed the subject over with some vagueness—of comparatively humble stock, but under the American flag they had acquired money, a quasi-nobility and coats of arms. To hear a man boasting, however modestly—and he was modest—of these respectable nobodies, who had simply earned money and saved it, made me blush inwardly in such a way that I vowed never to mention the Fighting Adares again.

I could do this with no diminution of my feeling for poor Hugh. His artless glory in a line of ancestry of which the fame had never gone beyond the shores of Massachusetts Bay was after all a harmless bit of vanity. It took nothing away from his kindness, his good intentions or his solid worth. When he asked me how I should care to live in Boston I replied that I should like it very much. I had always heard of it as a pleasant city of English characteristics and affiliations.

Wherever he was, I told him, I should be at home—if I made up my mind to marry him.

"But you have made up your mind, haven't you?" he asked anxiously.

I was obliged to reply with frankness:

"Not quite, Hugh, because ——"

"I've Thought of You as a Clever Little Woman Who Ought to be Earning More Money Than She's Probably Getting Here"

"Then what's the use of my getting into this hole, if it isn't to be with you?"

"You mean by the hole the being, as you call it, out on your own? But I thought you did that to be a Socialist—and a man."

"I've done it because father won't let me marry you any other way."

"Then if that's all, Hugh ——"

"But it isn't all," he interrupted hastily. "I don't say but what if father had given us his blessing, and come down with another six thousand a year—we could hardly scrub along on less—I'd have taken it and been thankful. But now that he hasn't—well, I can see that it's all for the best. It's—it's brought me out, as you might say, and forced me to a decision."

I harked back to the sentence in which he had broken in on me.

"If it was all, Hugh, then that would oblige me to make up my mind at once. I couldn't be the means of compelling you to break with your family and give up a large income."

He cried out impatiently:

"Alix, what the dickens is a family and a large income to me in comparison with you?"

I must say that his intensity touched me. Tears sprang into my eyes. I risked Gladys' presence to say:

"Hugh, darling, I love you. I can't tell you what your generosity and nobleness mean to me. I hadn't imagined that there was a man like you in the world. But if you could be in my place ——"

He pushed aside his coffee-cup to lean with both arms on the table and look me fiercely in the eyes.

"If I can't be in your place, Alix, I've seen women who were, and who didn't beat so terribly about the bush. Look at the way Libby Jaynes married Tracy Allen. She didn't talk about his family or his giving up a big income. She trusted him."

"And I trust you; only ——" I broke off, to get at him from another point of view. "Do you know Libby Jaynes personally?"

He nodded.

"Is she—is she anything like me?"

"No one is like you," he exclaimed, with something that was almost bitterness in the tone. "Isn't that what I'm trying to make you see? You're the one of your kind in the world. You've got me where a woman has never got a man before. I'd give up everything—I'd starve—I'd lick dust—but I'd follow you to the ends of the earth, and I'd cling to you and keep you."

He, too, risked Gladys' presence. "But you're so damn cool, Alix ——"

"Oh, no, I'm not, Hugh, darling," I pleaded on my own behalf. "I may seem like that on the outside, because—oh, because I've such a lot to think of, and I have to think for us two. That's why I'm asking you if you found Libby Jaynes like me."

He looked puzzled.

"She's—she's decent," he said, as if not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, of course; but I mean—does she strike you as having had my kind of ways? Or my kind of antecedents?"

"Oh, antecedents! Why talk about them?"

"It's what you've been doing, isn't it, for the past half hour?"

"Oh, mine, yes; because I want you to see that I've got a big asset in Cousin Andrew Brew. I know he'll do anything for me, and if you'll trust me, Alix ——"

"I do trust you, Hugh, and as soon as you have anything like what would make you independent, and justified in braving your family's disapproval ——"

He took an apologetic tone.

"I said just now that we couldn't scrape along on less than twelve thousand dollars a year ——"

To me the sum seemed ridiculously enormous.

"Oh, I'm sure we could."

"Well, that's what I've been thinking," he said wistfully. "That figure was based on having the Brokenshire position to keep up. But if we were to live in Boston, where

less would be expected of us, we could manage I should think on ten." Even that struck me as too much.

"On five, Hugh," I declared with confidence. "I know I could manage on five, and have everything we needed."

He smiled at my eagerness.

"Oh, well, darling, I shan't ask you to come down to that. Ten will be the least."

To me this was riches. I saw the vision of the dainty dining room again, and the nursery with the bassinette; but I saw Hugh also in the background, a little shadowy perhaps, a little like a dream as an artist embodies it in a picture, and yet unmistakably himself. I spoke reservedly, however, far more reservedly than I felt, because I hadn't yet made my point quite clear to him.

"I'm sure we could be comfortable on that. When you get it ——"

I hadn't realized that this was the detail as to which he was most sensitive. "There you go again! When I get it! Do you think I shan't get it?"

I felt my eyebrows going up in surprise.

"Why, no, Hugh, dear. I suppose you know what you can get and what you can't. I was only going to say that when you do get it I shall feel as if you were free to give yourself away, and that I shouldn't have"—I tried to smile at him—"and that I shouldn't have the air of—of stealing you from your family. Can't you see, dear? You keep quoting Libby Jaynes at me; but in my opinion she did steal Tracy Allen. That the Allens have made the best of it has nothing to do with the original theft."

"Theft is a big word."

"Not bigger than the thing. For Libby Jaynes it was possibly all right. I'm not condemning her. But it wouldn't be all right for me."

"Why not? What's the difference?"

"I can't explain it to you, Hugh, if you don't see it already. It's a difference of tradition."

"But what's difference of tradition got to do with love? Since you admit that you love me, and I certainly love you ——"

"Yes, I admit that I love you, but love is not the only thing in the world."

"It's the greatest thing in the world."

"Possibly; and yet it isn't necessarily the surest guide in conduct. There's honor, for instance. If one had to take love without honor, or honor without love, surely one would choose the latter."

"And what would you call love without honor in this case?" I reflected.

"I'd call it doing this thing—getting engaged or married, whichever you like—just because we have the physical power to do it, and making the family, especially the father, to whom you're indebted for everything you are, unhappy."

"He doesn't mind making you and me unhappy."

"But that's his responsibility. We haven't got to do what's right for him; we've only got to do what's right for ourselves." I fell back on my maxim: "If we do right, only right will come of it, whatever the wrong it seems to threaten now."

"But if I made ten thousand a year of my own ——"

"I should consider you free. I should feel free myself. I should feel free on less than so big an income."

His spirits began to return.

"I don't call that big. We should have to pinch like the devil to keep our heads above water—no motor—no b[illegible]"

"I've never had either," I smiled at him, "nor a lot of the things that go with them. Not having them might be privations to you ——"

"Not when you were there, little Alix. You can bet your sweet life on that."

We laughed together over the expression, and as Broke came bounding out to his breakfast, with the cry "Hello, Uncle Hughie!" we lapsed into that language of signs and nods and cryptic things which we mutually understood to elude his sharp young wits. By this method of *double entendre* Hugh gave me to understand his intention of going to Boston by an afternoon train. He thought it possible he might stay there. The friendliness of Cousin Andrew Brew would probably detain him till he should go to work, which was likely to be in a day or two. Even if he had to wait a week he would prefer to do so at Boston, where he had not only ties of blood, but acquaintances and interests dating back to his Harvard days which had ended three years before.

In the meantime, my position might prove to be precarious. He recognized that, making it an excuse for once more forcing on me his immediate protection. Marriage was not named by word on Broke's account, but I understood that if I chose we could be married within an hour or two, go to Boston together, and begin our common life without further delays.

My answer to this being what it had been before, we discussed, over the children's heads, the chances that could befall me before night. Of these the one most threatening was that I might be sent away in disgrace. If sent away in disgrace I should have to go on the instant. I might be paid for a month or two ahead; it was probable I should be. It was J. Howard's policy to deal with his cashiered employees with that kind of liberality, so as to put himself more in the right. But I should have to go with scarcely the time to pack my boxes, as Hugh had gone himself, and must know of a place where I could take shelter.

I didn't know of any such refuge. My sojourn under Mrs. Rossiter's roof had been remarkably free from contacts or curiosities of my own. Hugh knew no more than I. I could, therefore, only ask his consent to my consulting Mr. Strangways, a proposal to which he agreed. This I was able to do when Larry came for Broke, not many minutes after Hugh had taken his departure.

I could talk to him the more freely because of his knowledge of my relation to Hugh. With the fact that I was in love with another man kept well in the foreground between us, he could acquit me of those ulterior designs on himself the suspicion of which is so disturbing to a woman's friendship with a man. As the maid was clearing the table, as Broke had to go to his lessons, as Gladys had to be remanded to the nursery while I attended to Mrs. Rossiter's telephone calls and correspondence, our talk was squeezed in during the seconds in which we retreated through the dining room into the main part of the house.

"The long and the short of it is," Larry Strangways summed up, when I had confided to him my fears of being sent about my business as soon as Hugh had left for Boston—"the long and the short of it is that I shall have to look you up another job."

"I'm a Man; That's All. As I Look Back Over the Past I Seem to Have Been a Doll"

It is almost absurd to point out that the idea was new to me. In going to Mrs. Rossiter I had never thought of starting out on a career of earning a living professionally, as you might say. I clung to the conception of myself as a lady, with all sorts of possibilities in the way of genteel interventions of Providence coming in between me and a lifetime of work. I had always supposed that if I left Mrs. Rossiter I should go back to my uncle and aunt at Halifax. After all, if Hugh was going to marry me, it would be no more than correct that he should do it from under their wing. Larry Strangways' suggestion of another job threw open a vista of places I should fill in the future little short of appalling to a woman instinctively looking for a man to come and support her.

I shelved these considerations, however, to say, as casually as I could:

"Why should you do it? Why shouldn't I look out for myself?"

"Because when I've gone to Stacy Grainger it may be right in my line."

"But I'd rather you didn't have me on your mind."

He laughed—uneasily, as it seemed to me.

"Perhaps it's too late for that."

It was another of the things I was sorry to hear him say. I could only reply, still on the forced casual note:

"But it's not too late for me to look after my own affairs. What I'm chiefly concerned with is that if I have to leave here—to-night, let us say—I shan't in the least know where to go."

He was ready for me in the event of this contingency. I suspected that he had already considered it. He had a married sister in New York, a Mrs. Applegate, a woman of philanthropic interests, a director on the board of a Home for Working Girls. Again I shied at the word. He must have seen that I did for he went on with a smile in which I detected a gleam of mockery:

"You are a working girl, aren't you?"

I answered with the kind of humility I can only describe as spirited, and which was meant to take the wind out of his sails:

"I suppose so—as long as I'm working." But I gave him a flying upward glance as I asked the imprudent question: "Is that how you've thought of me?"

I was sorry to have said it as soon as the words were out. I didn't want to know what he thought of me. It was something with which I was so little concerned that I colored with embarrassment at having betrayed so much futile curiosity. Apparently he saw that too, hastening to come to my relief. "I've thought of you," he laughed, when we had reached the main stairway, "as a clever little woman, with a special set of aptitudes, who ought to be earning more money than she's probably getting here; and when I'm with Stacy Grainger ——"

Grateful for this turning of the current into the businesslike and commonplace, I called Gladys, who was lagging in the dining room with Broke, and went on my way upstairs.

Mrs. Rossiter was sitting up in bed, her breakfast before her on a light wicker tray that stood on legs. It was an abstemious breakfast, carefully selected from foods containing most nutrition with least adipose deposit. She had reached the age, within sight of the thirties, when her figure was becoming a matter for consideration. It was almost the only personal detail as to which she had as yet any cause for anxiety. Her complexion was as bright as at eighteen; her brown hair, which now hung in a loose heavy coil over her left shoulder, was thick and silky and long; her eyes were clear, her lips ruby. I always noticed that she waked with the sleepy softness of a flower uncurling to the sun. In the great walnut bed, of which the curves were gilded à la Louis Quinze, she made me think of that Jeanne Bécu who became Comtesse du Barry, in the days of her indolence and luxury.

Having no idea as to how she would receive me I was not surprised that it should be as usual. Since I had entered her employ she was never what I should call gracious, but she was always easy and familiar. Sometimes she was petulant; often she was depressed; but beyond a belief that she inspired tumultuous passions in young men there was no pose about her nor any haughtiness. I was not afraid of her, therefore; I was only uneasy as to the degree in which she would let herself be used against me as a tool.

"The letters are here on the bed," was her response to my greeting, which I was careful to make in the form in which I made it every day.

Taking the small armchair at the bedside I sorted the pile. The notes she had not glanced at for herself I read aloud, penciling on the margins the data for the answers. Some I replied to by the telephone, which stood within her reach on the *table de nuit;* for a few I sat down at the desk and wrote. I was doing the latter, and had just scribbled the words "Mrs. James Worthington Rossiter will have much pleasure in accepting—" when she said in a slightly querulous tone:

"I should think you'd do something about Hugh—the way he goes on."

I continued to write as I asked:

"How does he go on?"

"Like an idiot."

"Has he been doing anything new?"

My object being to get a second version of the story Hugh had told me, I succeeded. Mrs. Rossiter's facts were practically the same as her brother's, only viewed from a different angle. As she presented the case Hugh had been merely preposterous, dashing his head against a stone wall, with nothing he could gain by the exercise.

"The idea of his saying he'll not go to the Goldboroughs for the twelfth! Of course he'll go. Since father means him to do it, he will."

I was addressing an envelope, and went on with my task.

"But I thought you said he'd left home.

"Oh, well, he'll come back."

"But suppose he doesn't? Suppose he goes to work?"

"Pff! The idea! He won't keep that up long."

I was glad to be sitting with my back to her. To disguise the quaver in my voice I licked the flap of the envelope as I said:

"But he'll have to if he means to support a wife."

"Support a wife? What nonsense! Father means him to marry Cissie Boscobel, as I've told you already—and he'll fix them up with a good income."

"But apparently Hugh doesn't see things that way. He's told me ——"

"Oh, he'd tell you anything."

"He's told me," I persisted boldly, "that he—he loves me; and he's made me say that—that I love him."

"And that's where you're so foolish, dear Miss Adare. You let him take you in. It isn't that he's not sincere; I don't say that for a minute. But people can't go about marrying everyone they love, now can they? I should think you'd have seen that—with the heaps of men you had there at Halifax—hardly room to step over them."

I said slyly: "I never saw them that way."

"Oh, well, I did. And by the way, I wonder what's become of that Captain Venables. He was a case! He could take more liberties in a half hour—don't you think?"

"He never took any liberties with me."

"Then that must have been your fault. Talk about Mr. Millinger! Our men aren't in it with yours—not when it comes to the real thing."

I got back to the subject in which I was most interested by saying, as I spread another note before me:

"It seems to be the real thing with Hugh."

"Oh, I dare say it is. It was the real thing with Jack. I don't say"—her voice took on a tender tremolo—"I don't say that it wasn't the real thing with me. But that didn't make any difference to father. It was the real thing with Pauline Gray—when she was down there at Baltimore: but when father picked her out for Jack, because of her money and his relations with old Mr. Gray ——"

I couldn't help half turning round, to cry out in tones of which I was unable to conceal the exasperation:

"But I don't see how you can all let yourselves be hooked by the nose like that—not even by Mr. Brokenshire!"

Her fatalistic resignation gave me a sense of helplessness.

"Oh, well, you will before father has done with you—if Hugh goes on this way. Father's only playing with you so far."

"He can't touch me," I declared indignantly.

"But he can touch Hugh. That's all he needs to know, as far as you're concerned." She asked in another tone: "What are you answering now?"

I told her it was the invitation to Mrs. Allen's dance.

"Then tear it up and say I can't go. Say I've a previous engagement. I'd forgotten that they had that odious Mrs. Tracy Allen there."

I tore up the sheet slowly, throwing the fragments into the waste-paper basket.

"Why is she odious?"

"Because she is." She dropped for a second into the tone of the early friendly days in Halifax. "My dear, she was a shopgirl—or worse. I've forgotten what she was, but it was awful, and I don't mean to meet her."

I began to write the refusal.

"She goes about with very good people, doesn't she?"

"She doesn't go about with me, nor with some others I know, I can tell you that. If she did it would queer us."

In the hope of drawing out some such repudiation as that which I felt myself, I said dryly:

"Hugh tells me that if I married him I could be as good as she is—by this time next year."

I got nothing for my pains.

"That wouldn't help you much—not among the people who count."

There was white anger underneath my meekness.

"But perhaps I could get along with the people who don't count."

"Yes, you might—but Hugh wouldn't."

She dismissed the subject as one in which she took only a secondary interest to say that old Mrs. Billing was coming to lunch, and that Gladys and I should have to take that repast upstairs.

Such Deference as Mrs. Rossiter's Guests Exhibited to This Withered Old Lady

She gave me to understand, however, that she considered Mrs. Billing a witch out of Macbeth or a wicked old vulture—I could take my choice of comparisons—and she hated having her in the house. She wouldn't do it only that, in ways she could hardly understand, Mrs. Billing was the power behind the throne. She didn't loathe her stepmother, she said in effect, so much as she loathed her father's attitude toward her. I have never forgotten the words she used in this connection, dropping her voice and glancing about her, afraid she might be overheard. "It's as if God himself had become the slave of some silly human woman just because she had a pretty face." The sentence not only betrayed the Brokenshire attitude of mind toward J. Howard, but sent a chill down my back.

Having finished my notes and addressed them I rose to return to Gladys; but there was still an unanswered question in my mind. I asked it, standing for a minute beside the bed.

"Then you don't want me to go away?"

She arched her lovely eyebrows.

"Go away? What for?"

"Because of the danger of my marrying Hugh."

She gave a little laugh.

"Oh, there's no danger of that."

"But there is," I insisted. "He's asked me a number of times to go with him to the nearest clergyman, and settle the question once for all."

"Only you don't do it. There you are! What father doesn't want doesn't happen; and what he does want does. That's all there is to be said."

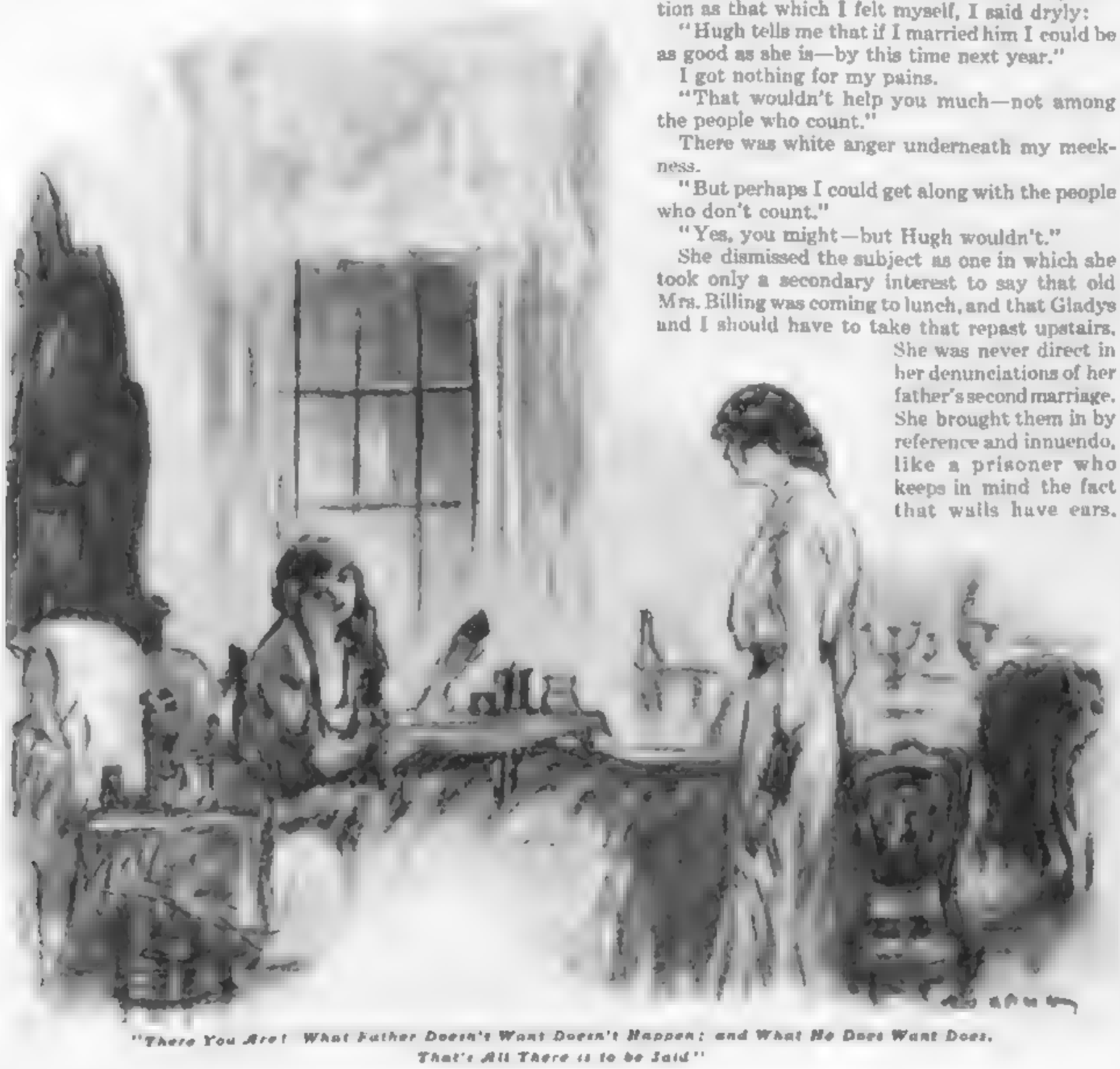
VII

AS A MATTER of fact, that was all Mrs. Rossiter and I did say. I was so relieved at not being thrown out of house and home on the instant that I went back to Gladys and her lisping in French almost cheerily. You will think me pusillanimous—and I was. I didn't want to go to Mrs. Applegate and the Home for Working Girls. As far as food and shelter were concerned I liked them well enough where I was. I liked Mrs. Rossiter too. I should be sorry to give the impression that she was supercilious or unkind. She was neither the one nor the other. If she betrayed little sentiment or sympathy toward me, it was because of admitting me into that feminine freemasonry in which the emotional is not called for. I might suffer while she remained indifferent; I might be killed on the spot while she wouldn't shed a tear; and yet there was a heartless, good-natured, live-and-let-live detachment about her which left me with nothing but good-will.

Then, too, I knew that when I married Hugh she would do nothing of her own free will against me. She would not brave her father's decree, but she wouldn't be intolerant; she might think Hugh had been a fool, but when she could do so surreptitiously she would invite him and me to dinner.

As this was a kind of recognition in advance I could not be otherwise than grateful.

(Continued on Page 85)



"There You Are! What Father Doesn't Want Doesn't Happen; and What He Does Want Does. That's All There is to be Said"

She dismissed the subject as one in which she took only a secondary interest to say that old Mrs. Billing was coming to lunch, and that Gladys and I should have to take that repast upstairs. She was never direct in her denunciations of her father's second marriage. She brought them in by reference and innuendo, like a prisoner who keeps in mind the fact that walls have ears.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1917

Emergency Labor

A PRACTICAL and what promises to be a successful plan to minimize the farm-labor shortage has been formulated by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. During the past month it has been conducting a campaign along its lines to meet this need. As a result, the cities of Binghamton, Elmira, Cortland, Norwich and Oswego have organized to provide farm labor for their respective counties, industrial employers giving their men from one to three weeks' vacation and guaranteeing them any difference between what they receive on the farms and their regular wages.

All men so enrolled are handled through the Farm Bureau Manager of the county, who, on the other hand, takes a continuing census of the needs of the farmers, thus thoroughly coördinating the labor supply with the demand by requisitioning the enrolled men as called for from week to week by the farmers.

The men themselves, all of whom must have had previous agricultural experience, are responding in great numbers to this call; and it is now evident that by this means the New York State counties of Broome, Chemung, Chenango, Cortland, Oswego, and probably also Tioga, will receive all the farm help needed to produce crops on considerably increased acreage over normal. This plan has received the endorsement of the employers of labor and the farmers themselves in the counties mentioned, and is to-day in actual operation.

President Truesdale has also placed at the disposal of these Farm Bureaus twenty-five per cent of the railroad's section hands for two weeks in the planting season, and again in the harvesting season; and is willing to furnish free transportation for workers securing under this arrangement. This plan is susceptible of wide extension.

War and Profits

LLOYD'S report of ship sales the world over for the first quarter of 1917 shows that the price of vessels is still climbing. The highest price a year ago was two hundred and ten dollars a ton. This year the amazing figure of two hundred and fifty dollars a ton was reached.

But the price of tonnage depends upon its flag. One Japanese steamer, which sold for seventy thousand dollars in 1912, brought six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars this year; another, which changed hands at ninety-five thousand dollars in 1914, sold for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Meantime a much larger British boat brought only twenty-two thousand dollars.

Less than a third as many steamers were sold in the first quarter of 1917 as in 1916, because all the belligerent countries and some neutrals will not permit the sale of a ship to another flag except in unusual cases; and the relatively low price of British tonnage is because the British Government extends a rigorous control over all shipping under its flag and takes whatever it needs at its own price.

If shipping were left simply to the law of supply and demand under present conditions good steam tonnage would be selling even higher, and the owners would be charging freight rates which would yield a profit on that higher valuation. In the present situation there is no limit to the heights that might be reached by vessels and freights.

But the belligerent governments—and especially England, the great sea carrier—very properly intervened, forbidding the sale of bottoms and strictly limiting charges for government business, on the principle that individuals shall not profit by the war. We must not shrink from any sensible application of that principle here, whether it applies to a loaf of bread or a steel mill.

Easy Money

THE United States has given the Allies a credit of three billion dollars, which is sufficient to cover all their purchases here for several months. Yet, in May, England resumed shipments of gold to New York—choosing to pay down hard cash, when she might have bought on credit.

The reason, as frankly explained by the governor of the Bank of England, who was then in this country, was that England, as banker for the Allies, wished to keep the money markets of the United States in an easy condition.

Big borrowings by our Government would presumably tighten up the money markets here, cause interest rates to advance somewhat, and make banks rather more chary of lending. That is just what the Allies, as enormous prospective borrowers, do not want. British gold, shipped to New York, would swell the bank reserve there, counteract the tightening effect of our Government's borrowing, and keep money easy.

For one thing, this shows how intimately the allied nations are working together. England's gold reserve is the smallest of any of the big belligerents. It is about one-tenth as large as ours. Nevertheless, if a liberal slice of it will ease money here, where vast credit operations for the allied account are in prospect, over it comes.

It shows, also, that easy money in the United States is a condition we must accept with much caution. England expects to get this gold back. Our great stock of that basic metal exerts a constant tendency to expand credit and boost prices. There will surely be a readjustment of prices with a contraction of credit after the war. If we are overblown it will surely be an unpleasant process for us.

There is a string to the gold. Easy money should not mean easy borrowing.

One Way of Winning

THE British National War-Savings Committee reports that, up to March first last, there had been formed more than eleven hundred local committees for propaganda and over twenty-six thousand local war-savings associations, in addition to an unknown number which were not affiliated with the general organization. The affiliated associations comprise two million three hundred thousand members. Reported war savings by small investors to the end of 1916 amounted to six hundred and sixty million dollars; and, though they have been putting money into war-savings certificates and post-office exchequer bonds, deposits in savings banks have increased. Though this is a gain to the nation, it is still more a gain to the one-pound investors.

An organization similar to the British committee is now forming in this country. Savings by persons who never heard of Who's Who in Wall Street, and to whom ninety-nine per cent of the names in such a volume would mean no more than a precinct polling list in Mexico, are already far greater in the United States than in any other country. And the undeveloped saving power of this country is also far greater than that of any other. England's six hundred and sixty million dollars from investors who deal in few figures at a time might be doubled here.

War is bringing new coöperations. In nearly every village people are working together for some purpose or other connected with war. Cooperation in local savings societies may well be another means of fostering the coöperating habit. When this war is over we ought to have the idea and habit of working together in much greater degree than before. That will be one of the compensations.

Food Control

WHEAT at three and a quarter dollars a bushel in Chicago was an absurdity that ought to make all of us blush. That is probably two dollars a bushel above the average price received by the producers of the grain brought last fall, winter and the early spring.

Considering our needs and those of our allies, there will not be wheat enough to go round. The cost must be jumped somewhere. All commodity markets are infected by this war atmosphere, in which old standards of value have little relevance and anything in the way of prices seems possible.

Under these conditions the ordinary appeals for handling the wheat crop was entirely inadequate. Its unrestricted operation, as Mr. Hoover argued, was exactly as apt to send wheat to five dollars a bushel as to three.

There was a limited supply, absolutely inadequate to the demand. A world at war must have the supplies, whatever its cost. Jones bids a dollar and a half for the supply. Smith next day bids two dollars. Robinson bids two and a half, and Johnson three. So, with a hungry purchaser at the door whose money resources are virtually unlimited, the price might be marked up to any figure.

It was not a wheat situation but a war situation that sent prices skyward. Conditions created not by normal laws of supply and demand but by governments made three-dollar wheat. So government should step in and control the situation.

Because of war there is an urgent world demand for our short supply of wheat. It is absurd to say that organized society must sit by and let individual competition—almost all on the bull side—boost prices to any figure. It is time the Government extended a controlling hand over the food situation, because governmental action has thrown the ordinary apparatus out of gear.

The Eyes of War

WITH half of her present equipment in the one simple item of aëroplanes, France might have turned the defeat at the Marne into a rout that would have swept the Germans definitely from French soil.

In comparison with its cost, no other defensive weapon begins to match the air machine. For coast defense it may multiply the effectiveness of a battleship by two or three—that is, battleships decidedly inferior in gun power, but directed by a decisively superior air fleet, might well be a better protection than batteries which outmatched the enemy's, but were blindfolded by the enemy's superiority in the air. Germany's tremendous strategic advantage has lain in a geographical situation that enabled her to shift forces quickly to the point where they were most needed.

For border defense a good aërial equipment would give us that advantage. One regiment sure of being apprised in time of any threatened attack would answer as well as two regiments that could not know what point was in danger until the attack was delivered.

The Revenue Bill

IT IS beyond the reach of human ingenuity to raise a billion eight hundred million dollars by any scheme of taxation that would not provoke protest and criticism from some quarters. Objection to the Revenue Bill, whatever form it took, was inevitable.

But, even in an emergency, voting taxes "with the eyes shut," as Chairman Kitchin said he was going to vote for the committee bill, is not to be recommended. It is precisely in an emergency that most people prefer to keep their eyes open.

Evidently this bill was drafted and introduced into the House with an expectation that the Senate would revise and improve it. For instance, the ruthless increase in the second-class postage rate, that wiped out the possibility of revenue by destroying the source of revenue, the eleventh-hour expedient of tossing in a ten per cent tariff increase, abolishing the free list indiscriminately, and making the income tax retroactive, were clearly the acts of men who wanted to get a difficult job off their hands on any terms.

When the House Ways and Means Committee almost openly looks to the Senate to shape the most important revenue measure ever introduced in Congress, little substance is left in the House's cherished constitutional prerogative of originating revenue bills.

In some respects the committee did a creditable job. Then it simply gave it up. The result is a crazy quilt and a great waste of time.

State Banks

A VIGOROUS effort is afoot to get state banks into the Federal Reserve system. Appeals are made to their patriotism; and, what is more to the point under the circumstances, bills before Congress, which will doubtless pass, increase the material advantages of joining the system.

The Federal Reserve Law was drawn with a view to including state banks; but, whereas national banks were obliged to join the system, it was left optional with state banks, and, so far, but a meager handful of them have come in, which means that the advantages of joining have not decisively outweighed the disadvantages.

Assets of the state banks roughly equal those of national banks; so half of the country's banking power is technically outside the reserve system. But its inclusion would not by any means increase the strength and usefulness of the system in anything like that ratio. With the state banks technically outside, the system can still do all the important things it was expected to do. It would be in a somewhat better position for doing them with the state banks inside; but the advantage to the country of having the state banks in the system is not so great that anybody need lose his temper about it.

No banking system can be too strong for the war and the reaction that will probably follow it. It would be well to make the reserve system sufficiently attractive to bring in the state banks; but it is not a vital question.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Peggy Wood—Herself

By Herself

I BELIEVE the first thing in a biography is to state when and where you were born, and that's hardly fair, is it? Suffice it to say, I was born in Brooklyn, New York.

I made my first appearance on the stage in the season of 1910–11 in the chorus of Naughty Marietta. From that time I have played small parts and one or two big ones, getting my chance by understuying everything. Last year I played my first leading rôle on Broadway in Young America as dramatic actress. Now I am playing in Love o' Mike and having my first opportunity to sing on Broadway.

As for my interests outside of my work, I must confess I have none, because my work is everything to me. What little writing I have done, or studying, on voice or dancing, have all been with an eye to my work. The stage is my business and my recreation, and I love it. I am enormously ambitious and I hope that that love will carry me far.

Helen F. Draper

EVER since the Spanish-American war, Mrs. Draper has been one of the prime movers in Red Cross work, and it is in great part due to her enthusiasm and executive ability that the New York Chapter has earned for itself the place that it holds to-day. Such is its reputation among other relief organizations that, on several occasions when the Rockefeller Foundation faced the necessity of getting large consignments of food to Europe on a few hours' notice, the shipments were made through Mrs. Draper's organization in preference to any other. If the New York Chapter lives up to its past history we can look for it to play a leading part in the present war tragedy.

Thomas A. Edison

LET Edison Do It seems to be the most popular solution to the U-boat problem. In July, 1915, Mr. Edison was appointed chairman of the Naval Advisory Board, and since then he has devoted most of his time to working for the Government, which to-day means that he is working not only for Uncle Sam but for every man, woman and child among our allies. He is undeniably the greatest inventor of the age, and he has taken out over nine hundred patents for inventions and improvements that have done much to add to the comfort and happiness of the world. Now the people of two continents are looking to him as the man who may possibly discover a weapon against the submarine—and so invent peace.

Montague Glass—Himself

By Himself

YOU of course know about the man who filled out the application for a peddler's license as follows:

Name	Harris Fine
Born	Yes
Aged	No
Business	Rotten

But, while a peddler may preserve a decent reticence even in the face of the license commissioner himself, it seems that a writer must come across with the particulars. In fact, it would almost appear that clerks in bookstores needed these biographical details as talking points.

For instance, we will say that the clerk tells the customer: "Here is a very interesting detective story entitled '*610 West 155th Street*.' It is by Marcus J. Weltfisch."

"I never heard of him," says the customer. "Who is he?"

"He was born in Borough Park, July 1st, 1890," says the clerk. "His parents were Kopped Weltfisch and Sarah (Rifkin) Weltfisch. Married

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The Marines Have Landed and Have the Situation Well in Hand

There is just a handful of 'em, little scraps is what they're for,
They're used [illegible]
For a regular big engagement,
But you set 'em down in Cuba, or some other messy spot,
When there's something being started and the fuss is getting hot,
When there's wild-eyed riot rampant and the shots are flying thick,
And there'll be an end of trouble mighty quick.

—*James J. Montague*

The Legation Guard at Peking

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

HE HAD some such name as Jansen or Jantzen; it doesn't matter. He was a top sergeant of marines. He had seen everything twice and was willing to do anything once. If he had been at Babel they would have made him foreman of a gang and the Tower would have been built, for he could speak the tag-ends of all the tongues wherewith the people of this earth are afflicted, and getting things done was what he was here for. Wherever ships lie he had been. Brooklyn was his home, and Malta and Surabaya and Pondicherry and Archangel and Chefoo—all the ports of call of tall ships. Another Ulysses, he knew men and cities, and his wanderings had given him tolerance and wisdom, and competence to do quietly and skillfully whatever came to his hand to do.

He was a sure-'nough man. He came to me at the proud and beautiful old town of Trinidad. I had sent for him. He came with a "shave-tail," second lieutenant of marines and twenty-five enlisted men. The lieutenant was to command, but the top-sergeant ran the show. Did you ever hear the story about Johnny Poe? It will help you to understand Jantzen.

Johnny Poe, Princeton football star, soldier, great-hearted adventurer, citizen of the world and first-class fighting man, once paid the marines the great compliment of becoming one of them. It was in 1903, when trouble between the United States and Colombia over the Panama Canal strip threatened. By a special arrangement with the secretary of the Navy, Poe enlisted for the duration of the prospective war. He went down to the Isthmus with the marine detachment on the Dixie. He was assigned to Captain Smedley Butler's machine-gun company and made a sergeant. He didn't like it. Soon after arrival at the Isthmus he reported himself to Colonel Waller, commanding the detachment.

"I would thank the commanding officer for reduction to the rank of private," he put it.

"A rather unusual request, Sergeant Poe. I have had plenty of men asking for promotion. What is the idea?"

"Colonel, I don't think I am qualified for the duties of a sergeant."

"But you have had more active service than almost any man I know. You have had a college education. You may be a bit rusty on drill and regulations, but we make allowances for that, as we do for the new second lieutenants down here. We expect them to learn, even if they are not competent to perform all the duties of their rank just now."

"Yes, sir; I understand," replied Poe in deadly earnest. "But nobody expects anything of a second lieutenant. But a sergeant of marines must know his job."

Trinidad is one of the Forgotten Cities. It was once rich and powerful and luxurious. It is still beautiful. Cortez lay there for months refitting his ships and giving his adventurers a sunset view while on his way to the conquest of Mexico. Humboldt visited the town and left a record of his impressions of its magnificence and riches.

Trinidad lies a league back from the shore on the south coast of Cuba. In the days of Cortez it was a port, but the pirates and sea rovers of the Spanish Main drove the people back to the foothills. The port is now named Casilda, and a military road runs straight up from the old Spanish barracks to Trinidad.

It was an old ex-schoolmaster of Central Valley, New York, who brought Jantzen and me to Trinidad. His name was Palma and he had become President of Cuba. One day—in September, 1906—his car of government stopped. It had a flat tire. Palma thought it was engine trouble or stripped gears; so he sent a hurry-all for help to Washington. Uncle Sam runs a service station for Cuba under the Platt Amendment and a mission was sent down to see what it was all about. After the usual parleying it was decided to take in the old car and give the Cubans a new government. José Jesus Monteagudo and Charley Hernandez were sent down into Santa Clara Province as a disarmament commission. The armored ice-cream destroyers in El Telegrafo Cafe had ceased to intrigue my fancy and, questing adventure, I went along with them. Presently we came to Trinidad, and, the town being what it is, I stayed there for to admire and for to see.

When Monteagudo and Hernandez left me behind, the posture of affairs was this: Juan Bravo, the rebel *jefe*, and twenty-five hundred of his men were encamped outside the town, toward Casilda. Rangel, the Rurales lieutenant, had a small detachment of his men in the town. Don Carlos Lynn, chief of customs, and his son Charley had an indefinite number of *voluntarios*, more or less, under their command. Bravo's men had been given permission to enter the town after being theoretically disarmed. The people in town were afraid of the rebels and the rebels did not know what sort of reception they would meet from the

(Continued on Page 30)

Going Aboard Ship for Duty

The Marines in Egypt

Greater Loyalty from Republic Users

WHEN you meet a man whose car is equipped with Republic Tires, it will be worth your while to sound him out.

You will nearly always find that he is an enthusiast.

This has been true for years. The Republic has always borne a good reputation.

But during the past year, in particular, the Republic owner has become even more of an enthusiast.

The discovery and development of the Prōdium Process of toughening Republic rubber does undoubtedly lengthen the life of the tire.

It is a much better tire than it was before—and it always has been a good tire.

One owner has described the effect of the Prōdium Process in very graphic terms.

"My Republic Tires seem," he says, "to wear as though they were being ground down slowly like a piece of metal on a grinding wheel."

He has hit upon an actual description of the facts.

That is exactly the way Republic Tires do wear down—as tho' they were being slowly and evenly ground down.

The road does not chip or cut them, as is usually the case.

There is, therefore, a very real and practical basis for the interest the Republic user takes in his tires.

He really is getting more miles out of them.

The tire that gave him the first practical non-skid rubber tread—the Staggard, from which all others developed—has also given him the first real proof of longer life.

We repeat, it is worth your while to sound the first Republic user you meet.

Thanks to the Prōdium Process, he has found a way of saving money which is also open to you.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

mobilizados. Both parties were armed. This made a bad situation. A frightened man with a loaded gun is more to be afraid of than a catamount.

When the rebels did come in, the old town was aquiver. The six little Colorado Maduro cops, in Alice-blue uniforms, who trod the plaza so bravely locked themselves in the Ayuntamiento and barred the big front door, and would not come out, though we besought them ever so urgently through the keyhole. Don Carlos Lynn turned to jelly. The wine shops and the clubs closed. The children stayed at home from school. The newspaper suspended publication. The shopkeepers put up their heavy iron shutters and barred their doors. I came to my rooms one night to find Garcia, the poet, sitting on the edge of a chair and chattering. He slumped down on his knees and cried "Gentlemens, I supplicate you!"

He thought the plot hounds were after him because of something he had written to a newspaper in Havana. "They tell everything at that telegraph office!" he complained bitterly.

Then the rebels began to ride about town in little groups, paying off private scores. Every night two or three houses would be entered and people knocked about. It became tedious and bade fair to become dangerous; so I telegraphed to Mr. Taft, in Havana, asking him to send some marines over from Sancti Spiritus. The reply came almost at once that a lieutenant and twenty-five men would start immediately. The whole town had heard of the message before I received it. It ironed out everything. That evening the wine shops and the clubs and the shops were all opened. The girls, arm in arm, in groups of four after their usual wont, walked slowly round the plaza, while the young men sat on stone benches and looked at them.

The next day Jantzen and his party arrived. They were received like Cæsar's conquering legions returning to Rome. I telegraphed the usual message to Mr. Taft, "The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand," and sailed away to Batabano with my nose out of joint. That was a simple routine job such as the marines are always doing. Sergeant Jantzen is only a type of the Marine Corps noncommissioned officer.

Hoisting the Flag Over Vera Cruz, Mexico

Men Who Take Nobody's Dust

ROMANCE, action, adventure, active service, the lure of far horizons, strange lands, and the queer, hot, outlying places of the world where trouble is bred—these are the things that bring men into the Marine Corps and keep them there year after year. Something or other happens to a man in the marines every day somewhere. Don't talk to the marines about preparedness. It makes them yawn. It is old stuff. They invented it. Whatever may be the state of readiness of the army or the navy, or the militia, or the citizens on foot who will make up the volunteer army, the marines are there, set, on their marks, all their gear polished and scrubbed and ready for instant use. *Semper fidelis* is their motto and old Bhullibedam himself their tutelary god.

When we went to war with Germany the authorized strength of the Marine Corps was approximately six hundred and ninety-three officers and seventeen thousand four hundred men. Congress has authorized an increase for the duration of the war to twelve hundred officers and thirty thousand men. This is where the first flight of keen fighting men will turn; men who have been about the world and know the knack the marines have for getting into the thick of it first. They always try to find the head of the column. When the marines and bluejackets were landed from the ships at Vera Cruz in 1914 it was presently discovered, when the lines of trenches outside the town were taken over, that the marine detachments were on each side of the road leading up to Mexico City.

Everybody thought then that the next move would be to march up to the capital. The marines had taken care not to take anybody's dust.

The organization of the Marine Corps is governed by orders and regulations and not by law. It is, therefore, mobile, flexible, and suited to the needs of the varying and widely differing services it is called upon to perform. Its duties are threefold. There are marine detachments on board vessels of the fleet. There is a technical organization for advance base work and mobile organizations for supporting the fixed defense forces of advance bases, and for expeditionary duty similar to that performed at Vera Cruz and now being performed in Haiti and Santo Domingo. The marines furnish guards for navy yards, naval magazines, and radio stations at home and abroad. In addition they perform miscellaneous duties as legation guards, recruit-depot detachments, recruits under training, prison detachments, target-range detachments, details for recruiting service, and details for administrative purposes, staff offices and depots of supplies.

Detachments assigned to vessels of the fleet constitute a part of the ship's fighting force. Each marine detachment on board ship is organized as a gun division and mans a part of the ship's battery. In the battery drills the ship's gunnery officer represents the battalion commander, and the commanding officer of the ship the regimental commander. The marine detachments of a fleet, squadron or division are also organized into provisional regiments and battalions for service on shore. For this service the regimental commander is the fleet or squadron marine officer, the battalion commanders the division marine officers, and the company commanders the detachment commanders.

The organization of the Marine Corps is made to suit the duties required to be performed. If a company of the normal size is found to be too small or too large for the performance of the mission assigned to it it may be increased or decreased in size; or additional companies may be detailed and a provisional battalion be organized. If a regiment of a thousand men is considered suitable for the performance of certain expeditionary duty a regiment of that size is detailed. If seven hundred men are considered sufficient a regiment consisting of seven hundred men is detailed. If three or four hundred men are needed a battalion is sent.

Soldier and Sailor Too

MARINES may also be detailed for service with the army, as was recently done at Vera Cruz, where a brigade of approximately three thousand marines served as a part of the Army of Occupation for a period of about six months. The service of marines is as varied as their organization is flexible. At the present time Marine Corps companies serve as infantry, field artillery, engineers, signal troops, submarine companies, five-inch-gun companies, searchlight companies. Kipling has celebrated the marine's many-sidedness:

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doing all kinds of things,
Like landing 'is ilf, with a Gatling gun, to talk to them 'eathen kings.
'E sleeps in a 'ammick instead of a cot, and 'e drills with the deck on a slew,
For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know or do.

The marine is soldier and sailor too. They are trained, clothed and equipped very much as are soldiers of the land forces. In their preliminary instruction on shore, at navy yards and naval stations, they are instructed and drilled in the duties of infantry soldiers, field artillerymen and machine-gun companies. In preparation for their duties as landing parties from ships of the navy, for expeditionary duty and as defenders of naval advance bases, they are further trained in aviation; in the use of portable searchlights; the wireless telegraph; the heliograph and the various other methods of signaling; range finding; the erection, operation and maintenance of telegraph and telephone lines; the planting of land and submarine mines; the handling of torpedoes; the erection and demolition of

(Continued on Page 33)

The Marines are Keen Lads, Full of Spirit and Dash, Proud of Their Service, and Equally Good in a Fight or a Frolic

Night Made Like Day
With the Warner-Lenz

No Dazzle—No Dark Turns

This is how motorists meet when their lights are Warner-Lenz. No blinding glare, no dazzle. No dark places at the side, no hidden turns ahead.

Everything about is flooded with an effulgence of soft light.

Below we show the same turn where shaft-lights meet with shaft-lights. Both drivers blinded. Everything hidden save objects straight ahead.

Consider these two pictures. Then you will know why Motordom is changing to Warner-Lenz.

Glare Must End

Every motorist knows that searchlight glare must cease. Already, many traffic laws forbid it. But, law or no law, every time you meet an ordinary shaft-light you know that it is wrong.

Dimmers remedy the glare, but they quell the light. And those ordinary straight beams never light the nearby roadside. They never light the turns.

The Best Remedy

The best way known to rightly solve this problem is the Warner-Lenz. It is legal everywhere. Its light is soft as moonlight.

There are 176 lenses combined in one. The spreading rays light a full half-circle. The road is illumined from 300 to 500 feet ahead. The roadsides and the turns are lighted.

Warner-Lenz light is the same in every position. Turning of the lens in the door of your headlamp does not affect it, nor does rise and fall of the car. This is of vital importance.

Many devices have been suggested, but the Warner-Lenz has won. Every comparison has proved its supremacy, to engineers and laymen.

400,000 Users

In one year, nearly 400,000 motorists have adopted the Warner-Lenz. And 17 makers of famous cars have already made it standard equipment.

Of course, these car makers tested every type of lens. They pay for Warner-Lenz seven times what clear-glass lenses cost. They see that this change must come.

Never before has a motor car improvement received such quick, widespread acceptance.

Change Today

You are bound to change your lenses before long. You will cease to blind drivers who cease to blind you.

But help to set the example. Such a light as we picture at the top will bring a new era in night driving.

Simply take out your present lenses and insert the Warner-Lenz. You can do it in a moment. Make the change before another night.

If you meet claims that another lens is better, please write us for the facts. And note the great car makers who, after every comparison, adopted the Warner-Lenz.

Settle this problem, and settle it rightly, for everybody's sake.

Standard Equipment On 17 Makes

PACKARD LENOX
MARMON BIDDLE
HAL TWELVE
STUTZ PEERLESS
WHITE FIAT FAGEOL
McFARLAN SINGER
OHIO ELECTRIC
DANIELS 8 PATHFINDER
DOBLE STEAM
CUNNINGHAM

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer.

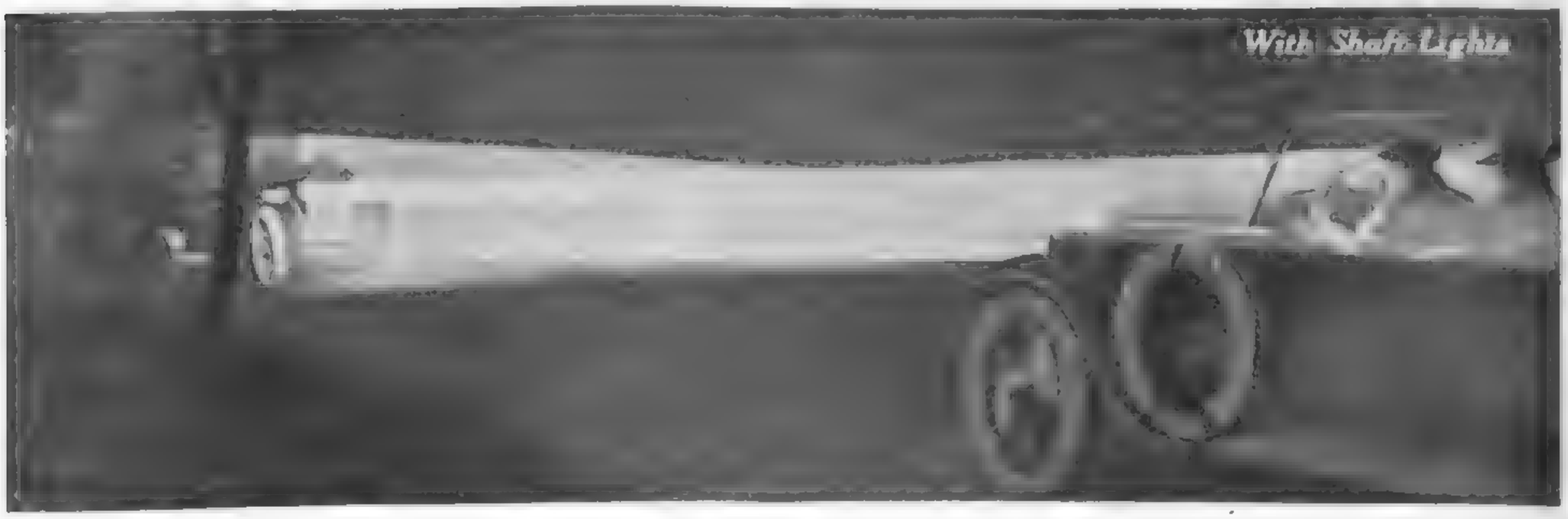
THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

Westcott Rockers 25c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



Protect your Garden

from insects and disease
By enlisting in the War on Bugs

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF FOOD is destroyed every year by the noxious insects that feed upon vegetables and fruit.

This year above all others this food must be saved.

Governmental authorities and Agricultural College experts agree that from 35 to 50 per cent of the crops are lost through the destructive agencies of insects and fungi, unless plants are protected by proper spraying.

Learn how and when to spray from our Spray Guide and insure a full crop with the Imperial Spray Outfit.

The Imperial Home Garden Spray Package contains

Lime Sulphur — Arsenate of Lead
Bordeaux Mixture — Nicotine 40%
Paris Green — Spray Pump
Spray Guide

Enough chemicals to make 50 gallons of spray material, sufficient to protect any ordinary vegetable and flower garden a whole season.

Spray Guide telling Why—

WAR ON BUGS—ENLIST AT ONCE—
Chemicals Are Scarce

It is every one's duty to help solve the food problem. It must be done in the garden by every one having a home. It cannot be done on the farm alone, as it is always difficult to secure help.

The garden demands daily attention, which one can give early in the morning and at evening—before and after business hours, the family helping between times. You can do no more patriotic act than to enlist in this

WAR ON THE BUGS

Don't spend your time and labor getting the seeds to grow and then lose 50% of the crop by letting bugs destroy the plants.

The enemies of the garden have been thoroughly classified, and the chemicals which will destroy these insects have been developed to a state of perfection which makes it only necessary to find the right chemical for the condition present.

The Imperial Home Garden Package

sells at Grocery Stores, Hardware Stores, Drug Stores and Department Stores at $2.00, complete with Spray Guide and Pump.

Telephone or see your dealer, and if he cannot immediately supply you send to us direct, remitting $2.00, and complete home garden package with pump and spray guide will be sent by Prepaid Express. Don't delay; chemicals are scarce.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL COMPANY

Grand Rapids — Michigan

Order from your dealer, but if he should not be able to immediately supply you—remit price $2.00, and complete garden package will be forwarded by Prepaid Express.

The Imperial Chemical Company are manufacturers of large quantities of spraying materials for farmers and orchardists, all made from formulas as advised by the United States Government Agricultural Department and eminent agricultural authorities.

(Continued from Page 30)

bridges; the building of roads; knotting and splicing of ropes; the handling of heavy weights; the fitting of gun gear and the various methods of slinging and transporting ordnance; and the mounting in suitable shore positions of guns of three-inch, five-inch and six-inch caliber.

In their service on battleships and cruisers the marines form a part of the ship's complement for battle, manning the six-inch, five-inch, three-inch and six-pound guns of the intermediate and secondary batteries. They are trained and fully equipped for instant service as landing parties for duty on shore. They have seen service in Egypt, Algiers, Tripoli, Mexico, China, Japan, Korea, Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Formosa, Sumatra, Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, Alaska, the Philippine Islands and Haiti.

Since the Spanish-American War forty-five young men have been commissioned from the ranks of the Marine Corps as second lieutenants, receiving further promotion in their turn. One has already attained the rank of lieutenant colonel. It is not desired, however, to create the impression that the promotion from the ranks to commissioned grade is easily attained, for only men possessing exceptional qualifications are so promoted. The son of the Secretary of the Navy was willing to take a chance, and enlisted in the Marine Corps the other day.

Twenty-five enlisted men are picked from the Marine Corps and navy each year, by competitive examination, to be sent to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, there to be educated and trained as officers; and upon graduation they will be commissioned in the Marine Corps or navy.

There are two Marine Recruit depots—one at the Marine Barracks, Port Royal, South Carolina, and the other at the Marine Barracks, Mare Island, California. As a rule applicants east of the Mississippi River are sent to the Port Royal depot, and those west of the Mississippi River are sent to the depot at Mare Island.

Learning to be a Leatherneck

The candidate, after a few days' probation, is given his final examination; if accepted he is sworn in and receives his uniform and recruit outfit. He then commences the studies and drills that will fit him for active service. The first three months of his time will be devoted to the study and practice of such essentials as care of clothing and person; school of the recruit; physical drill with and without arms; manual of arms; packing knapsacks and blanket rolls; patrolling; signaling; artillery drill; pitching and striking tents; extended order, advance and rear guard; boxing; individual cooking; military courtesies; carrying messages; nomenclature of rifle; squad and company drill; bayonet exercise; guard duty; street-riot drill; wall scaling; field fortifications; athletics; swimming; first aid to the injured; handling boats.

The fourth month is devoted entirely to target practice with the rifle. Every effort is made to qualify the men as marksmen, sharpshooters and expert riflemen. He is then ready to be "turned over for duty." To be turned over for duty means to the recruit that he is now a full-fledged "leatherneck" and ready for active service.

The marine is nearly always fighting. He doesn't have to wait for a world clash to see active service. There are always little wars. Somewhere trouble is making and the marine is

Landing 'isself with a Gatling gun
To talk to them 'eathen kings.

Remember how often you have seen in the newspapers the stock sentence beginning the dispatch from some far place that you haven't heard of since geography-class days: "The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand." The marines have a record of fighting service. Look at it and be proud of them.

The first authentic record of marines in America bears the date of 1740. Three regiments were organized in New York for service under the flag of Great Britain. The field officers were appointed by the king, while the company officers were nominated by the American Provinces.

On June 8, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved "That the compact between the Crown and Massachusetts Bay is dissolved"; and on November tenth of that year, before a single vessel of the navy was sent to sea, the Marine Corps was organized under the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That two battalions of marines be raised, consisting of one colonel, two lieutenant colonels, two majors, and other officers as usual in other regiments; that they consist of an equal number of privates with other battalions; that particular care be taken that no person be appointed to offices or enlisted in said battalions but such as are good seamen or so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve to advantage by sea when required . . . that they be distinguished by the name of the First and Second Battalions of American Marines."

On December 13, 1776, Congress directed that thirteen ships of war be built. On the twenty-second day of the same month Congress passed a resolution declaring Esek Hopkins the commander in chief, and appointed officers for all the vessels then in service. This was the first step taken toward the creation of the naval establishment, upon which is based the claim of the Marine Corps to be the oldest in the service.

In February, 1777, a battalion of three hundred marines and landsmen, under the command of Major Samuel Nichols, was landed from the fleet under the command of Commodore Hopkins at the island of New Providence, in the Bahamas, and assaulted and captured the English forts protecting the island, taking a large quantity of cannon and military stores. This, the first battle of the American Navy, was fought and won by the marines.

From Tripoli to Mexico

Conspicuous among their services is their part, under John Paul Jones, in the battle of the Ranger and the Drake, in which Lieutenant Wallingford, of the marines, lost his life at the head of his men. Again, in the great battle between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis, the marines lost forty-nine killed and wounded. In 1782 Captain Barney, in command of the Hyder Ali, fitted out by the State of Pennsylvania, with a crew of one hundred and ten seamen and marines, captured the British ship General Monk in Delaware Bay after a hotly contested combat.

The navy, the corps of marines and the army were disbanded at the end of the Revolution. On April 30, 1798, a regular Navy Department was formally created; and on July 11, 1798, the Marine Corps was established.

During the war with Tripoli in 1803, in the fight between the frigate Philadelphia and the Tripolitans, "after most gallant exertions," Lieutenant Osborne and his guard were made prisoners. In the fight on the Tripolitan gunboats, August 3, 1803, Lieutenant Trippe, engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a Turk, was saved by a sergeant, who "passed a bayonet through the body of the Turk." The Marine Corps figured in the march of General Eaton, the American consul at Tunis, from Alexandria to Dernah, nearly six hundred miles across the desert of Northern Africa. Upon arrival at Dernah the marines, under Lieutenant O'Bannon, stormed and captured the native fortifications, hauled down the Tripolitan flag, and, for the first time in our history, hoisted the Stars and Stripes of the new Republic on a fortress of the Old World.

Thereafter Tripoli was inscribed on the banners of the Marine Corps.

During the war of 1812, in the victory of the Constitution over the Guerrière, the first officer killed was Lieutenant Bush, commander of the marine guard, who was assisting in repelling boarders at a critical moment of the engagement. In the victory of the United States over the Macedonian, Lieutenants Anderson and Edwards, with their marines, fought with the "utmost steadiness." In the brilliant operations of the Essex in the Pacific Ocean, Lieutenant Gamble, of the marines, gained a great reputation for "skill and efficiency," commanding, in turn, his guard, a prize ship, and a fort at Nukahiva, in the Marquesas Islands.

The marines also took part in the battles of Lake Champlain and Lake Erie; in the action between the Constitution and the Cyane and Levant; in the fight between the President and the Endymion; and in the fight on Lake Pontchartrain. On shore they were with the army under Scott in Canada, with General Winder at Bladensburg, and with General Jackson at New Orleans.

From 1846 to 1848 the marines were engaged in the War with Mexico. Several detachments served on the Pacific Coast under Commodores Sloat, Shubrick and Stockton, on the East Coast under Commodores Conner and Perry, and on the shore under Generals Scott, Taylor and Worth. They were present at the capture of Monterey, San Francisco and Mazatlan; and fought at Los Angeles, San Diego, San José, San Gabriel and Guaymas with credit.

On the East Coast they were engaged in the capture of Matamoros, Tampico, Frontera, Tabasco and Vera Cruz. They were assigned to General Quitman's division in the assault on Puebla. This was the first division to enter the Grand Plaza, in the City of Mexico, which completes the explanation of the inscription on the corps' banners: "From the shores of Tripoli to the Halls of the Montezumas."

The crowning honor, however, was at Chapultepec, on September 13, 1847, when the party assigned to the storming of the castle, picked men from all corps, was led by Major Twiggs and Major Reynolds, both of the Marine Corps. General Quitman in his report says:

"The storming parties, led by the gallant officers who had volunteered for this service, rushed forward like a resistless tide. For a short time the contest was hand-to-hand; swords and bayonets were crossed and rifles clubbed. Resistance, however, was vain against the desperate valor of our brave troops."

The same marines in 1852 and 1853 were marching to the same music through the streets of Yeddo, the capital of Japan, as a part of the celebrated expedition of Commodore Perry.

In 1858 marines and sailors from the Vandalia had a fierce conflict in the Fiji Islands with a body of native warriors. In the same year a detachment was landed at Montevideo, Uruguay, to protect the lives and property of foreign residents from local violence. In 1858, when a mob burned part of the quarantine buildings on Staten Island through fear of yellow fever, marines were sent from Brooklyn "to protect all the remaining buildings at all hazards."

In 1859 one hundred marines were sent to Harper's Ferry to capture John Brown and suppress the rebels. Robert E. Lee was in command of this force.

In the Spanish War a detachment of marines occupied Guantanamo, Cuba, defending it successfully, with the assistance of the ships, against about six thousand Spanish soldiers, and holding a base for the navy. This was a celebrated and brilliant performance. In the Battle of Santiago they distinguished themselves at the secondary batteries on the ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet. In May of that year marines were landed from Admiral Dewey's fleet at Cavite, Philippine Islands, to hold the fort and naval station.

The Boxer Uprising

At the outbreak of the Boxer uprising in China, in 1900, marines were sent from Manila—later reënforced by marines from the United States—landed in China, and participated in the Battle of Tientsin and the march to Peking to the relief of the American Legation, which was being besieged.

The march to Peking with the international column to relieve the legations gave the marines an opportunity to live up to their traditions: Brigadier General A. R. F. Dorward, commanding the British forces in North China at that time, wrote:

"Among many instances of personal bravery in the action I purpose especially to bring to notice in dispatches the conduct of First Lieutenant Smedley D. Butler, United States Marine Corps, in bringing in a wounded man from the front under heavy and accurate fire; Lieutenant Butler was wounded while so doing, but, I am glad to learn, not seriously. The regimental adjutant, First Lieutenant Henry Leonard, as Lieutenant Butler was suffering severely, volunteered to carry him out of the firing line. This feat he successfully accomplished, but, I regret to say, was very dangerously wounded in so doing."

I have another story to tell about Butler presently. The train that carried the first American marines from Taku to Tientsin in June was under Commander Craddock, of the British Navy, who, as Admiral Craddock, went down with his flagship, the Good Hope, in the battle off Coronel against a German squadron. After the Siege of Peking the United States Minister there, Mr. Conger, sent this dispatch to the Secretary of State at Washington:

"To our marines fell the most difficult and dangerous portion of the defense, by reason of our proximity to the great city wall and the main city gate, over which the large guns were planted.

"Our legation, with the position we held on the wall, was the key to the whole situation. This given up, all, including many Chinese Christians, would at once be driven into the British Legation and the congestion there increased by several hundred. The United States Marines acquitted themselves nobly. Twice they were driven from the wall and once forced to abandon the legation, but each time, reenforced, immediately retook it; and with only a handful of men, aided by ten Russian sailors, and for a few days a few British marines, they held it to the last against several hundred Chinese with at least three pieces of artillery.

"The bravest and most successful event of the whole siege was an attack, led by Captain John T. Myers, of our marines, and fifty-five men—Americans, British and Russians—which resulted in the capture of a formidable barricade on the wall defended by several hundred Chinese soldiers, over fifty of whom were killed. . . ."

Among the enlisted men of the Legation Guard whose conduct was commended was Private Daniel Daly, who later received the Congressional Medal of Honor for distinguished conduct on the night of the fifteenth of July, 1900. Daly is now a gunnery sergeant and stationed at the Navy Yard, Washington. During the operations incident to the occupation of Haiti he was again recommended for the award of a second Medal of Honor, for "exceptional coolness and leadership of the men under fire at Dipite, Le Trou, Crossroads of the Crucifixion, and advance-guard action in the advance to St. Suzanne during the period October fifteenth to November 30, 1915."

With Waller at Tientsin

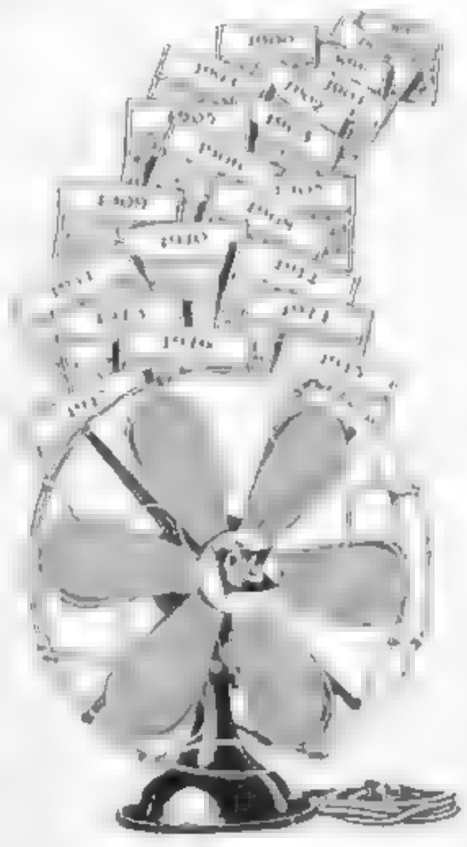
The Battle of Tientsin, fought on June 21, 1900, was the most hotly contested of any of the actions incident to the Boxer campaign. In his report of June twenty-second, Major Littleton W. T. Waller states that ". . . the automatic gun, at this time, was in the original front, with the Russian support of about seventeen men. This dwindled to two. The gun's crew lost one man killed and two wounded, when it jammed. The enemy's fire being unbearable, the lieutenant disabled the gun and retreated. We were followed for four hours, but kept down the enemy's fire and brought off our wounded."

Among the marines constituting the gun's crew were Privates Charles R. Francis and Clarence E. Mathias, who stuck to their gun until it became useless, Francis being severely wounded, and only retreated after the gun had been dismantled and rendered useless. For this they were awarded the Medal of Honor.

At the base of the flagstaff on the Parade Ground of the Marine Barracks, in Washington, is a little Krupp fieldpiece with Chinese characters engraved on the breech. This was presented to the Marine Corps, through Major Waller, by the Japanese Major General Fukushima, after its capture from the Boxers by the Japanese cavalry under his command, as a recognition of the gallantry shown by the First Marine Battalion in the fight of June twenty-first, and as partial compensation for the unavoidable loss of their gun.

Since the China expedition the chief work of the marines has been about the Caribbean. They have been in Panama, Cuba, Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo. There are legation guards of marines still at Peking and in Nicaragua. Smedley Butler is now a lieutenant colonel and is in Haiti with the expeditionary force of marines. He is commandant of the recently organized Gendarmerie d'Haiti, with the rank of general of division, conferred by the Haitian Government. The Gendarmerie d'Haiti is a force of native constabulary, commanded by officers and noncommissioned officers of the Marine Corps. It was organized in August of last year and is now in charge of the civil and military administration of the Republic of Haiti.

The marines have seen some bloody work in Santo Domingo. The taking of Fort Rivière, in the northern part of the island, was a desperate affair. Colonel Butler was



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The Sign of a Breeze

an eyewitness and participant in the assault. This is his account of how his men got into the fort:

"Rivière, on the top of Montagne Noire, about four thousand feet above the sea, was an old French bastion fort, about two hundred feet on a side, with thick walls of brick and stone, loopholed, and ranging from fifteen to twenty-five feet high. The original entrance had been on the northern side, but had been blocked, a small breach in the southern wall being used in its stead. This breach in the wall, being the only entrance, was naturally covered by the defenders on the inside, making passage through it into the fort a very dangerous feat for at least the first man.

"Notwithstanding the fact that the fire of the defenders was constantly passing through this hole in the wall, Sergeant Ross L. Iams, of the Fifth Company, unhesitatingly jumped through, closely followed by Private Samuel Gross, of the Twenty-third Company, and the remainder of the Fifth Company in single file, the breach being too small to admit more than one man at a time. The action of these two men in entering the breach in the wall of Fort Rivière and the amount of courage required to do so are fully appreciated by me, who was close by at the time.

"I have been under fire several times myself and have never felt before such a keen desire to be somewhere—in fact, anywhere—else as I did when I realized that I might have to go through that hole first. While in this mood of indecision, my painful impressions were relieved by the action of Iams and Gross. I don't know whether I would have gotten up the courage to jump through that hole or not; but these two faithful friends of mine relieved me of all embarrassment, which embarrassment might have become so intense as to cause me to fall back upon my prerogative of a commanding officer with field rank and seek employment in some other part of the field of action."

Corporal Haley's Story

"Of course I am not familiar with the mental impressions of Iams and Gross during this time, but their physical movements certainly were alert and straight into the jaws of danger, and what I considered almost certain death."

One more story of fighting in Haiti:

"Corporal Aubrey M. Haley has been promoted to sergeant for gallantry in action at Cerce la Source, Haiti, March 28, 1916, when, with the assistance of one gendarme, he beat off an attack of bandits, killing three himself."—Extract from official report.

This is Corporal Haley's report:

"It was on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of March when Colbert and eight of the picked men went to Castellure, about six miles out, to spend the night, and to be on hand to patrol the market the next day.

"Our quarters here are about one hundred yards from the gendarme barracks. The bandits took advantage of the situation. They thought that, Colbert and I being separated, they could clean up on both of us.

"About three A. M. on the twenty-ninth I was suddenly awakened by the sound of rifle shots, the yells—*Cacos sina Cacos!*—and a rush and stampede right into the gendarme barracks. I thought at first it was a dream. In less than a minute, and before I could get dressed, I could tell by the yells from both sides that the gendarmes were taken by surprise, scattered and running, leaving me at the bandits' mercy. I was tempted to go out to aid the gendarmes, but my gendarme cook grabbed me and said: 'You *pas sorter!*'—meaning 'You cannot go out!' It seemed like less than a minute from the time I was awakened until the bandits were trying to burst in on me through the windows and front door. I had my shoes on, no socks, and shoes unlaced; trousers on, fastened at the waist only; and shirt on, not buttoned. If you could have seen a picture of me then—I looked like a wild man. I was—almost.

"I had my rifle loaded and bayonet fixed; had chased the cook to the rear door; and at that very instant they seemed to pound on all the doors at once. Firing was fierce from all sides. If you ever heard an old rifle bark mine did!

"I fired two shots through the door, which were successful, from the blood found there afterward. I immediately opened the window next to the door with the end of my bayonet, and right in front of the window was a big black 'buck' with a rifle. At the crack of my rifle he tumbled like he was struck on the head with an ax.

"I rushed to the side window, which was almost broken open, pushed it open as I had the other, and there was another bandit right under the window, and two or three standing off a few steps. At the crack of my rifle he tumbled also. Fired the last shot in my rifle at another, but do not know whether I hit him. I loaded my rifle again and fired three shots at a lad about thirty yards away before he tumbled.

"By this time there was not a soul to be seen; I had three lying in the yard groaning and struggling for life. I kept the windows well guarded, while the cook kept the rear door covered. I could tell by their horn that they were retreating toward Castellure. It was about an hour before I learned that the cook had killed a bandit from the rear door. I was never in such suspense in my life. I did not know whether Colbert had been shot up or not. I had no one to send a message by until daylight, when two or three gendarmes began to show up from round the bush, without rifles or uniforms. I would have shot them only for the cook, who recognized them. He called to them and they answered back: '*Cota blanc?*'—meaning, 'Where is the white man?'

"Then I called them in and immediately started one for Ouanaminthe with a message. This message went through O. K.; but the messenger I started to Colbert came back in less than half an hour telling me that Castellure was shot up. Then I did go crazy. I was tempted to go out to Colbert myself. I did not know whether he was butchered or not. Our interpreter was out with Colbert; so I was having a time with what lingo I knew.

"The men of the town had begun to come in to give their names, as good behavior on their part. The first one that volunteered his services to me I sent with a message to Colbert. He went; and at about nine o'clock that morning Colbert came in, and you know we felt good to be together after such an uproar."

I have chosen these tales at random. The stories of the taking of the Caves of Sojoton and the march across Samar are thrilling tales of adventure and daring.

The marines are our smartest fighting force. They are keen lads, full of spirit and dash, proud of their service, and equally good in a fight or a frolic. Don't "tell it to the marines"—unless you are ready to back up the play.

The marine always keeps his trousers creased, and he is officially authorized to carry a "swagger stick." He carries a punch too. Mind that!

MONTAGUE GLASS—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

Hattie, daughter of (Rev.) Philip Lipkowitz and Blooma (Peikes) Lipkowitz. Member of following clubs and societies: Independent Order Mattai Aaron. Favorite Occupation: Auction Pinochle, Spades Double."

"In that case," says the customer, "I will take three copies."

"How about this interesting volume of short stories?" the clerk continues, thinking he has got the customer on the run, so to speak. "The author was born in Paducah, Kentucky."

"What is his favorite occupation?" asks the customer sternly.

"After-dinner speaking," says the clerk, and the customer waves the book away.

"Show me something by a stamp collector," he says, and, therefore, as it appears to be as broad as it is long, let us pursue the peddler's plan, with modifications to suit an author's biography, viz.:

Name	Montague Glass
Born	Yes
Aged	No
Favorite Occupation	Luncheon
Favorite Authors	Max Marcin and Fannie Hurst
Favorite Actors	None
Favorite Wife	Mary Caroline Glass
Favorite Daughter	Elizabeth Mary Glass
Favorite Soup	Lockschen
AND	
Favorite Magazine	THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Focusing and composing may be done by use of finder and focusing scale, or at any time, for absolute accuracy the ground glass screen is easily used with either film or plates.

The camera makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, it measures 1⅝ x 3¼ x 4⅝ inches, it weighs but 24 ounces, but it is so cleverly constructed that it will accommodate a three-hundredth of a second shutter, and the best and speediest of anastigmat lenses, including the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3, and the B. & L. Ic Tessar *f*.4.5. With such equipments and its careful, accurate mechanical construction, the Premo No. 12 offers the very limit of photographic efficiency—it will make good pictures wherever amateur pictures can possibly be made.

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My Duty in War Time

Our first great victory in this war will be when personal pleasure, personal gain, personal privilege give way to unselfish devotion to the common cause—"I must sacrifice my own gain or pleasure for the common good"—is the inner cry of every true American.

In our eagerness each one looks for "things to do," and he who looks emotionally for things to do or things to suffer will often try to show his patriotism by self-immolation. He may forget the simple task at hand while looking for a hard one at a distance.

Such a time as this demands super-eloquent apostles of sanity.

The plain duty of the American who is not, should not, or cannot be called to military service is—live your normal life: conduct your business as energetically as you would conduct it if we were at peace; take your profits, your comforts, and your normal pleasures; make all the money you can with a clear conscience.

You feel a peculiar shock as this truth hits you. "I *want* to sacrifice my goods and my comfort to prove my devotion, but what I *must* do is augment my goods and maintain my comfort to meet the demands of a situation bigger than my present vision can fully comprehend."

Buy your country's bonds. Buy all you can. Be ready to buy more when the next call comes. And remember—the great task of America's workers is to mobilize and carry on America's greatest possible industrial effort.

Be prepared for sacrifice, but do not seek sacrifice by self-punishment, as some oriental zealots scarify their bodies to buy peace of soul.

If we are to have the long drain of war, our country demands of us both financial and physical stamina to emerge triumphant.

The great thing which the world demands of America during and after the war is unprecedented financial resource. Financial ability to bear the war's burdens—financial ability to be the world's chief provider after the war.

To fall short of this obligation will be to commit a crime against the future of the whole world.

Our supreme war duty lies in the task of keeping our bodies, minds and affairs vigorous and wholesome.

Our greatest danger is hysteria.

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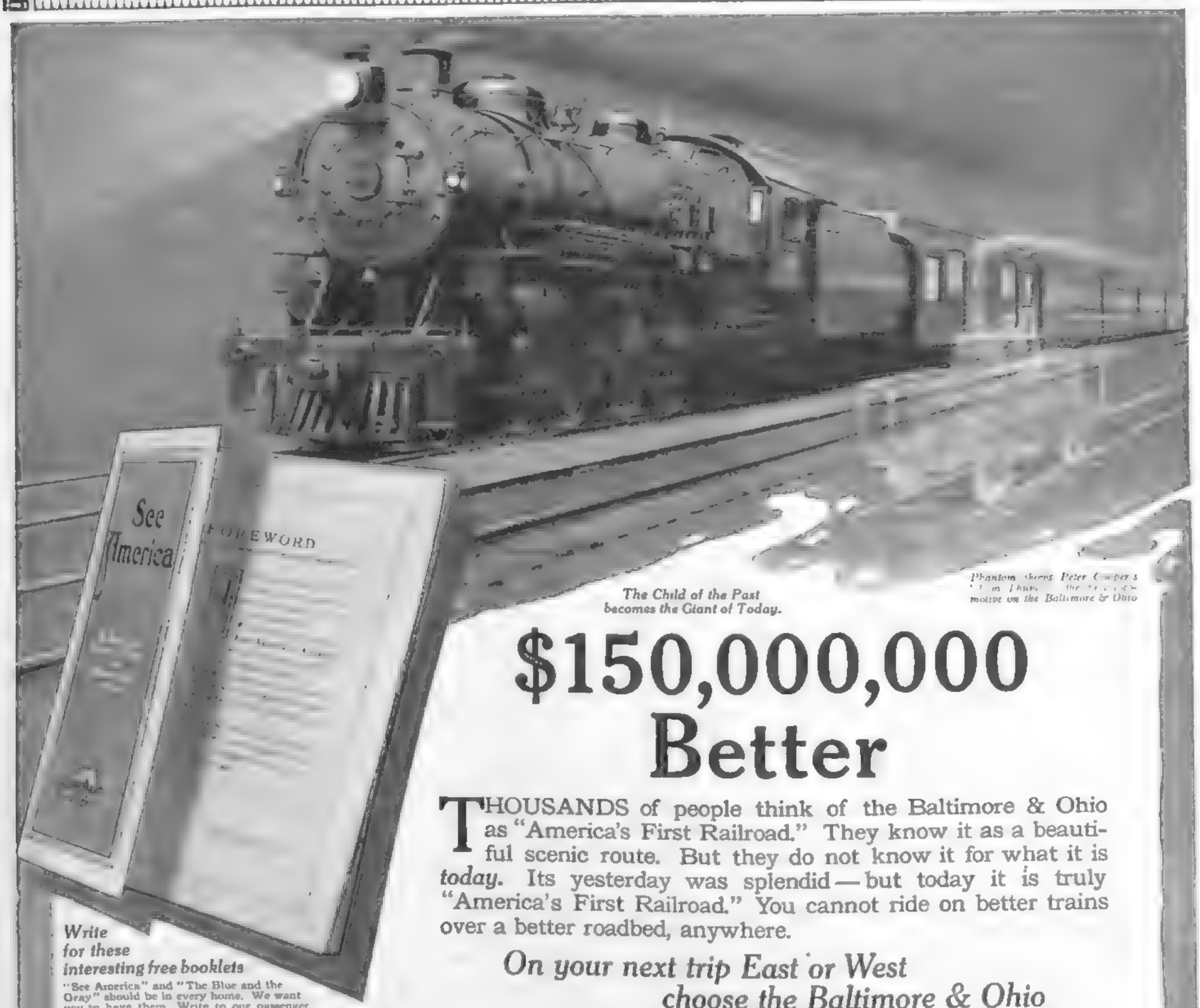

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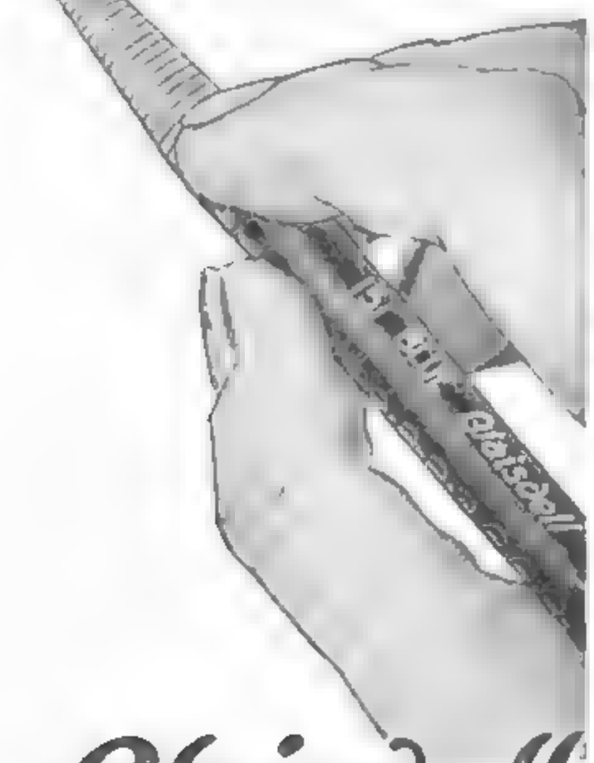
151 Blue



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Order to-day from your dealer or write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Blaisdell
Pencil Company

FOR REVENUE ONLY

(Continued from Page 16)

back inside of six months." The old schemer chuckled. "Lordy me," he continued, "I'd like to see Joey trying to make her point up into the wind! She'd break his heart."

"Look here, Alden." Old Joe Gurney commenced to bristle. "Are you serious about that or are you just making conversation bets? Because if you're serious I'm just shipping man enough to call you for the sheer sporting joy of it."

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, you're on!" Cappy Ricks almost yelled. "Put up or shut up—that is, provided Joey is as big a sport as his father and will undertake to sail my schooner Tyee to Sobre Vista and back."

"Oh, she's a schooner!" There was relief in Joey's voice. "Why, I'll sail any vessel with a fore-and-aft rig. I thought perhaps you were trying to ring in a square-rigger on me, and I'm not familiar with them. But a schooner—pooh! Pie for little Joey!"

"She's got three legs, and with a deck-load of lumber she's cranky and topheavy. I'm warning you, Joey. Remember he is a poor ship owner who doesn't know his own ship."

Joey got up and went to a map laid out on a table, with a piece of plate glass over it, to compute the sailing distance from Grays Harbor to Sobre Vista. He could not find Sobre Vista on the map.

"Figure the distance to Mollendo and you'll be close enough for all practical purposes," Cappy called to him, and winked at the boy's father. "A little pep, here, boy," he whispered to Gurney, "and we'll snare him yet."

Joey came back from his study of the map.

"I'd have the nor'west trades clear to the Line," he remarked to his father. "After that I'd be liable to bang round for a couple of weeks in the doldrums, but in spite of that—did you say I couldn't do it in six months, Mr. Ricks?"

"That's what I said, Joey."

"Take the bet, dad," said Joey quietly "and I'll take half of it off your hands. I'll give you my note, secured by an assignment of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar interest in mother's estate to secure you in case Mr. Ricks should win and call you for his winnings—and he hasn't a chance in the world of winning."

"Money talks," Cappy Ricks warned him and got out his check book. "Joe, I'll make a check in your favor for fifty thousand dollars and you make one in my favor for the same amount. We will then deposit both checks with the secretary of the club, who will act as stakeholder ——"

"'Nuff said, Alden P. Ricks. I accept the dare. Sonny, if you're a worse sailorman than you appear to be, you're liable to cost your father a sizable wad. However, I can't resist this opportunity to put a nick in the Ricks bank roll." Gurney snickered. "Alden," he declared, "you'll bleed for a month of Sundays. Really, this is too easy! For old sake's sake, I'll give you a chance to withdraw before it is too late."

"Let the tail go with the hide, Joe. I don't often bet, but when I do I'm no piker. Joey, there's just one little condition I'm going to exact, however. I'm going to send one of my own skippers along with you on the Tyee, because your license as master only permits you to skipper pleasure boats up to a hundred tons net register; so in order to comply with the law I'll have to have a sure-enough skipper aboard the Tyee. But he shall have orders from me to be nothing but a companion to you, Joey. Once the tugboat casts you off, you are to be in supreme command until you voluntarily relinquish your authority, when of course he will take the ship off your hands. Any relinquishment of authority, however, will be tantamount to failure, and you will, of course, lose your twenty-five thousand."

"That's a reasonable stipulation, godfather. I accept if father does—that is, provided dad lets me in on half the bet."

"Better let the young feller in, Joe," Cappy suggested. "If you don't he might throw the race."

"Well, I don't like to encourage the habit of betting, least of all with my own son, but in view of the fact that this is a friendly little bet and—er—well, you can have half, Joey."

"Thank you, sir," said Joey. "Mr. Ricks, when do I start?"

Cappy Ricks glanced at his watch.

"The sooner the better," he replied. "The Tyee is loading now, but I'll wire them you're coming and to hold her for you. You have time to arrange your affairs, pack a trunk and catch the Lake Shore Limited for Chicago at five o'clock. From Chicago you take the ——"

"Never mind. I know the quickest route. Dad, I'll need some money before I go."

"How much, son?"

"Oh, a couple of thousand, just to play safe. And I'll have to leave you a batch of bills to settle for me."

"All right, son, I'll settle them. Here's your two thousand. You can pay me back out of your winnings on the voyage. And never mind about your note or the assignment of an interest in your inheritance. If I cannot take my own son's word of honor I don't deserve a son. Just take care of yourself, Joey, because if anything should happen to you it would go rather hard with your old man."

He wrote Joey a check for two thousand dollars and took an affectionate farewell of his son.

"Now listen to me, my dear young Hotspur," Cappy Ricks commanded him as he shook Joey's hand in farewell. "The schooner's name is Tyee and you'll find her at the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company's mill dock in Aberdeen, on Grays Harbor. And don't be afraid of her. She was built to weather anything. The skipper's name is Mike Murphy, and if you can't get along with Mike and learn to love him before you're in the ship a week there's something wrong with you, Joey. Just don't start anything with Mike because he always finishes strong, and whatever he does is always right—with me. When you get out there he'll show you the orders I will have telegraphed him and you have my word of honor, boy, that there'll be no double-crossing and no interference unless you request it."

"Right-o!" cried Joey, and was off to earn twenty-five thousand of the easiest money he had ever heard of.

"Like spearing fish in a bathtub," murmured Cappy Ricks dreamily, and tore up the fifty-thousand-dollar check he had just written. "Joe, if your boy is such easy game for a pair of old duffers like us just think what soft picking he must have been for that nimble-footed lady with the raven hair, the pearly teeth and the eyes that won't behave!"

"But she's coarse and brainless, Alden. I can't imagine a boy like my Joey falling in love with a woman like that. He ought to know better. Just remember how he was raised."

"Fooey! Joey isn't in love. He only thinks he is, and the reason he thinks it is because she has told him so a hundred times. Can't you just see her looking up at Joey with her startled-fawn eyes and saying: 'Oh, you do love me, don't you, Joey?' As if the fact that Joey loved her constituted the eighth wonder of the world! And she's probably told Joey she'll die if he ever ceases to love her; and he's kind and obliging and wouldn't hurt a fly if he could avoid it. Why, Joe, you old idiot, you mustn't feel that Joey has disgraced himself. Isn't he planning to marry the woman? Only a decent man—a born idealist—could hold that designing woman in such reverence. Blamed if it isn't kind of sweet of the boy, although I would love to give him a kick that would jar all his relations—including his father!"

Old Joe Gurney gazed at Cappy in admiration.

"Alden," he declared, "you have a singularly acute knowledge of women."

"I employ about fifteen of 'em round my office; I had several narrow escapes in my youth; I have had a sweet and wonderful wife—and I have a replica of her in my daughter. And I do know young men, for I have been young myself; and I know old fools like you, Joe, because I've never had a son to make an old fool of myself over."

"Well, now that you've hooked Joey for a six months' voyage, what's next on the program?" Gurney asked after a brief silence.

Cappy smiled—a prescient little smile.

"Why, I'm going to pull off a wedding," he declared. "I'm going to marry Joey to the sweetest, nicest, healthiest, prettiest, brainiest little lady of twenty summers

TAKE *wingfooting* walks in the Spring of the year. Get on speaking terms with Nature. Study birds and trees. *Wingfoot*—on Goodyear Wingfoots.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

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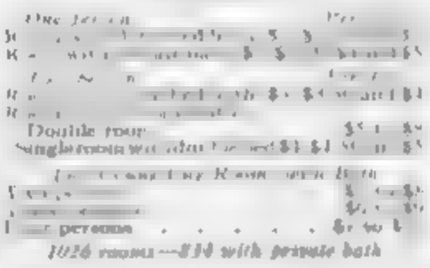

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CHICAGO

ERNEST J. STEVENS, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr*

that ever threatened to put the Ricks organization on the toboggan. She's my private secretary and I've got to get rid of her or some of the young fellows in our office will be killing each other."

"Here, here, Alden, my boy, go slow! I ought to be consulted in this matter. Who is this young lady and what are her antecedents?"

"Say, who's running this layout?" Cappy demanded. "Didn't you come to me squealing for help? Joe, take a back seat and let me try my hand without any advice from you. The girl's name is Doris Kenyon and she's an orphan. Her father used to be the general manager of my redwood mill on Humboldt Bay, and her mother was a girlhood friend of my late wife's; so naturally I've established a sort of protectorate over her. She has to work for a living, and any time there's a potentially fine, two-million-dollar husband like Joey lying round loose I like to see some deserving working girl land the cuss. As a matter of fact, it's almost a crime to steer her against Joey in his present state. But," Cappy added, "I have a notion that before Joey gets rid of that hula-hula girl he's going to be a sadder, wiser and poorer young man than he is at present."

"Your plan, then, is to give Joey six months away from his captor in order that he may forget her?"

"Exactly. Absence makes the heart grow colder in cases like that one under discussion, and the sea is a great place for a fellow to do some quiet, sane, uninterrupted thinking. The sea, at night particularly, is productive of much introspection and speculation on the various aspects of life, and in order to make Joey forget this vampire in a hurry all that is necessary is to have a real woman round him for a while. The first thing he knows he'll be making comparisons and the contrast will appall him."

"You don't mean ——"

"You bet I do. Joey's future wife accompanies him on the voyage, and my bully port captain, Mike Murphy, and his bully little wife go along to chaperon the party and make up a foursome at bridge. I've had a naval architect at work on the old cabin of the Tyee, putting in some extra staterooms, bathrooms, and so on, and in order to make space for the passengers I subsidized the two squarehead mates into berthing with the crew in the fo'castle.

"This Doris girl always did want to take a voyage in one of the Blue Star windjammers, and I had promised to send her at the first convenient opportunity."

"You deep-dyed, nefarious old villain!"

"Old Cupid Ricks, eh? Well, it's lots of fun, Joe, this butting in on love's young dream. And I'm just so constituted I've got to run other people's affairs for them or I wouldn't be happy. I do think, however, that this house party on the old Tyee is about the slickest deal I have ever put over. Joe, they're going to be right comfortable. I've shipped a maid for the girls, and the cook this time is several degrees superior to the average maritime specimen, for there's nothing like a couple of days of bum cooking to upset tempers—and I'm taking no chances. Also, just before I left I gave your future daughter-in-law her quarterly dividend—you see, when her father died I had to sort of look after the family, and I ran a bluff that Kenyon had some Ricks Lumber & Logging Company stock—you know, Joe. Proud stuff! I had to horn-swoggle them. Well, as I say, I gave her the money, and my girl Florry went shopping with her. Sports clothes? Wow! Wow! White skirts, blue jersey, little sailor hat—man—oh, man, the stage is set to the last detail! I even had them ship a piano. Doris plays the guitar and has a pleasing voice, and just for good measure I threw in a crackajack cabinet phonograph and a hundred records with enough sentimental drip to sink the schooner."

Joe Gurney stared at his old friend rather helplessly and shook his head. Such finesse was beyond his comprehension.

"You see, now," Cappy continued, "the wisdom of my course. I insisted that you cut off Joey's allowance and get him hungry for money. You did—and he got hungry. He would have been posted at his clubs in thirty days; it is probable he owed a few bets here and there; his tailor may have needed money. Consequently, by the time I arrived on the scene he was ripe for any legitimate enterprise that would bring him in the needful funds; we arranged the enterprise and he promptly smothered it. Right off, Joe, your son said to himself: 'It will be almost a year before I come into my inheritance, and in the interim I'm going to get married, and a married man who lives on the scale my wife will expect me to assume is going to need a lot more money than a clerkship in his father's shipping office will bring him. Now, there's Tootsy-Wootsy out in Reno with a five months' sentence staring her in the eye before she'll be free to marry me, and I can't very well go out to Reno to visit her without running the risk of incurring my father's displeasure or the tongue of gossip. Consequently, I have five months' time to kill, also, and how better can I kill it than by a jolly sea voyage in a bally old lumber hooker? I can easily win twenty-five thousand dollars from my godfather, and that twenty-five thousand will carry us along until dad turns over mother's estate to me. Fine business! I'll go to it.' And, Joe, he's done gone! Of course I'm going to win his twenty-five thousand bet because he doesn't know what it means to discharge a vessel in Sobre Vista, and Mike Murphy has orders from me to hire all the available stevedores there to do something else while Joey is trying to hire them to discharge the Tyee. Don't worry, Joe! The country is safe in the capable hands of Mike Murphy."

"I see. And this twenty-five thousand you win from Joey ——"

"Will reimburse me for the extraordinary expense I've been put to in saving your son. If Joey's end of the bet doesn't cover I'll nick you, Joseph, although I figure Joey's end of it will pay the fiddler. He won't miss it out of his two millions. Besides, I've noticed that the only experience worth while is the kind you pay real money for—and Joey has to have his experience the same as the rest of us."

Five days later Cappy Ricks dropped into the Red Funnel Line office and laid a telegram on old Joe Gurney's desk.

"Read that," he commanded, "and see if you can't work up a couple of cheers."

Gurney read:

ABERDEEN, WASH., JUNE 3, 1916

Alden P. Ricks,
Waldorf Hotel, New York.

Joey arrived bung up and bilge free. Had loaded and hauled into stream, waiting for him. Came out in launch, climbed Jacob's ladder and stood on rail, sizing up ship. Saw Doris and almost fell face down on deck. He says Doris is a dream, she says Joey is a dear. Take it from me, boss, it is all over but the wedding bells.

M. CUPID MURPHY

Read and approved. MRS. M. C. MURPHY

Old Joe Gurney took Cappy Ricks' hand in both of his and shook it heartily.

"My worries are over, Alden," he declared. "You have, indeed, been my friend in need."

"My troubles and Joey's are just commencing, however," Cappy retorted blithely. "However—'never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you' is my motto. Where's that hundred-and-six-foot schooner yacht of Joey's?"

"She's at her moorings in Greenport Basin. Why?"

"I want to borrow her for a cruise to San Francisco, via the Panama Canal. Joey and his bride can sail her back. May I have her, to do what I please with her, Joe?"

"Alden, don't ask foolish questions. Take her and God bless you! Joey owns her, but I pay the bills; so her skipper takes orders from me."

Two days later Joey's schooner Seafarer was standing out to sea past Sandy Hook, but Cappy Ricks was not aboard her, for that ingenious schemer had boarded a train and gone back to San Francisco and his lumber and ships.

III

CAPPY RICKS' meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door of his private office.

"Come in," he piped, and his son-in-law, Captain Matt Peasley, stuck his head in.

"The Tyee is sailing in, Cappy," he announced. "The Merchants' Exchange has just telephoned."

"It's an infernal lie," Cappy shrilled excitedly. "It can't be the Tyee. If it is, she's two months ahead of her schedule, and by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, I fixed up that schedule myself."

Matt Peasley grinned.

(Continued on Page 41)

What a Change Her Glasses Made

When she wore the old-style double vision glasses, she looked old. The unsightly seam or hump blurred her vision, gave her a strained, worried expression and conspicuously advertised her age.

Then she changed to KRYPTOK Glasses. They made her look years younger!

KRYPTOK GLASSES
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Keep you young-looking because they are free from seam or hump. Their surfaces are clear, smooth and even.

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KRYPTOKS should be worn by everyone who has to remove his reading glasses every time he looks at distant objects—or who fusses with two pairs.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency."

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Mental Comfort in the Home

It isn't a question of bravery—or burglary. You need a good revolver—a safe revolver—in your home just for the everyday mental comfort it gives.

Iver Johnson Hammer model with Regular grip $6.75 [illegible] with Regular [illegible] also made with Perfect Rubber or "Western" Walnut grip.

Three Books FREE

Indicate which books you want: "A"-Arms, "B"-Bicycles; "C"-Motorcycles.

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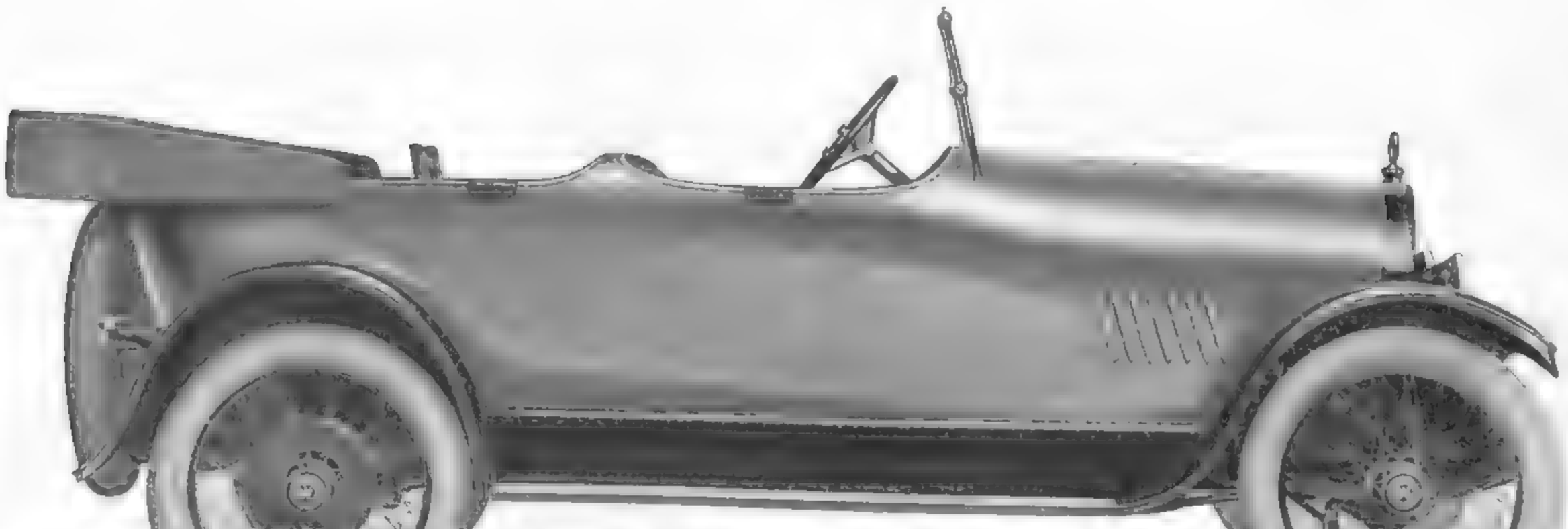

Ten Years of Building to a Quality Ideal

AND NOW the culminating achievement of our labors! A car that establishes new standards of performance, new criteria of luxury, new measures of value by which all sixes must hereafter be appraised! The first car with chassis perfectly lubricated throughout by oil cups instead of grease cups. The first to offer as standard equipment on all open models a self-acting top that even a child can operate. This is the announcement of the

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SIX—SERIES 18

A car of standard units so highly perfected and so nicely balanced as to usher in a new era of motor car history. Power without vibration. Speed without strain. Instantaneous acceleration. Ease of control. Economy of up-keep. In beauty of design and finish the new Westcott is a revelation of artistic originality. The upholstery is superb; the windshield a work of art; the instrument board a masterpiece in mahogany.

Before shipment every Westcott Car undergoes rigid road tests for hill climbing, low throttling, speed and acceleration. Every car of this series goes to its purchaser with the proven assurance of ability to outperform its rivals.

Westcott Superiorities

Continental Motor, 6 cylinders, 3½ x 5½; Cast Aluminum Crank Case.

Delco Starting, Lighting, and Ignition; [illegible] Wiring in Metal Armor.

Timken Axles, Bearings and Brakes.

Chrome Vanadium Springs throughout.

Oil Cup Lubrication *without a* [illegible] *cup.*

Self-acting Top of genuine Pantasote.

Thermostatic Control of Engine Temperature.

Gemmer Semi-irreversible Steering Gear; Adjustable Steering Column, Solid Walnut Steering Wheel, Aluminum Moorines.

Rainshield Carburetor with Integral Primer Device, operated from seat.

Spicer Universal Joints.

Controls in Normal Driving Position.

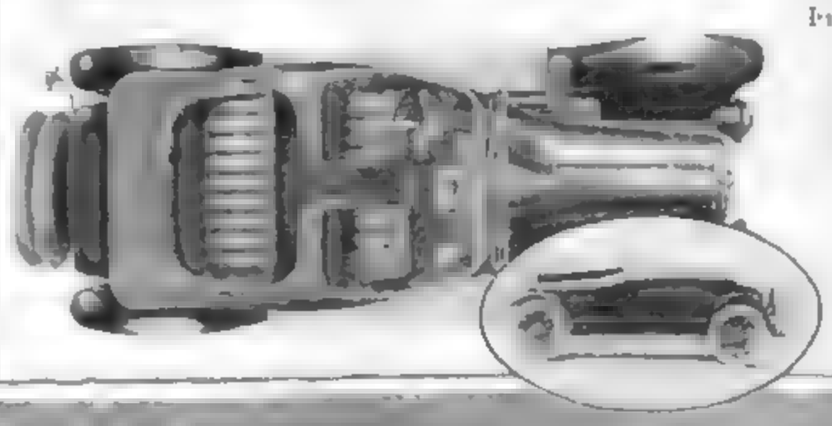
Blackmore Door Curtain Openers; Tool Compartment in Driver's Door.

Double-ventilating, Rain-visioned, Storm-proof Wind-shield.

Center Aisle between Front Seats.

35 x 4½ Oversize Tires; Non-Skid Rear; Ribbed Front.

French Pleated No. 1 Long Grain Dull Leather Upholstery; Curled Hair Cushions with Double-deck Springs.



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Five and Seven Passenger Touring Cars	$1790	Four Passenger Touring Roadster	$1[illegible]60
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Springfield, O.

What's Happening in Your Transmission?

Where the teeth of those gears meet, two forces come into conflict.

The power of the engine is resisted by the unwillingness of the car to move—by the inertia of that mass of steel, wood and iron, with half a ton of human freight.

The two shafts on which the gears are mounted must be held rigidly in place or they will be pushed away from each other by the pressure of gear on gear.

A very little wear on the bearings that hold the shafts means looseness and vibration—more wear, more vibration, injury to gear teeth, noisy gears and loss of power. Ultimately, too, it means replacing the gears and regrinding or replacing the bearings.

Unless the wear can be taken up by adjustment.

All bearings will wear in time. But Timken Bearings, being made with tapered construction, show very little wear because it is uniformly distributed over the surface of the rollers, cone and cup.

Moreover, when wear does come in a Timken Bearing it can be entirely taken up by a slight adjustment—merely moving the cone with its rollers a little farther into the cup—and all effect of wear immediately vanishes, leaving the bearing as good as new.

The quality of Timken Steel, Timken design and Timken workmanship has stood the test of literally thousands of millions of miles of road-service in the highest-grade motor cars built since the industry was established.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN BEARINGS

THE DICTAPHONE

The Ideal Private Secretary

The Dictaphone knows no office hours, no time nor place.

It is always ready; always on the job; it never gets tired or loses its edge.

It takes and records what you dictate, faithfully and accurately—ten word memos, two hundred word letters, tabulations, statistics, or a five thousand word report, as fast as you can talk or as slow as you want.

THE DICTAPHONE

And that is only a part. The Dictaphone cuts the cost of your letters from a third to a half. It does away with the necessity of writing your letters *twice*—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter. It eliminates the shorthand system with its limited efficiency and lost motion. It gives *you* ideal convenience—and it makes the work of your typist easier, free from the eye-and-nerve strain of taking shorthand dictation and making it out. It enables her to do better work and more of it in the same time.

THE DICTAPHONE

Dept. 114F Woolworth Bldg.
New York

Stores in principal cities
Dealers everywhere

This Advertisement was Inserted by The Dictaphone

(Continued from Page 38)

"Perhaps Joey didn't like your schedule and rearranged it to suit himself," he suggested.

"Impossible! That infernal young scoundrel put it over me? Preposterous! Why, Mike Murphy was on the job. Get out, Matt, and don't come in here again to-day throwing scares into the old man."

Nevertheless, Cappy's confidence in human nature was badly jarred when Captain Michael J. Murphy was announced two hours later. Indeed, Cappy could scarcely credit his sense of sight when the redoubtable Michael entered the room. He glared at the worthy fellow over the rims of his spectacles for fully a minute while Murphy stood fidgeting just inside the doorway.

"Well," the Blue Star despot announced presently, "all I've got to say for you, Mike Murphy, is that you're certainly a hell of a seaman to stand idly by and see that young Joey do me up like this. Give an account of yourself!"

"They're engaged," Murphy protested valiantly.

"That's my work, Mike, not yours. Don't take any credit that isn't coming to you. I want a report on your end of this deal. How does it happen that this boy harpoons me for twenty-five thousand dollars? Have the *cargadores* at Sobre Vista gone on the water wagon? Did Joey outbid you for their services? Have they added a lot more lighters to their lighterage fleet? Has the surf quit rolling in on the beach? Have the inhabitants of Sobre Vista been converted to the Mohammedan faith and decline to celebrate saints' days and holy days? Is there smallpox in the town, that the quietus has been put on fiestas and fandangos, and has Peru been annexed by Chile and the celebration of the national holidays forbidden?"

"No, Mr. Ricks. It's the same old *mañana* burg. The trouble was that Joey is a better sailorman than he appeared to be. He cracked on all the way down and made a smashing fast voyage, and, of course, as soon as we got there he went ashore. Two other schooners were there ahead of us. One was loading general cargo and the other was discharging it, and when Joey heard they had been there a month he investigated conditions and saw where you had him. Mr. Ricks, he came back as mad as a hatter. Of course I saw he would have to wait until the other schooners were out of the way before he could begin discharging, because they had first call on the lighters; so in view of the situation and the fact that Mrs. Murphy and Doris were a bit tired of the ship and wanted to go ashore and see the back country I organized a trip for them."

"You left Joey aboard the Tyee, of course."

"Yes, sir. And there's where I made my fatal break. The minute my back was turned the son of a pirate got busy. It appears there was a six-inch waste pipe leading from the crew's lavatory out under the stern of the ship, and this pipe had rusted away and broken off at the flange just inside the skin of the ship sometime during the vessel's previous voyage. Of course it happened while she was homeward bound in ballast, and was standing so high out of the water that this vent where the pipe was broken was above the waterline; consequently not enough of a leak developed to be noticeable. At the mill dock, however, after we got her underdeck cargo aboard, the vessel had settled until this vent was under water, and right away she developed a mysterious leak. In fact, due to the enormous pressure, the water came in faster than the pumps could handle it. Fortunately, however, we discovered where the leak was, though it was then too late to mend it. To do so we would have had to take out the underdeck cargo again. So I just whittled out a six-inch wooden plug, fastened it to the end of a boat hook, ran it down the narrow space through which the broken pipe led, found the vent, hammered the plug home, stopped the leak, pumped out the well, finished taking on cargo and sailed for Sobre Vista."

"A small leak will sink a great ship," Cappy Ricks murmured. "I think I anticipate the blow-off, Mike; but proceed."

"Unfortunately for us that cargo of lumber we had was for the Peruvian government. They were going to use it in the construction of a barracks or a new customhouse or something—and Joey knew this. And he knew about that plug. So the minute my back was turned he pulled out the plug and the water came in and trickled all through the cargo and the ship commenced to settle. But Joey didn't care. He knew a little salt water wouldn't hurt the lumber. When the top of the Tyee's rail was flush with the water he plugged the hole again, got his crew busy with the pumps, and by judiciously plugging and unplugging that leak he kept the crew pumping all day and all night without raising the vessel an inch, and the people ashore could see the streams of water cascading overside and the crew pumping like mad. And presently Joey gave up, went ashore, sought the captain of the port and put up a hard luck story about a leak in his ship—a leak he couldn't find anywhere—a leak that was getting away with him, because his men were too exhausted to do any more pumping. And he said his ship would get water-logged and settle until the surf began to break over her. And presently the deck lashings would part under the battering of the surf and the deck load would go by the board. Half of it would drift out to sea, and the other half would pound on the beach and get filled with sand, which would dull the saws and planes of the carpenters when they came to cut it up. Also, the ship's cabin would be sure to go, and unless he had help he would have to abandon the vessel and she would lie there, submerged, at anchor, a menace to the navigation of the port."

"The scoundrel! The in-fer-nal young scoundrel!" cried Cappy Ricks.

"Well, he got away with it, sir. Remember this cargo was for the Peruvian government and they'd had the devil's own time getting it; consequently they couldn't afford to lose any part of it and have their anchorage ground menaced by a derelict. So the captain of the port took it up with the commandant of the local garrison, and the commandant, as Joey expressed it, heard the Macedonian cry and got busy. He commandeered all the lighters the other schooners were using; the soldiers rounded up the *cargadores* at the point of the bayonet, and they started discharging the American schooner Tyee, with the spiggoty soldiers spelling Joey's crew at the pumps and Joey doing business with that wooden plug according to the requirements. Fortunately there weren't any surf days that week, and the way the cargo poured out of the Tyee was a shame and a disgrace. And when it was all out Joey plugged the leak again, pumped out the ship, and wired me at Mollendo to hurry back with the ladies or he'd sail without me. So you can see for yourself, Mr. Ricks, it was a hard hand to beat. And his luck held. He cracked on all the way home, and, as you know, sir, the Tyee is fast in a breeze of wind, and you told me not to interfere unless he asked me to."

Despite his disappointment Cappy Ricks lay back in his chair and laughed until he wept.

"Oh, Mike," he declared, "it's worth twenty-five thousand dollars to know a boy who can pull one like that. What do you think of him, anyhow?"

"He'll do. His father has spoiled him, but not altogether. I think a heap of him, sir. Remember I've been shipmates with him a trifle over four months, and that's a pretty good test."

"Very well, Mike. I forgive you, my boy. I hope Mrs. Murphy enjoyed the trip. Tell her ——"

The door opened and Joey Gurney, accompanied by Miss Doris Kenyon, entered unannounced.

"Hello, godfather," yelled Joey joyously. He jerked the old man out of his chair and hugged him. "I'm back with your schooner, sir. She was easy to navigate, but that was a cold deck you handed me in Sobre Vista ——"

"Glad to see you, Joey, glad to see you," Cappy interrupted. "Ah, and here's my little secretary again. Miss Kenyon, this is a pleasure ——"

"Mr. Ricks," Joey interrupted him, "the lady's name is no longer Miss Kenyon. She is now Mrs. Joseph K. Gurney, Junior. The minute we got ashore at Meiggs' wharf and could shake the Murphys, who stood out till the last for a church wedding, we chartered a taxicab, went up to the City Hall, procured a license, rounded up a preacher—and got married. What do you know about that?"

"You're as fast as a second-story worker, Joey. I shall kiss the bride." And Cappy did. Then he sat down and stared at the fruit of his cunning labors.

"Well, well, well!" cried Joey. "Kick in, godfather, kick in. You owe me twenty-five

(Continued on Page 43)

Be Sure You Get

Comfort

By the exclusive Vudor *Ventilating* feature, heated air on the porch rises and escapes at the shade's top openings, its place being taken by cool air drawn from the porch floor. The glaring sun is excluded, the breeze let in. At a few dollars' expense you add a cool, most invitingly restful room to your home; by day a sitting room or dining room, at night an airy yet secluded sleeping porch.

Appearance

Each Vudor Shade is perfectly made. Every slat is individually examined before staining and weaving. The most expensive chemically pure stains are used to produce soft, restful, unfading colors suitable for any home.

Durability—Effectiveness

The new Vudor Ventilating Porch Shade has many other distinctive features: effectiveness, durability—brought about by double reenforcing warps, extra heavy slats protected at the ends so they do not break; heavy, ovaled bottom mouldings—roll-up cord working through the new Vudor Cord Glides (no pulleys) which doubles its life, and safety wind device which prevents whipping in the wind.

The Aluminum Trade Mark shown at top, is the mark of the Vudor Ventilating Porch Shade with all the invaluable, *exclusive* features, costing no more than many flimsy substitutes.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
228 Mill Street Janesville, Wis.

Tear off and send this coupon for complete information and colored reproduction of Vudor Porch Shades in actual use on all kinds of homes. We will also send name of local dealer.

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The Pledge of a Promise

Certain ancient peoples regarded the rainbow as the world's safeguard against a repetition of the Great Flood.

From Egypt to India, from Persia to Phœnicia, they accepted the rainbow as the *pledge of a promise* of world safety.

* * *

Between the rainbow and *United States Tires* there is no apparent connection.

But the connection exists, nonetheless.

For the *United States Tire Company* has set in the sky of motordom the rainbow of its super-trade-mark,

—the *pledge of a promise* that the tires which it offers the motorist shall give the maximum of service.

* * *

But this super-trade-mark is more than a *pledge of a promise.*

It is the *sign of the fulfilment* of an ideal—an assurance of super-quality and, therefore, super-service in *United States Tires.*

And back of that super-trade-mark is the purpose, energy, genius and skill of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Whenever you see that blue-and-white super-trade-mark, you know instantly that it represents all that a GOOD tire should stand for,

—that, more than a *pledge* of a promise, it is the *assurance* of *United States Tire* accomplishments:

—low mileage cost; high anti-skid efficiency; the greatest resiliency and elasticity consistent with equally great strength; and a complete line of five types of tires to choose from—a tire for every need of price and use.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—
'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
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United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

While Driving
No Metal
Can't Rust
Ivory Garter
is specially adapted for those who drive. It has no pad and it is so light that it helps to make the leg comfortable in spite of the heat from the engine. The Ivory Garter doesn't bind. It is Guaranteed in every way. At all haberdashers.
Prices: Silk 50 cts.
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MEN'S SIDE GARTER
For those who do not like a garter around the leg
Price: 50 cts. and 25 cts.
DEALERS: Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women.
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Appliance or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble
Leading shoe dealers and department stores everywhere carry Dr. Scholl's Foot Comforts and Correctives.
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MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. S-55, Chicago
Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike

(Continued from Page 41)

thousand dollars, and if I'm going to support a wife I'll need it."

Cappy summoned Mr. Skinner, who felicitated the happy pair and departed, pursuant to Cappy's order, to make out a check for Joey.

"And now," said Cappy as he handed the groom his winnings, "you get out of here with your bride, Joey, and I'll telephone Florry and we'll frame up a wedding supper. And to-morrow morning, Joey, I'd like to see you at ten o'clock, if you can manage to be here at that hour."

Joey promised, and hastened away with his bride. True to his word he presented himself in Cappy's lair promptly at ten next morning. The old gentleman was sitting rigidly erect on the extreme edge of his chair; in his hand he held a typewritten statement with a column of figures on it, and he eyed Joey very appraisingly over the rims of his spectacles.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "sit down. I'm awfully glad you cabled that hula-hula girl of yours in Reno that the stuff was all off."

Joey's mouth flew open.

"Why—why, how did you know?" he gasped.

"I know everything, Joey. I'm that kind of an old man."

Joey paled.

"Oh, Mr. Ricks," he pleaded, "for heaven's sake don't let a whisper of that affair reach my wife." He wrung his hands. "I told her she was the only girl I had ever loved—that I'd never been engaged before—that I—oh, godfather, if she ever discovers I've lied to her ——"

"She'll not discover it. Compose yourself, Joey. I've seen to all that. I knew you'd give Doris the same old song and dance; everybody's doing it, you know, so I took pains to see to it that you'll never have to eat your words."

"I must have been crazy to engage myself to that woman," Joey wailed. "I don't know why I did it—I don't know how it happened—— Oh, Mr. Ricks, please believe me!"

"I do, Joey, I do. I understand perfectly, because at the tender age of twenty-four I proposed marriage to a snake-charmer lady in the old Eden Musée. She was forty years old if she was a day, but she carried her years well and hid the wrinkles with putty or something. Barring a slight harelip she was a fairly handsome woman—in the dark." He reached into a compartment of his desk and drew forth a package of letters tied with red ribbon. "You can have these, Joey," he announced; "only I shouldn't advise keeping them where your wife may find them. They are your letters to your Honolulu lady."

Joey let out a blat of pure delight and seized them.

"You haven't read them, sir, have you?" he queried, blushing desperately.

"Oh, yes, my boy. I had to, you know, because I was buying something and I wanted to make certain I got value received. Pretty gooey stuff, Joey! Read aloud, it sounds like a cow's hoof settling into a wet meadow!"

"I'm so glad she took it sensibly," Joey announced, for he was anxious to change the topic of conversation. "I suppose she saw it was the only way."

"No, she didn't, my son. Don't flatter yourself. On your way out West to join the Tyee you wrote her every day on the train. You told her about your bet with me, and who I was and all about me. Lucky for you that you did, and doubly lucky for you that you cabled her the jilt from Sobre Vista, or she would not have come to me with her troubles. Joey, that must have taken courage on your part. It's mighty hard for a gentleman to cable a lady and break an engagement. That's the lady's privilege, Joey."

"I—I was desperate, Mr. Ricks. I had to. I had to have her out of the way by the time I got back or Doris might have found it out. You see, I wanted to clear the atmosphere."

"Well, you clouded it for fair! You see, Joey, in all those letters it appears that you never once mentioned the word marriage or engagement. But your cablegram was an admission that an engagement existed, and the lady was smart enough to realize that. It appears that about a week after you cleared for Sobre Vista her annoying husband was killed by a taxicab in New York, so that saved her any divorce proceedings, and when your cablegram reached her she was a single lady who had been heartlessly jilted. The first thing she did was to hire a lawyer, and the first person that lawyer called on was Alden P. Ricks, the old family friend. It appears a suit for breach of promise was to be instituted unless a satisfactory financial settlement could be arrived at."

"How much did she want?" Joey barely whispered the words.

"Only a million."

"How much did you settle for? I'll pay it out of my inheritance, Mr. Ricks. Don't worry! I won't see you stuck, for you've stood by me through thick and thin."

"Why, I didn't give her anything, Joey. I just had her lawyer bring her on to San Francisco for a conference. Of course when lunch time came round and I hadn't heard any proposition I felt I could submit to your father, I invited Miss Fontaine and her lawyer to luncheon with me in the Palace Hotel grill. And while we were lunching, who should come up and greet me but my old friend, the Duke of What-you-mah-call-him, formerly Duncan MacGregor, first mate of our barkentine Retriever. Mac is an excellent fellow and for some time I had felt he merited promotion. So I made him a duke.

"Well, the duke was awfully glad to see me, and being a gentleman I couldn't do less than introduce him to the lady and her lawyer. He only stayed at our table a minute and then rejoined his friends, but all during the meal I could see Betsy Jane's mind wasn't on her breach-of-promise suit. She asked me several questions about the duke, and I told her I didn't know much about him except that he was sinfully rich and a globe-trotter, and that we'd met in Paris. Lies, Joey, but pardonable, I hope, under the circumstances.

"Well, Joey, it seems that she and the duke were registered at the same hotel and I'll be shot if his lordship didn't meet her by accident, of course—in the lobby that afternoon. He lifted his hat and she smiled and they had a chat. The next day she cut out an engagement with her lawyer and me to go motoring with the duke in my French car, and Florry's chauffeur driving, for, of course, the duke was an expensive luxury and I was trying to save a dollar wherever possible. That night the duke gave a dinner party in honor of the lady—and he gave it aboard his yacht, the Doris, formerly the Seafarer, right out here in San Francisco harbor ——"

Joey went up and put his arm round Cappy's shoulders.

"Oh, Cappy Ricks, Cappy Ricks!" he cried, and then his voice broke and his eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," Cappy continued, "I had sort o' suspected she might pull that breach-of-promise stuff on you, Joey ——"

"What made you suspect it?"

"Why, I sort of suspected you were going to marry Doris Kenyon ——"

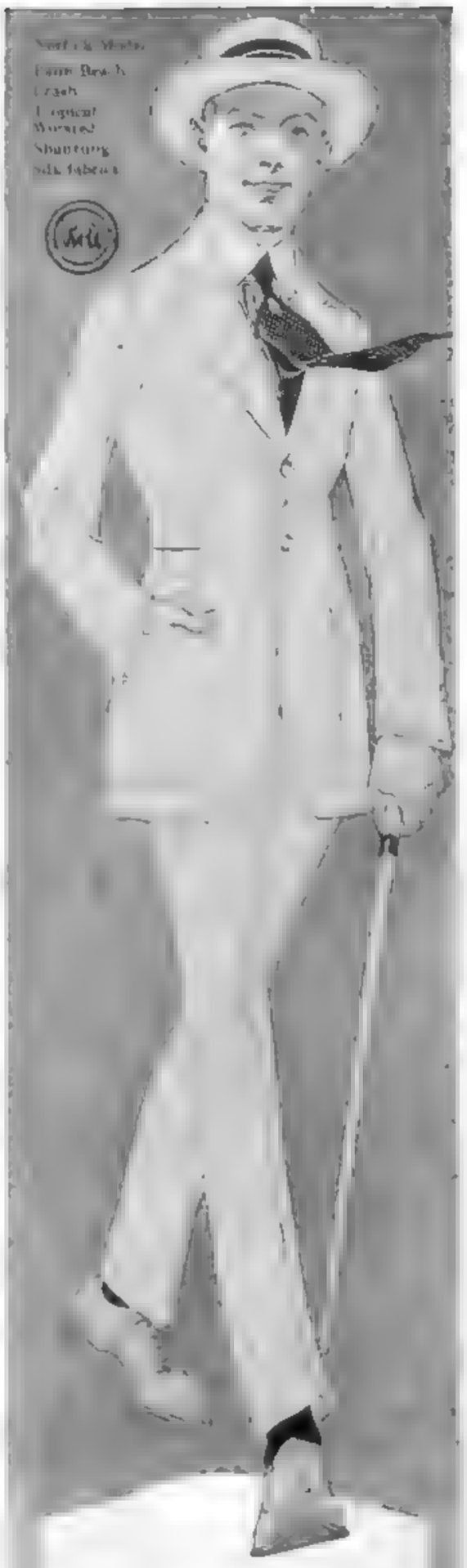
"You framed it to get us together on the same ship ——"

"Only place I could think of where you were safe from the Honolulu lady and couldn't run away from Doris, Joey. Well, as I say, I had sort of suspected she might sue you and disgrace you and break the heart of that little girl I'd picked out for you long before you ever met her—so I started to get there first and with the heaviest guns. I borrowed your yacht for the duke and had him sail her round himself, so he'd have her here to give the dinner party on. Then I got a Burke's peerage and told MacGregor who he was and had him study up on his family history and get acquainted with his sister, Lady Mary, and his younger brother, the Honorable Cecil Something-or-other—in particular he was not to forget to rave about the grouse shooting in Scotland."

Cappy paused and puffed his cigar meditatively for half a minute.

"Joey," he continued, "any time you run a bluff, run a good one. If you're starring a globe-trotting duke, have his ancestry all straightened out in advance, because he's bound to break into the newspapers and the motto of the newspaper editor is 'Show me.' And the yacht—just one of the props of the comedy, Joey; and with a little cockney steward in livery to say 'Your lud-ship'; and the name of the yacht changed in case she'd ever heard you speak about the Seafarer; and the cabin done over in white enamel with mahogany trim; and a new set of dishes with your family crest and the name of the yacht on every piece in case you had ever had her aboard; and a private secretary—borrowed him from my general

(Concluded on Page 45)



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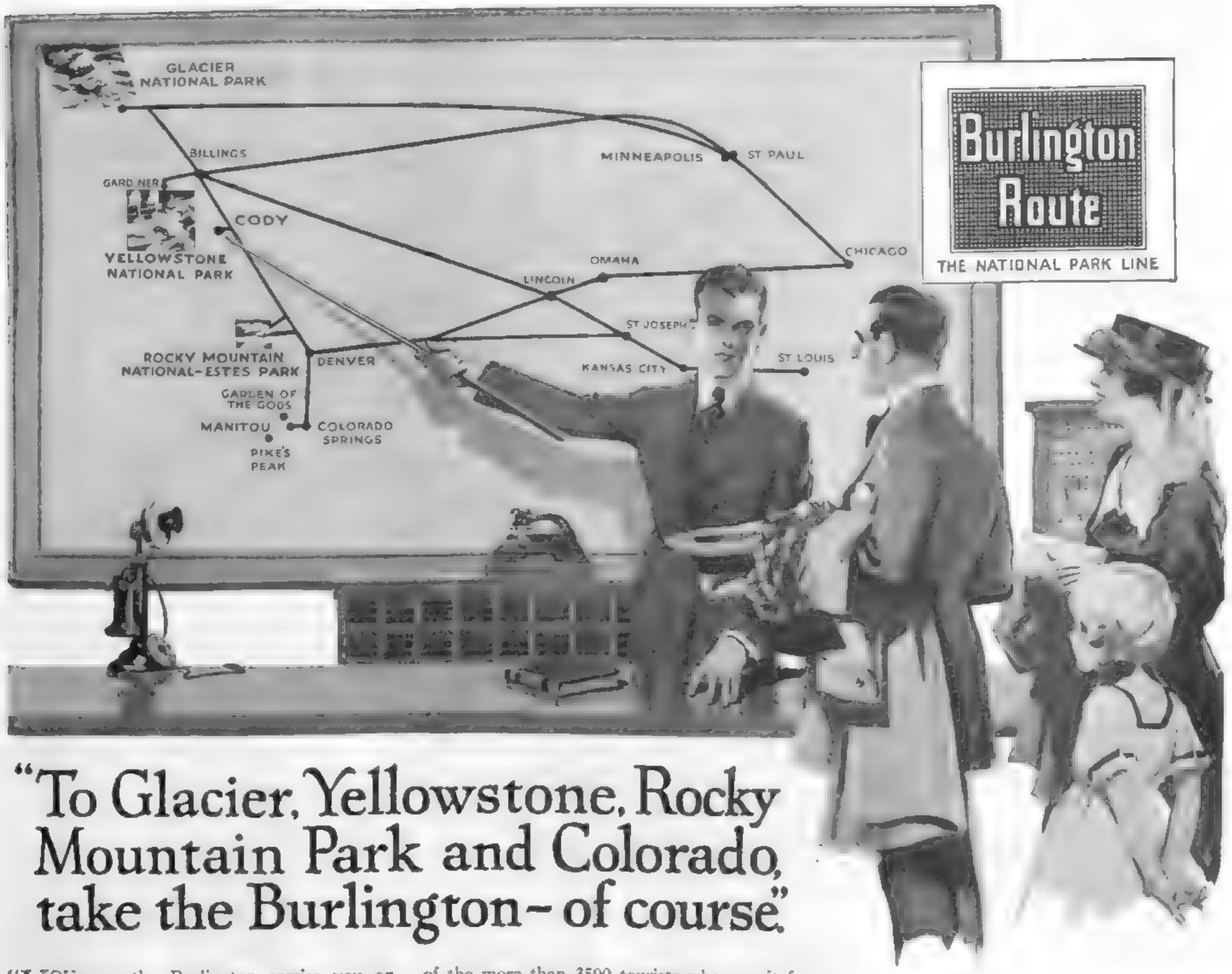

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Cody Road, never before accessible to the general public, was perfected and opened last year by special action of the U. S. Government.

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It costs you no more to see Cody Road—if you go to or return from Yellowstone Park by its Eastern entrance over the Burlington.

For the price of a round-trip ticket to Glacier Park alone you can buy a "circle ticket" to all three of the great parks—Glacier, Yellowstone (exit by way of the Cody Road), Rocky Mountain (Estes) and, in addition, Denver and Colorado Springs (with Garden of the Gods, Manitou and Pike's Peak near-by).

Let us help you plan your trip

Call on the railroad ticket agent in your city or write to the nearest Burlington representative. See list below. These men have themselves made the trip, they have planned hundreds of such trips for others and you will find their advice invaluable in planning yours. If you cannot see them in person, they will send you illustrated descriptive literature containing maps and complete information, and gladly make all arrangements for a perfect vacation tour.

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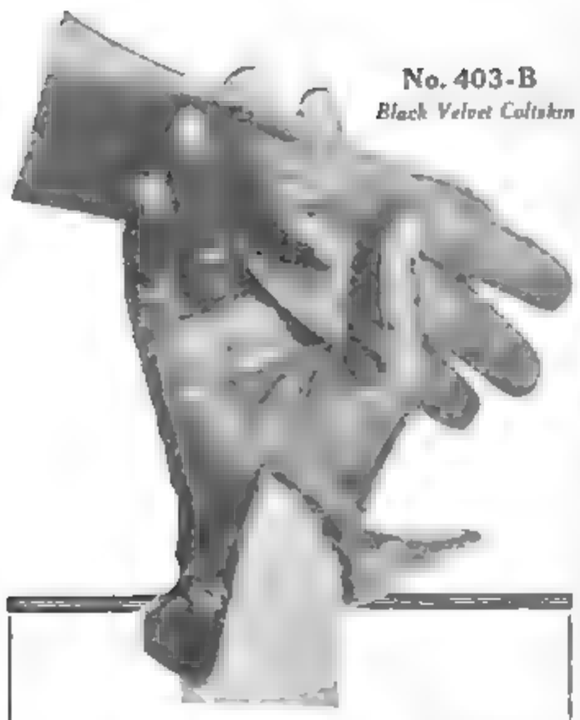

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(Concluded from Page 43)

manager, Skinner, by the way—we were certainly there when it came to throwing the ducal front. And we got away with it, for MacGregor's accent is just Scotchy enough, and he comes of good family and had excellent manners at table. Yes, I must say Mac made a very comfortable duke. Skinner's young man tells me it would bring tears of joy to your eyes to see him kiss the lady's hand.

"Well, Joey, the upshot of it was that after paying violent court to the lady for two weeks—Mac said he could have pulled the stunt the night of the dinner, for she fell for the title right away, but I told him to make haste slowly—the duke received a cablegram calling him home from his furlough. Oh, yes, Joey, I had him in the army. Any young unattached duke that doesn't join the British army these days doesn't get by in good society, and I had my duke on a six months' furlough to recover from his wounds. Fortunately a bunch of cedar shingles had fallen on Mac's foot recently and he was dog lame, which strengthened the play.

"Of course the duke was up in the air right away. In a passionate scene he confessed his love for that damsel of yours, Joey, and laid his dukedom at her feet. Would she marry him P. D. Q. and help him sail the yacht home? Would she? 'Oh, darling, this is so sudden!' she cried, and almost swooned in his arms. From a cabaret to a dukedom. Some jump! Sail the yacht home to England through the mine fields and submarines? Perfectly ripping, by Jove! I give you my word, Joey, she tacked on one of these New York British accents for the duke's special benefit. There was a lot of beam to her a's, Mac told me, but blamed little molded depth to her mentality. So they were married in haste, and after the duke had seen his bride in the elevator bound for their rooms at the hotel he excused himself to get a highball. And I guess he got the highball, because I find it in this expense account he turned in to me."

"It sounds like a fairy tale," Joey murmured in an awed voice. "What did the duke do next?"

"Came right down to this office and informed me he was plumb weary of the life of a bon vivant and was anxious to get to sea again. So I made him master of a new steamer we acquired recently, and he's gone out to Vladivostok with munitions for the Russians."

"But didn't you give him some money, Mr. Ricks?"

"No. Why should I? Didn't I give him command of a steamer? You can slip him a fat check if you feel that way about it, but I never coddle my skippers, Joey, until I'm sure they're worth while. I think, however, that Mac will make good. He's very thorough."

"Wha—what became of Ernestine?"

"Oh, by Godfrey, that's a sad story, Joey. It seems she waited at the hotel for the duke to come back and he didn't come, so the following morning she went down to the water front looking for the yacht—and the yacht was gone. During the night I'd had it towed over to Sausalito; consequently the launchman she hired couldn't find it down in Mission Bay, and back to the beach she came. After a couple of days had passed, however, she commenced to smell a rat, so she came down to my office and asked me if I'd seen anything of the duke.

"'Why, yes, I have,' I told her. 'The old duke came in here yesterday afternoon, soused to the guards, and complaining he'd been cruelly deceived into marrying a two-time loser with a couple of youngsters, and inasmuch as he was certain the family wouldn't receive her he was leaving the United States immediately, never to return.

"'And this morning the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony mailed him the license, which has been duly recorded in the office of the Secretary of State in accordance with law; and inasmuch as the license was sent to him in my care I am holding it in our safe until he calls for it.'

"Well, Joey, she looked at me and she knew the stuff was all off. She'd married the duke; I had the license to prove it, and of course she realized her breach-of-promise suit and claim for a million dollars' worth of heart balm would be laughed out of court if she had the crust to present it. So she did the next best thing. She abused me like a pickpocket and ended up by getting hysterical when I told her how I'd swindled her. When she got through crying I lectured her on the error of her ways and suggested that inasmuch as she had had one divorce already, another wouldn't be much of a strain on her, and I'd foot the bill for separating her legally from John Doe, alias the duke, on a charge of desertion. Then I offered her a thousand dollars and a ticket back to New York for the surrender of all your letters to her and that infernal cablegram and a release of all claims against you. I guess she was broke, for she grabbed it in a hurry, Joey. The atmosphere is now clear, my son, and nothing further remains to be done in the premises, save settle the bill of expense. Fortunately the Tyee made money on that fast voyage under your command, but the cost of bringing the yacht round from New York, doing over the cabin, buying the new dishes with the crest, and settling with the lady should rightfully be borne by you. As I say, the duke was expensive, for the rascal certainly rolled 'em high. Skinner has made me up a statement of the total cost, with interest at six per cent to date, and it appears, Joey, that you owe your godfather $12,143.18. On the day you come into your inheritance, add six per cent to that sum and send me a check."

"But this twenty-five thousand dollars I won from you ——" Joey began, but Cappy held up a rigid finger, enjoining silence.

"I am going to stick your dub of a father for that, as a penance for his sins of omission, Joey; for by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet if ever a boy won a bet and was entitled to it you're that young man. Infer-nal young scoundrel! Keep it and split fifty-fifty with your wife. You won a straight bet from a crooked gambler, and if I haven't had a million dollars' worth of fun out of this transaction I hope I may marry a hula-hula woman—and I've passed my three score and ten and ought to know better!"

"But about this man MacGregor ——"

"Don't worry about him. The Scotch are a hardy race and Mac is a sailor, Joey, I know sailors. The scoundrels have a wife in every port!"

WHAT IS NEW ORIENTATION?

(Continued from Page 22)

American Government, in an endless series of notes, had tried to make the Imperial Government apologize for what its naval officers had done and were doing. And the Foreign Office was doing everything within its power to conquer the navy and bring about an understanding with the United States, with the hope that President Wilson would institute peace discussions.

Almost at the very beginning of the war, speaking before the American Bar Association, Mr. Wilson said: "The opinion of the world is the mistress of the world."

In order to give this opinion more power the President began a policy of publishing all important official communications between this government and foreign Powers. I was in Berlin in close touch with the Foreign Office when the first American Lusitania note reached Germany. One cannot tell how stunned the officials were when they learned that Washington had given this communication to the press and that it was printed already in England and France. Officials knew they would have to publish it in Germany; and they realized that, unless a German explanation or answer was published simultaneously, the note would have a reactionary effect upon the people. So the American Lusitania note was withheld from the press until the Marine Department prepared a reply. This policy was temporarily successful. The people, who at that time were not ready to question governmental statements, accepted generally the navy's answer. But the very fact that both sides of the case were presented caused independent thinkers in the monarchy to debate the issue.

Though there was a strict censorship, the authority and work of censoring were divided between the Foreign Office, the Marine Department and the Army. All political and economic questions had to be referred to Wilhelmstrasse; all naval articles to the Admiralty; and all war news to the General Staff. Until the publication

(Continued on Page 47)

"Smoke my kind," said the doctor

"They're Girards—full of keen flavor, full of solid comfort for the smoker's soul, but with never a bit of malice for his health.

"Try them—and cut out the heavy cigars that back-fire on your nerves. I did it. Every man ought to do it."

The Girard Cigar
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Think it over. Isn't the doctor right? What is the sense of smoking cigars that endanger your well-being, when Girards will bring you as much pleasure and no danger.

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Shade-grown. Real Havana

It's the easiest thing in the world to check us up on what we say about the Girard. Just go get one and smoke it. The proof is in the puffing. Simply inquire at the nearest cigar store or at the place you most often patronize. If they don't have Girards they can mighty easily get them for you from us.

10c and up

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(Continued from Page 45)

of these notes from the United States, it was not so evident that there was a pro-military press and a pro-Foreign Office group of newspapers.

It is true that before the war there was a strong Pan-German press and a Liberal press; but, because the government was so successful in convincing all classes of Germans that it was forced to go to war in self-defense, the dividing line disappeared. The possibilities of war with the United States were so great, however, as to sharpen the line of demarcation between military and political Germany. One group of newspapers came under the influence of the Foreign Office censors and another listened to the inspiration from military headquarters.

Supporting the Foreign Office were such important newspapers as Die Zukunft, edited by Maximilian Harden; the Frankfurter Zeitung; Berliner Tageblatt, edited by Theodore Wolff; Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger; and the Socialist Vorwaerts.

Siding with Grand Admiral von Tirpitz were Deutsche Tageszeitung, with Count Reventlow as Naval Critic; Taegliche Rundschau; Germania; Cologne Volkszeitung, the Catholic organ; and the Kreuz Zeitung.

Before there was public thinking in Germany there had to be a division of opinion. People do not think unless they have something to challenge their thought. President Wilson's submarine notes were the gloves thrown down before the thinkers of Germany. The very fact that he challenged their most popular method of warfare was sufficient cause for a Lincoln and Douglas debate in the Fatherland. Political parties were divided just as the press was. The Socialists, who had supported the government almost unanimously, threw their influence on the side of the Foreign Office. They were against war with the United States. The German people, of course, had nothing to say publicly, but the Socialists represented the great majority of the common people.

The National Liberal party, of which Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was once the leader, was supported in the main by the big German steamship companies and by the industrial leaders who had successfully spread Germany's commerce throughout the world. With the exception of the present leader, Major Bassermann and Dr. Gustav Stresemann, who were personal friends of Von Tirpitz, the National Liberal Party supported the Chancellor and the Foreign Office against submarine methods which Washington objected to. The Pan-German landowners, ammunition makers and military leaders favored the Grand Admiral. The Catholic party was divided. The leader, Herr Erzberger, who was working for peace all the time, sided with the Chancellor. Maximilian Harden, whose influence was limited, supported the Foreign Office.

The Ancona Case

Thus, there were two strong forces opposed to each other; and the submarine crisis, which everyone believed was between Berlin and Washington, was in reality between German militarism and German liberalism. This internal dispute, though it did not come to a crisis until the Sussex was torpedoed, will go down in history as the biggest battle the German military party had to fight before America's entrance on the side of the Allies. The fight was so keen, so bitter and so extensive that nearly everyone in Germany was considered either as a follower of Von Bethmann-Hollweg or of Von Tirpitz.

Even foreigners living in Germany were known as pro-Bethmann or pro-Admiralty followers. At times party lines disappeared and two new parties were founded: the Bethmann party and the Tirpitz *Gesellschaft*.

After the sinking of the Lusitania the navy continued its policy of ruthlessness and torpedoed the Arabic. Then the Ancona was sunk in the Mediterranean by a German submarine flying the Austro-Hungarian flag, and Vienna was blamed. The Hungarians, who are much more of a freedom-loving and thinking people than the Germans, are also pro-American before they are pro-German. They resented the indictment by the United States in the Ancona case; and, inasmuch as Budapest and not Vienna was the real capital of the Dual Monarchy, the Hungarians insisted upon having Germany assume responsibility for the Ancona crime. But the Berlin Government at this time was so under the ban of the United States that it was feared a break in diplomatic relations would follow if Germany was made responsible.

This incident, however, brought new and unexpected aid to the Foreign Office and the Liberal press in Germany, which wanted an understanding with the United States and the abandonment of the Von Tirpitz blockade. The pro-Americans rallied their forces, went to the Kaiser, and demanded the resignation of the Secretary of the Navy. For fifteen years the Kaiser had been a friend of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and would not ask him to resign. So the Chancellor proposed the appointment of a new chief of the Admiralty Staff, knowing that no orders could go to submarine commanders without the approval of the man in charge of naval operations. The Chancellor succeeded and Admiral von Hoetzendorff, a brother of the director of the Hamburg-American Line, who was Herr Ballin's confidential coworker, was named chief of staff. This blow was too much for Von Tirpitz. Not long afterward he accepted the Black Eagle decoration and retired to private life.

There was great rejoicing at the Foreign Office, in financial and business circles, and among the Socialists, when Von Tirpitz was dropped from the Ship of State. Everyone believed that at last it would be possible to come to an understanding with the United States and rid Germany of the evil naval influence which, for over a year, had succeeded in branding Germany throughout the world as an outlawed nation.

Falkenhayn's Counsel

But this period of exultation was short-lived. One day, over a year ago, not only the whole world but liberal Germany was shocked by the torpedoing of the Sussex. German officials anticipated another crisis with the United States, and another internal fight between the military party and the Chancellor. President Wilson's ultimatum precipitated it. The fear many people had that diplomatic relations would be broken was made real by Mr. Wilson's threat, that unless the Von Tirpitz method of sea warfare was immediately discontinued, diplomatic relations would be broken. Many believed that such a break meant the beginning of war and the addition of another enemy against Germany.

When Ambassador Gerard handed the note to Herr von Jagow the two officials realized that if the Chancellor was successful the dispute would be ended, but that if the army and navy won there would be war.

The Kaiser summoned his leading generals, admirals, financiers and business men to Great Headquarters, at Charleville, France. Each was asked to present his arguments for or against a break with the United States. Even Mr. Gerard was summoned to tell the Kaiser the viewpoint of the neutral world. Before the important conferences ended, the Kaiser called his leaders together for a joint meeting and asked them briefly to sum up their arguments, so that he might come to a decision, because in Germany the Kaiser's word is law!

While Dr. Karl Helfferich, the Minister of Finance, was presenting his opinion against a break, to show that Germany would need the United States after the war, and perhaps even at a peace conference, General von Falkenhayn, chief of the General Staff, interrupted with the succinct remark:

"Neutrals? Damn the neutrals! Win the war! If we win we shall have the neutrals with us. If we lose, we lose!"

"Von Falkenhayn," hotly interrupted the Emperor, "when you are versed in international affairs I shall ask you to speak."

Within a few days after this conference, the Secretary of State handed Mr. Gerard the first real submarine note Germany had written, promising the United States that all ships should be warned before being torpedoed, and every effort should be made to save passengers and crews. It was a great victory for liberal Germany; and it was a personal triumph for the Chancellor, because it made him the recognized leader of German politics.

A few weeks later Von Falkenhayn resigned and Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who was a personal friend of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, was made Chief of the General Staff. All liberal Germany rejoiced. It was believed that German militarism had

(Concluded on Page 49

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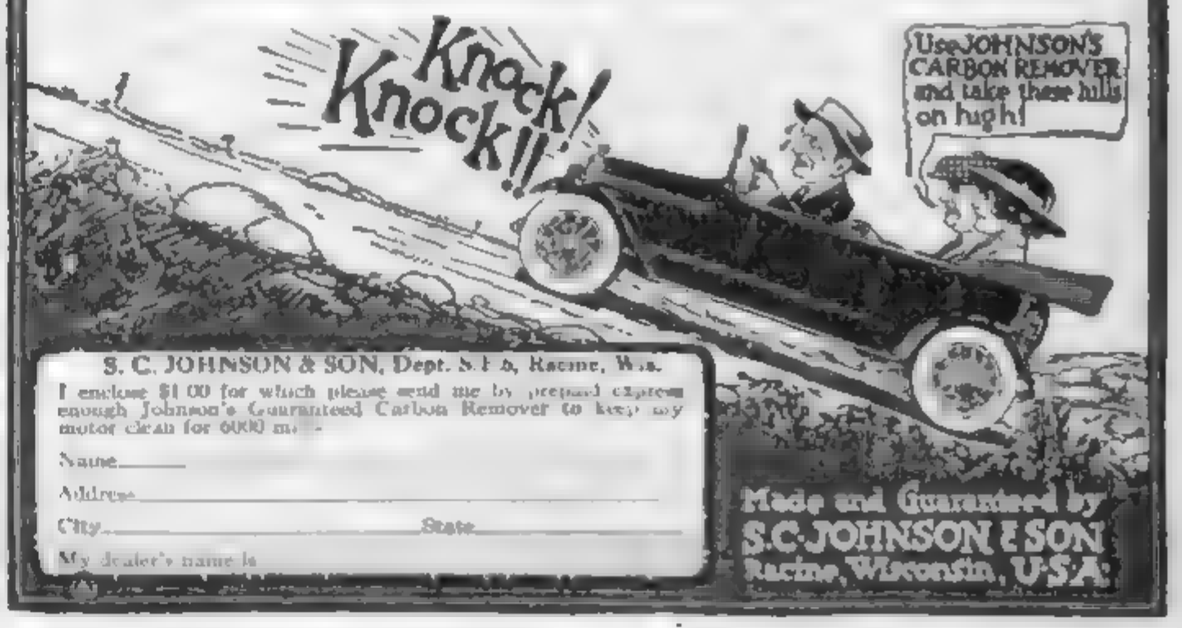

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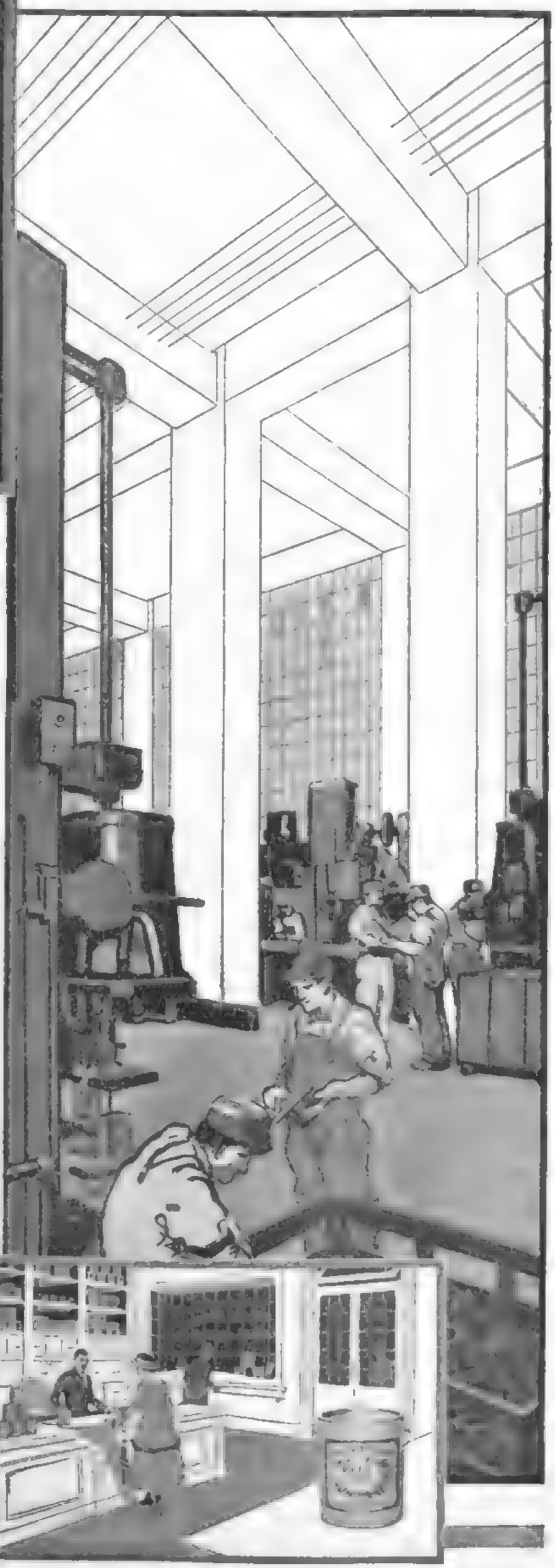

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been dealt the most decisive blow since the beginning of the war, because Von Hindenburg, though he was popular with the people, had not been popular with the real leaders of Germany's Organized Might. He was not then considered a "Mechanical Demon."

But the victory was brought about by President Wilson's notes. He might have declared war on Germany after the sinking of the Lusitania. He might have had a united America with him; but had he entered the war at that time it would have meant the crushing of all the democratic elements in Germany. For more than two years the Allies had been fighting to destroy German militarism; their armies were encircling Germany and the Central Powers; and, though they had fought desperately and hard, they had not been successful in destroying either the influence or the popularity of any of the military leaders.

Von Tirpitz and Von Falkenhayn, the ringleaders, had fallen—not before the armed enemy on the battlefield but before an unarmed nation, whose only weapons had been public opinion and publicity. But this note writing, which was so criticized for being weak and vacillating, proved to be the deathblow not only to two of the leaders but to the extension of German ruthlessness to the seas.

One day another Russian soldier was captured by the Germans. In his possession was found an unopened letter over two years old. When interpreters asked the prisoner why he had never read the letter from his wife, he replied that he could not read. They asked him why an officer was not asked to read it aloud. With tears in his eyes he said he was afraid to ask an officer. This is an extreme case in Russia; but it shows the terrible fear the people of that country had of their military leaders. People in Germany had the same kind of fear until Von Tirpitz and Von Falkenhayn were overthrown.

Rank and File Begin to Think

After the adjustment of the Sussex case there was a renaissance of thinking in Germany. Observers looked forward to the time when housecleaning in the government would be so thorough that the democratic forces would be able to make the kind of peace—the only peace—which everyone realized would ultimately have to be made—namely, a peace without annexation, which was what the people wanted.

Last summer Germany was like a school of young men and women who suddenly realized they had minds. The public began to think, and to think seriously. Some people began to wonder whether Germany ought not to reform her system of government. The Socialists began to wonder whether the people ought not to have more voting privileges. Some of the educators, financiers and business men began to debate the possibilities of a German Ministry responsible to the Reichstag.

During the war the Reichstag has had practically nothing to say about politics. Whenever anything important was to be decided the decision was reached at Great Headquarters. The Chancellor was sent to Berlin to inform the party leaders what the army desired; and inasmuch as Germany was under martial law, the Reichstag could do nothing but approve what the army proposed.

Last summer and fall economic and food conditions in Germany became so desperate, and neutral opinion was so leagued against Germany, that the old advocates of submarine warfare suggested in inspired newspaper articles that something would have to be done against the English control of the sea if the war was to be won.

The whole policy of the government has been to hold before the people a vision of ultimate victory.

There were many thousands of men killed and wounded on the Somme battlefields. Desperation and distress were increasing.

There was more suffering than there had been at any other time. The nation was beyond a doubt in a terrible state. Something had to be done to relieve the pressure of the colossal burden the people were carrying.

In the Rhine Valley, which is the heart of the nation's industrial life, the leaders were beginning to worry about the loss of foreign markets. In Hamburg and Bremen the shipowners, whose vessels had been locked up since August, 1914, began to consider what would happen to them if the war continued much longer. German financiers were restive. They were struggling with all their might to keep up the value of the mark in neutral countries.

These months were ones of turmoil and internal discontent.

Early in December, at Pless, in Silesia, where Von Hindenburg had established his headquarters, the Kaiser held another conference to decide what should be done in a final attempt to save Germany from a great internal crisis. On December twelfth, speaking in the Reichstag, the Chancellor read a note which Germany had addressed through neutral countries to the Allied nations.

Germany proposed peace. The Kaiser had decided to try to abate the storm before taking to submarines. This news gladdened the hearts of the war-weary Germans. It flashed like lightning throughout the world, and people began to ask whether the German Government really wanted peace or whether it was a move to smother the democratic forces in Germany.

The Allies decided to challenge the Kaiser, knowing that, if he really desired peace, he would make further attempts and at least state his terms. But when the Allies' reply was published there was a cyclone of indignation in Germany. The nation was united as it had not been for many months. At last, the people said, our Kaiser has proved to the whole world that we want peace; but the world is intent upon destroying Germany.

Ruthlessness Wins

This was Ruthlessism's opportunity. A united, indignant Germany was something the navy had desired and intrigued for since the days of the Lusitania. Again the Kaiser was taken to a high mountain. This time he was told the "ultimate victory" he promised the people was to be had by mobilizing Lusitania killers.

On the Kaiser's birthday the leading generals and admirals were invited to Pless. Financiers, business men and the democratic leaders were ignored.

In the latter part of January the German Government announced a new submarine blockade of all Allied ports. Ruthlessness was to be the battle cry; submarines, the weapons. World opinion and world influence were to be thrown to the high winds. Liberalism was to be checked. The world was to see the rebirth of Frightfulness. Neutrals were to be shown that "We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world!" Militarism had won once more. President Wilson had maintained diplomatic relations with Germany until this time, because the President knew that by so doing he was helping Germany conquer the forty years' curse of military preparedness. He knew—he was told by leading Germans—that his patient attitude toward Germany was aiding the Liberal forces and giving the people an opportunity to think and to debate government policies.

For two years American patience gave the democratic movement in Germany the first opportunity it had during the great war of exerting itself. Mr. Wilson's reluctance to break every time a submarine was lawless gave the German Liberal party a chance to succeed. It enabled the people to think and to discuss foreign affairs.

But when the Kaiser, his generals and admirals defied the United States—and the German people!—there was only one thing left for America to do. That was to fight to help the Allies destroy German army-leadership.

The United States is at war to-day, not only to make democracy safe but to destroy the Dragon that prevents democracy in Germany. For two tireless years democracy has been fighting in Germany. The people know now what they did not know in August, 1914—that is, they know they can have peace whenever they are ready to think for themselves, instead of having the Kaiser think for them.

The Emperor knows it too. He promised a "People's Kingdom of Hohenzollern"—after Congress declared war!

These two years of turmoil, debate, dissatisfaction—this period which gave the people an opportunity to think; which encouraged the Socialists to demand franchise reforms; and which made the people wonder whether their Ministers should not be responsible to Parliament—were referred to in the press as *Neu Orientierung*—New Orientation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Ackerman. The third will appear in an early issue.

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CINNAMON SEED AND SANDY BOTTOM

(Continued from Page 7)

men; and, becoming generally epidemic, it reached the spectators. That earlier lustiness was almost altogether lacking from the outbreak signaling the beginning of play. In the salvo there was nothing heartening. It appeared rather to be pitched in the tone of sympathetic consolation for a predestined and an impending catastrophe; and even the bark and roar of Midsylvania's yell, as all Midsylvania gave it, seemed to have almost a hollow, daunted sound to it. Where we sat we could sense this abatement of spirit with particular plainness; in fact, I rather think Major Stone was the only person there who did not sense it in its full effect and its full import.

I am not going to spend overmuch space in describing the first half of that game; this was in the days when games were divided into halves, and not quartered up into periods. Anyhow, I have forgotten a good many of the details. The principal points are what stick out in my memory. I remember that on the toss of the coin Sangamon won and kicked off. It was Vretson—no less—who drove his talented punting toe into the pigskin.

There was a sound as though someone had hit a taut bladder with a slapstick and the ball soared upward and away, shrinking from the size of a watermelon to the size of a gourd, and from a gourd to a goose egg; and then it came whirling downward again, growing bigger as it dropped. Woolwine, our quarter, caught it and took a flying start off his shoe hobs. Fay and the other Sangamon end, whose name I have forgotten, were after him like a pair of coursing beagles after a doubling hare; and together they nailed him before he had gone twenty yards, and down he went, with Fay on top of him and What's-his-name on top of Fay. But when they dug the three of them out of their heap little Woolwine still had the ball under him.

As the teams lined up, boring their heads forward to a common center, billy-goat fashion, and Morehead, who was playing end, called out the signals, "Six—eight—twenty-eight—thirty-one"—or some such combination of figures—we caught the quaver in his voice. Ike Webb, sitting next to me, gave a little groan and laid down his pencil, and put his pessimistic face in his sheltering hands.

"Listen to that tremolo note, will you?" he lamented from between his fingers. "Licked, by golly, before they start! They won't play to win, because they're scared to death already. They'll play to keep from being licked by too big a score, and that means they won't have a chance. Just you fellows watch and see if I'm not right. Ah-h! There she goes!"

We watched all right; and we saw that our boys meant to try to carry the ball through for gains. There was not a chance of that, though. They butted their heads against a stone wall until they fairly addled the football instincts in their brains. In two attempts they did not advance the ball six feet; so they tried kicking it. Young Railey punted well into Sangamon territory and now Sangamon had the ball. She lost it on a fumble, but got it back a minute or two later on a similar slip by the other side. In their respective shortcomings as regards fumbling it was even-Stephen between the teams; but Ike Webb couldn't view the thing in any such optimistic light. He had turned into a merciless critic of the Varsity outfit.

"Aha!" he muttered dolorously as a scrimmaging tangle of forms disentangled and showed that Sangamon, by a smart bit of strategy, had gained three yards. "What did I tell you not five minutes back? Those boys of ours lost their hearts before they even began, and now they're due to lose their heads too."

It really looked as though Ike Webb was qualifying for clairvoyant honors, for promptly Midsylvania's defense became more and more inefficient, more and more uncertain. Sangamon had a smart field commander, and he took leeway of the advantage. He set his men to the job of jamming through; and jam through they did. It took time, though, because Midsylvania, of course, offered a measure of resistance. To me, however, it appeared to be the mechanical resistance of bodies in action rather than anything guided by a spiritual determination—if you get what I mean. It took a good deal of time; but after a while, by dint of shoving ahead with all her tonnage against Midsylvania's slighter and lighter displacement, the visitors forced the ball along to Midsylvania's thirty-yard line.

At this point, Sangamon suddenly changed her tactics. Collop, her captain, made a gesture with his arms and the Blue tackles dropped back a little. From the center of the massed wedge of shapes a signal was barked out. So swiftly that the spectacle made you think of a pyramid of pool balls scattering over a pool table when the cue ball hits it hard on the nose, the visiting players shifted positions.

For ten seconds we lost sight of the ball altogether. When we saw it again it was cuddling in Vretson's vast, outspread paws. Who had passed it, or how it got there after being passed, I never knew. Magically it had materialized in his grasp in the same way that a prestidigitator's china egg is produced from a country jake's whiskers. He tucked it into the bight of his left arm and, with his mighty right arm swinging behind him as a rudder and before him as a flail, he tore down the field.

He was fast for his size—wonderfully fast, and besides, he had perfect interference to help him along. His mates, skirmishing out on his flank, threw back and bowled over the men who bored in to tackle him. In his flight he himself accounted for at least two Varsity players who sprang round the wings of his protecting line, hoping to intercept the big sprinter. One he dodged, the other he flung aside; and then he kept on and on until after a run of thirty-five yards he flung himself through the air; and, with Cabell, of Midsylvania, clutching at the empty air between his shoulder blades, he dropped flat across Midsylvania's goal line. A groan went up from the grandstand.

There wasn't a sound from any quarter, though, as Vretson squared off to kick for a goal; but whoops of relief arose when the ball, after soaring high and straight, veered off under pressure of a puff of air and, instead of passing over the bar, struck one of the goal posts with a mellow smack and dropped back. So the score, by the rules of those times, stood four to nothing.

Nearly everybody there, I guess, figured that Sangamon would promptly buttress her lead by at least four additional points, and very possibly more; but she didn't. True, she played all round and all over and all through Midsylvania during the remaining portion of the first half, but she did not score again. This was due not so much to the rebuttal fight the defenders offered, for now their playing sagged more woefully weak than ever, but to small misplays and slip-ups and seeming overconfidence on the part of Sangamon.

It may have been they were cocksure of their power to score again when they chose. Maybe they were a trifle tired. Maybe they were satisfied to postpone the slaughter-house work until toward the end of the game and make a spectacular, overwhelming finish of it. Anyhow, it struck us, in the press stand, that the reason behind their failure to push their advantage still further, during the next ten minutes or so, was rather because of their own disinclination than because of any strategy or strength Midsylvania's plainly despondent eleven presented against them.

Along here I became aware, subconsciously at first, and then in a minute or so with a fuller sense of realization, that Major Stone had waked up. I felt him wriggling on the bench, joggling me in the side with his elbow; and when I looked at him his face was an indignant pink and his little white goatee was bristling like a thistle pod.

He was saying something to himself, and by listening I caught from his muttered words the purport of the change that had come into the old man's emotions, which change, as I speedily divined, was exactly what might have been expected of him. He did not have the attitude of the average spectator over in the grand stand, for his share of local pride was not being bruised, as theirs was, by this exhibition. Nor had he grasped and assimilated the feelings of those two groups of youngsters whose cleated feet ripped up the turf in front of him.

It did not lie within his capabilities to share their youthful and, therefore, profound conviction that all which was desirable in life, here or hereafter, centered on the results of this struggle; and that the youth who failed now to acquit himself to the greater glory of his comrades and his class and his college—and, most of all, himself—would droop an abased and shameful head through all the years to come. For, as I may have remarked before, Major Stone was not a bright person, but rather a stupid one; and his viewpoint on most subjects had not altered materially since Appomattox.

That was it—it had not altered since Appomattox; and because it had not he was viewing the present event as a struggle between North and South—as a conflict into which Civil War causes and Civil War effects directly entered. Possibly you cannot understand that. But you could if you had known Major Stone and men like him, most of whom are now dead and gone. His face turned from a mad pink to a dull brick-dust red, and he gnawed at his mustache.

"It is monstrous!" I heard him say. "It is incredible! Southern sons of Southern sires, every damned one of them! And because the odds are against them they have weakened! I myself can see that they are weakening every minute. Why, the thing's incredible—that's what it is! Incredible!"

Just then the whistle blew, and the teams, which had been in a mix-up, unsnarled themselves. The Sangamon eleven came off the field; some of them were briskly trotting to prove their fitness, and some were swaggering a little as their band hit up the tune of Marching Through Georgia to play them into their quarters under the stand. But the Varsity eleven passed out of sight with shoulders that drooped and with no spring in their gaits.

Back at the tail end of their line went little Morehead, wiping his damp eyes with the dirty sleeve of his jersey. Morehead was no young Saint Laurence, to expire smilingly on a gridiron. He was not of the stuff that martyrs are made of; he was a creature, part man and part boy, and the man part of him made him furious with self-reproach, but the boy in him made him cry. I take it, some of the spectators felt almost like crying too; certainly their cheering sounded so.

One of the Red tackles—Rodney—had been disabled just before the breakaway, and I ran over to Midsylvania's quarters to find out for the paper whether he was injured to the degree of being definitely incapacitated for further participation in the game. Under the grand stand, in what, during race meets, was a refreshment establishment, I obtruded upon a veritable grand lodge of sorrow.

Gadsden, the coach, who had played with the team the year before, which was his graduating year, was out in the center of the floor making a brave pretense at being hopeful; but I do not think anybody present suffered himself to be deceived thereby. His pleas to the team to buck up and to brace up, and to go back in and fight for every point, lacked sincerity. He appeared to be haranguing them because that was the ordained thing for him to do, and not because he expected to infuse into them any part of his make-believe optimism. Lying on their backs upon blankets, with limbs relaxed, some of his hearers turned dejected faces upward. Others, sitting upright or squatted on their knees, kept their abashed heads on their breasts, staring down steadfastly at nothing at all.

Morehead was sulking by himself in a corner, winking his eyelids and wrinkling his face up to hold back the tears of his mortification. He blamed himself, I take it, for what was the fault of all. Cabell was a tousled heap, against a wall. He was flexing a bruised wrist, as though that small hurt was just now the most important thing in the world to him. Even the darky rubbers and the darky water carrier showed their sensations by their dejected faces. There was enough of downcastness in that room to supply half a dozen funerals with all the gloom they might require; the whole place exhaled the essence of a resentful depression that was as plainly to be sniffed up into the nostrils as the scents of alcohol and arnica and liniment which burdened the air and gave the accompaniment of a drug-store smell to the picture.

As I halted at the door on my way out of this melancholy spot to the scarcely less melancholy atmosphere of the open, having learned that Rodney was not really injured, somebody bumped into me, jostling me to one side; and, to my astonishment, I saw that the impetuous intruder was Major Stone. I had not known until then that he had followed me here, and I did not know now what errand could have brought him along. But he did not keep me wondering long; in fact, he did not keep me wondering at all. He burst in on them with a great "Woof!" of indignation

Before scarcely anyone there had realized that a new comer, arriving unheralded and all unexpected, was in their midst, he stood in the middle of the littered floor, glaring about him and snorting loudly. His first words, too, were calculated not only to startle them but deeply to profane the semi-privacy of their grief and their humiliation.

"Young gentlemen," he fairly shouted, "I am ashamed of you! And I have come here to tell you so, and to tell you why I am ashamed."

By sight, even, he was probably a stranger to most of those who, with one accord, now stared at the little, old-fashioned figure of this invader. They straightened up. There was a rustling and a creaking of their harnessed and padded bodies. Perhaps surprise held them dumb; or perhaps they were in a humor to take a scolding, even from an outsider, feeling that they deserved it. At any rate, only one of them spoke. I think it was the voice of Gadsden, the coach, that answered back.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked. "And who the devil let you in here, anyhow?"

"You may not know me," snapped the Major; "but I know you." He wheeled on his heels, aiming a jabbing forefinger at this man and that. "And I know you—and I know you—and I know you—and you, and you, too, young sir, over there in the corner. What is more, I knew your fathers before you"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? This much of it: Your fathers before you were gallant Southern gentlemen—the bearers of honored names; names revered in this state and in the Southern armies. That is what your fathers were. And what have you, their sons, proved yourselves to be this day? Cravens—that is the word. Cravens! Out of all the South you were chosen to represent your native land against these Northerners; and how have you repaid the trust imposed in you? By quitting—by showing the white feather, like a flock of dunghill cockerels—by raising the white flag at the first attack!"

A babble of resentful voices arose:

"Say, look here; now ——"

"What do you know about football?"

"Who gave you any license to butt in here?"

"Say, that's pretty rough!"

He broke into the confused chorus of their protests, silencing the interrupters by the stormy blare of his rejoinder. He was so terribly in earnest that they just had to hearken.

"I know nothing of this game you have essayed to play. Before to-day I never saw it played; and if this miserable exhibition by you is a sample of the game I hope never to see it played again. But I know courage when I see it, and I know cowardice when I see it."

He leveled his condemning finger at little Morehead and focused his glare upon that unhappy youth.

"Your name is Morehead! Your grandfather was a great governor of this great state. Your father was my companion in arms upon the field of battle—and no braver man ever breathed, sir. This historic inclosure bears the honored name of your honored line—Morehead Downs. You are the chosen leader of these companions of yours. And how have you led them to-day? How have you acquitted yourself of your trust? I ask you that—how?"

He halted, out of breath.

"The other team is stronger. They've got us outclassed. Look—why, look at the reputation they've got all over this country! What—what chance have we against them?"

The confession came from little Morehead haltingly, as though he spoke against his own will in his own defense.

"Damn their reputation!" shouted Major Stone. "Your very words are an admission of the things I allege against you, and against all of you here. Concede that your antagonists are stronger than you, man for man. Concede that they outclass you in experience. Is that any reason why they should outclass you in courage and in determination? Your father and the fathers of more than half of the rest of you served in an army that for four years defended our beloved country against a foe immensely

Continued on Page 54

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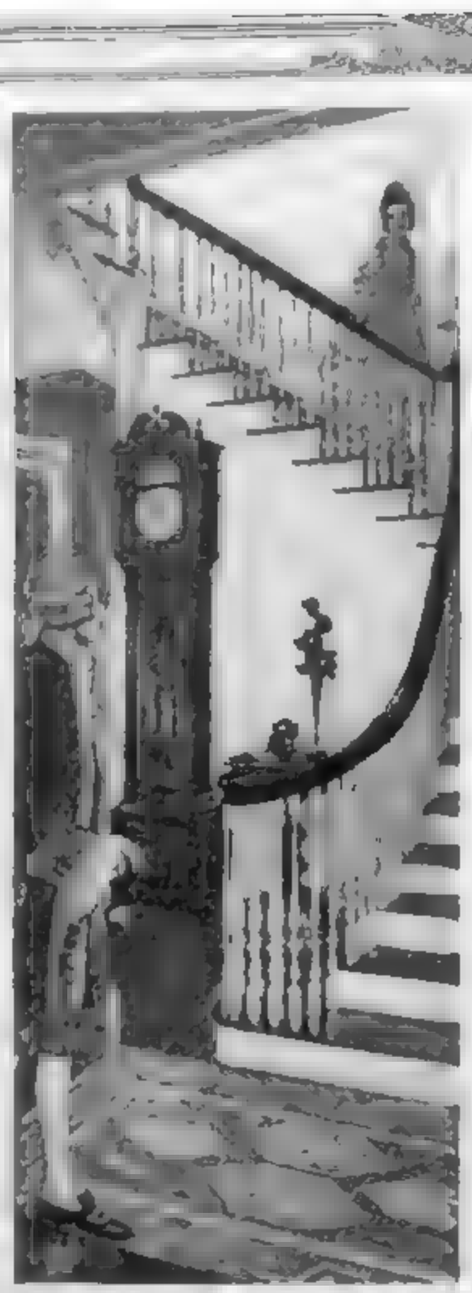

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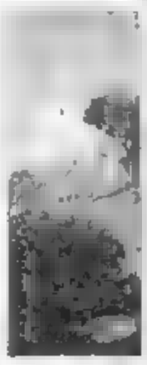

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(Continued from Page 51)

stronger than they were—stronger in men, in money, in munitions, in food, in supplies, in guns—stronger in everything except valor.

"Suppose, because of the odds against them, your people had lost heart from the very outset, as you yourselves have lost heart here to-day. Would that great war have lasted for four years? Or would it have lasted for four months? Would the Southern Confederacy have endured until it no longer had the soldiers to fill the gaps and hold the lines; or food for the bellies of those soldiers who were left; or powder and lead for their guns? Or would it have surrendered after the first repulse, as you have surrendered? Answer me that, some of you!

"These Northerners are game clear through—I can tell that. Their ancestors before them were brave men—the Southern Confederacy could never have been starved out and bled white by a breed of cowards. And these young men here—these splendid young Americans from up yonder in that Northern country—have the same gallant spirit their people showed forty years ago against your people. But you—you have lost the spirit of your race that surely must have been born in you. You are going to let these Yankees run right over you—your behavior proves it—and not fight back. That is what I charge against you. That is what I am here to tell you."

"How about me?" put in one of the blanketed contingent of his audience. "My people were all Unionists."

"Your name?" demanded the Major of him.

"Speedman."

"A son of the late Colonel Henry T. Speedman?"

"His nephew."

"I knew your uncle and your uncle's brothers and your grandfather. They were Unionists from principle; and I admired them for it, even though we differed, and even though they took up arms against their own kinsmen and fought on the opposite side. They wore the blue from conviction; but when the war was over your uncle, being a Southerner, helped to save his native state from carpetbaggery and bayonet rule. That was the type of man your uncle was. I regret to note that you did not inherit his qualities. I particularly observed your behavior out there on that field yonder a while ago. You quit, young man—you quit like a dog!"

"Say, look here; you're an old man, and that's enough to save you!" Speedman suddenly was sobbing in his mortification. "But—but you've got no right to say things like that to me. You've—you've——" A gulp cut the miserable youngster's utterance short. He choked and plaintively tried again: "If we can't win we can't win—and that's all there is to it! Isn't it, fellows?"

He looked to his companions in distress for comfort; but all of them, as though mesmerized, were looking at Major Stone. It dawned on me, watching and listening across the threshold, that some influence—some electric appeal to an inner consciousness of theirs—was beginning to galvanize them, taking the droop out of their spines, and making their frames tense where there had been a sag of nonresistance, and putting sparks of resentment into their eyes. The transformation had been almost instantaneously accomplished, but it was plainly visible.

"I am not expecting that you should win," snapped the Major, turning Speedman's words into an admonition for all of them. "I do not believe it is humanly possible for you to win. There is nothing disgraceful in being fairly defeated; the disgrace is in accepting defeat without fighting back with all your strength and all your will and all your skill and all your strategy and all your tactics. And that is exactly what I have just seen you doing. And that, judging by all the indications, is exactly what you will go on doing during the remaining portion of this affair."

There were no more interruptions. For perhaps two or three minutes more, then, the old Major went steadily on, saying his say to the end. Saying it, he wasn't the old Major I had known before; he was not pottering and ponderous; he did not clothe his thoughts in cumbersome, heavy phrases. He fairly bit the words off—short, bitter, scorching words—and spat them out in their faces. He did not plead with them: nor—except by indirection—did he invoke a sentiment that was bound to be as much a part of them as the nails on their fingers or the teeth in their mouths.

And, somehow, I felt—and I knew they felt—that here, in this short, stumpy white-haired form, stood the Old South, embodied and typified, with all its sectional pride and all its sectional devotion—yes, and all its sectional prejudices.

All at once, in the midst of a sentence, he checked up; and then, staring hard at them through a pause, he spoke his final message:

"You are of the seed of heroes. Try to remember that when you go back out yonder before that great crowd. You are the sons of men who had sand, who had bottom, who had all the things a fighting man should have. Try—if you can—to remember it!"

Out from behind the group that had clustered before the speaker darted a diminutive darky—Midsylvania's self-appointed water carrier:

"He done jest said it!" whooped the little negro, dancing up and down in frenzy. "He done jest said it! 'Cinnamon Seed an' Sandy Bottom!' Dat's it—'Cinnamon Seed an' Sandy Bottom!'—same ez you sez it w'en you sings Dixie Land. Dem's de words to win by! W'ite folks, youse done heared de lesson preached frum de true tex'. Come on! Le's us go an' tear dem Sangamonders down! 'Cinnamon Seed an' Sandy Bottom!' Oh, gloree, gloree hallelujah!"

He rocked back on his splay feet, his knees sprung forward, his mouth wide open, and his eyes popping out of his black face.

The Major did not look the little darky's way. Settling his slouch hat on his head, he faced about and out he stalked; and I, following along after him, was filled with conflicting emotions, for as it happened my father was a Confederate soldier too, and I had been bred up on a mixed diet of Robert E. Lee, N. B. Forrest and Albert Sidney Johnston.

I followed him back to our post, he saying nothing at all on the way and I likewise silent. I scrouged past him to my place alongside Ike Webb and sat down, and tried in a few words to give Ike and Gil Boyd a summary of the sight I had just witnessed. And when I was done I illustrated my brief and eager narrative by pointing with a flirt of my thumb to Major Stone, stiffly erect on my left hand, with his chest protruded and his head held high in a posture faintly suggestive of certain popular likenesses of the late Napoleon Bonaparte; and on his elderly face was the look of one who, having sowed good seed in receptive loam, confidently expects an abundant and gratifying harvest.

It was a different team which came out for the second half of that game; not exactly a jaunty team, nor yet a boisterous one, but rather a team that was grimly silent, indicating by its silence a certain preparedness and a certain resolution for the performance of that which is claimed to speak louder than words—action.

The onlookers, I judged, saw the difference almost instantly and realized that from some source, somehow, Morehead's men had gathered unto themselves a new power of will, which presently they meant to express physically. And three minutes later Sangamon found herself breasted by a mechanism that had in its composition the springiness of an earnest desire and a sincere determination, whereas before, in emergencies, it had expressed no more than a sullen, downhearted desperation.

Now from the very outset there was resilience behind its formations and active intelligence behind its movements, guiding and shaping them. The confronting line might give under the pressure of superior weight, but it bounced right back. At once it was made manifest that the Red eleven would not thenceforward be content merely to defend, but would have the effrontery actually to attack, and to attack again, and to keep on attacking. No longer was it a case of hammer falling on anvil; two hammers were battering against one another, nose to nose now, and in one stroke there was as much buoyancy as in the other.

In my eagerness to reach my climax I am getting ahead of my story. Let's go back a bit: The whistle blew. The antagonists having swapped goals, Midsylvania now had what benefit was to be derived from the wind, which blew out of the West at a quartering angle across the field. Following the kick-off an interchange of punts ensued. Midsylvania apparently elected to

continue these kicking operations indefinitely; whereupon it is probable the Sangamon strategists jumped at the conclusion that, realizing the hopelessness of overcoming the weight presented against them, the locals meant to make a kicking match of it. Be that as it may, they accepted the challenge, if challenge it was, and a punting duel ensued, with no noteworthy fortunes falling to either eleven.

I think it was early in this stage of the proceedings, after some mighty brisk scrimmaging, when the strangers, by coming into violent physical contact with their opponents, discovered that a new spirit inspired and governed the others, and began to apprehend that, after all, this would not be a walkover for them; but that they must fight, and fight hard, to hold their present lead, and fight even harder if they expected to swell that lead.

When, at the first opportunity for a forward push, the Red line came at the Blue with an impetuosity theretofore lacking from its frontal assaults, you could almost see the ripple of astonishment running down the spines of the Northerners as they braced themselves to meet and stay the onslaught. Anyhow, you could imagine you saw it; certainly there were puzzled looks on the faces of some of them as they emerged from the mêlée.

With appreciative roars, the crowd greeted these evidences of a newer and more comforting aspect to the situation. Each time some Midsylvania player caught the booted ball as it came tumbling out of the skies, the grand stand rocked to the noise; each time Midsylvania sent it flying back to foreign ground it rocked some more; each time the teams clashed, then locked together, it was to be seen that the Midsylvanians held their ground despite the efforts of their bulkier rivals to uproot and overthrow them.

And, at that, the air space beneath the peaked roof was ripped all to flinders by exultant blares from sundry thousands of lungs. Under the steady pounding feet the floor of the grand stand became a great bass drum, which was never silent; and all the myriad red flags danced together. Into the struggle an element of real dash had entered, and mightily it uplifted the spectators. They knew now that, though the Varsity players might be beaten, and probably would be, they would not be disgraced. It would be an honorable defeat before overpowering odds, and one stoutly resisted to the end by all that intelligence, plus pluck, could do.

There was no fault now to be found with Midsylvania's captain. Little Morehead, with his face a red smear, was playing all over the lot. The impact of a collision with a bigger frame than his had slammed him face down against the ground, skinning one cheek and bloodying his nose. He looked like a mad Indian in streaky war paint, and he played like one. He seemed to be everywhere at once, exhorting, commanding, leading; by shouted precept and reckless example giving the cue to his teammates.

I suppose the latter half was about half over when the Sangamon team changed their tactics and, no longer content to play safe and exchange punts, sought to charge through and gain ground by sheer force. Doubtlessly their decision was based on sound principles of football; but by reason of certain insurmountable obstacles, personified in eleven gouging, wrestling, panting, sweating youths, they were effectually deterred, during a breathless period of minutes, from so doing.

It was inevitable that a break must come sooner or later. It was not humanly possible for any team or any two teams to maintain that punishing pace very long without something giving way somewhere.

The ball, after various vicissitudes, was in the middle of the field, and the Northerners had it. As the Blue tackles slipped back of their comrades stealthily, and Vretson, stealing forward, poised himself to take the catch, we on the press benches realized that Sangamon meant to undertake a repetition of the device that had won her lone goal for her. Thirty minutes earlier it would have seemed the logical move to try. Now, in view of everything, it was audacious.

At that, though, I guess it was Sangamon's best card, even though the Midsylvanians would be forewarned and forearmed by their earlier disastrous experience to take measures for combating the play. Everything depended on getting Vretson away to a flying start and then keeping his interference intact.

The captain chanted the code numbers. The Blue press shifted in quick shuttlelike motions, and the ball, beautifully and faultlessly handled, was flipped back, aiming straight for Vretson's welcoming grasp. Simultaneously something else happened. That something else was Morehead.

As the ball was passed he moved. There was a hole in Sangamon's breastworks, made by the spreading out of her men. It was a little hole and a hole which instantaneously closed up again, being stoppered by an interposing torso; but in that flash of space Morehead saw the opening and, without being touched, came whizzing straight through it like a small, compact torpedo. Head on and head down, he crashed into Vretson in the same tenth-second when the ball reached Vretson's fingers. With his skull, his shoulders, his arms and his trunk, he smashed against the giant.

Vretson staggered sideways. The ball escaped from his grip; and, striking the earth, it took one lazy bound, and then another; but no more. As it bounced the second time, Morehead, bending double from his hips, slid under it with outspread arms, scooped it up to his breast, and was off, traveling faster, I am sure, than Morehead in all his life had ever traveled. He was off, clear away, and going at supertop-speed, while Vretson still spun and rocked on his heels.

Obeying the signal for the play, the majority of the Sangamon team already had darted off to their right to make a living barrier along the threatened side of the imaginary lane their star was due to follow. It behooved them to reverse their maneuver. Digging their heels into the earth for brakes they wheeled round, scuttling back and spreading out to intercept the fugitive; but he was already past and beyond Vretson, and was nearing the line of cross-angle along which the nearest of his pursuers must go to encounter him. Before him, along the eastern boundary of Sangamon's territory, was a clear stretch of cross-marked turf.

Vretson recovered himself and made a stern chase of it, and Vretson could run, as I said before; but it would have been as reasonable to expect a Jersey bull to overtake a molly cottontail when the molly cottontail had the start of the bull, and was scared to death besides, as to expect Vretson to catch Morehead. The Red captain traveled three feet for every two the bigger man traveled. Twenty yards—thirty, forty—he sped, and not a tackler's hand was laid on him. With the pack of his adversaries tagging out behind him like hounds behind a hare, he pitched over the goal line and lay there, his streaming nose in the grass roots, with the precious ball under him, and the Sangamon players tumbling over him as they came tailing up. Single-handed, on a fluky chance, Morehead had duplicated and bettered what Vretson, with assistance, had done.

The crowd simply went stark, raving crazy and behaved accordingly. But the Varsity section in the grand stand and the clump of blanketed Varsity substitutes and scrubs on the side lines were the craziest spots of all.

After this there isn't so very much to be told. Midsylvania kicked for a goal, but failed, as Sangamon had done. The ball struck the crossbar between the white goal posts and flopped back; and during the few remaining minutes of play neither side tallied a point, though both tried hard enough and Sangamon came very near it once, but failed—thanks to the same inspired counterforces that had balked her in similar ambitions all through this half.

So, at the end, with the winter sun going down red in the west, and the grand stand all red with dancing flags to match it, the score stood even—four to four.

Officially a tie, yes; but not otherwise—not by the reckoning of the populace. That Midsylvania, outmanned and outweighted as she was, should have played those Middle West champions to a standstill was, in effect, a victory—so the crowd figured—and fitting to be celebrated on that basis, which promptly it was.

Out from the upstanding ranks of the multitude, down from the stand, across the track and into the field came the Varsity students, clamoring their joy, and their band came with them, and others, unattached, came trailing after them. Some were dancing dervishes and some were human steam whistles, and all the rest were just plain lunatics. They fell into an irregular weaving formation, four or six abreast, behind

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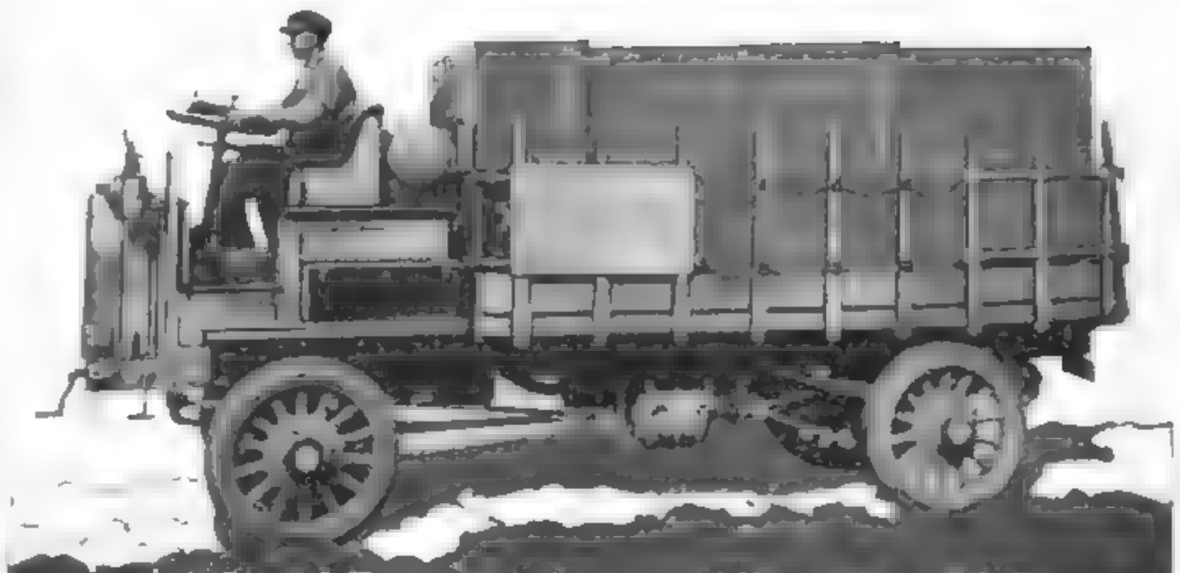

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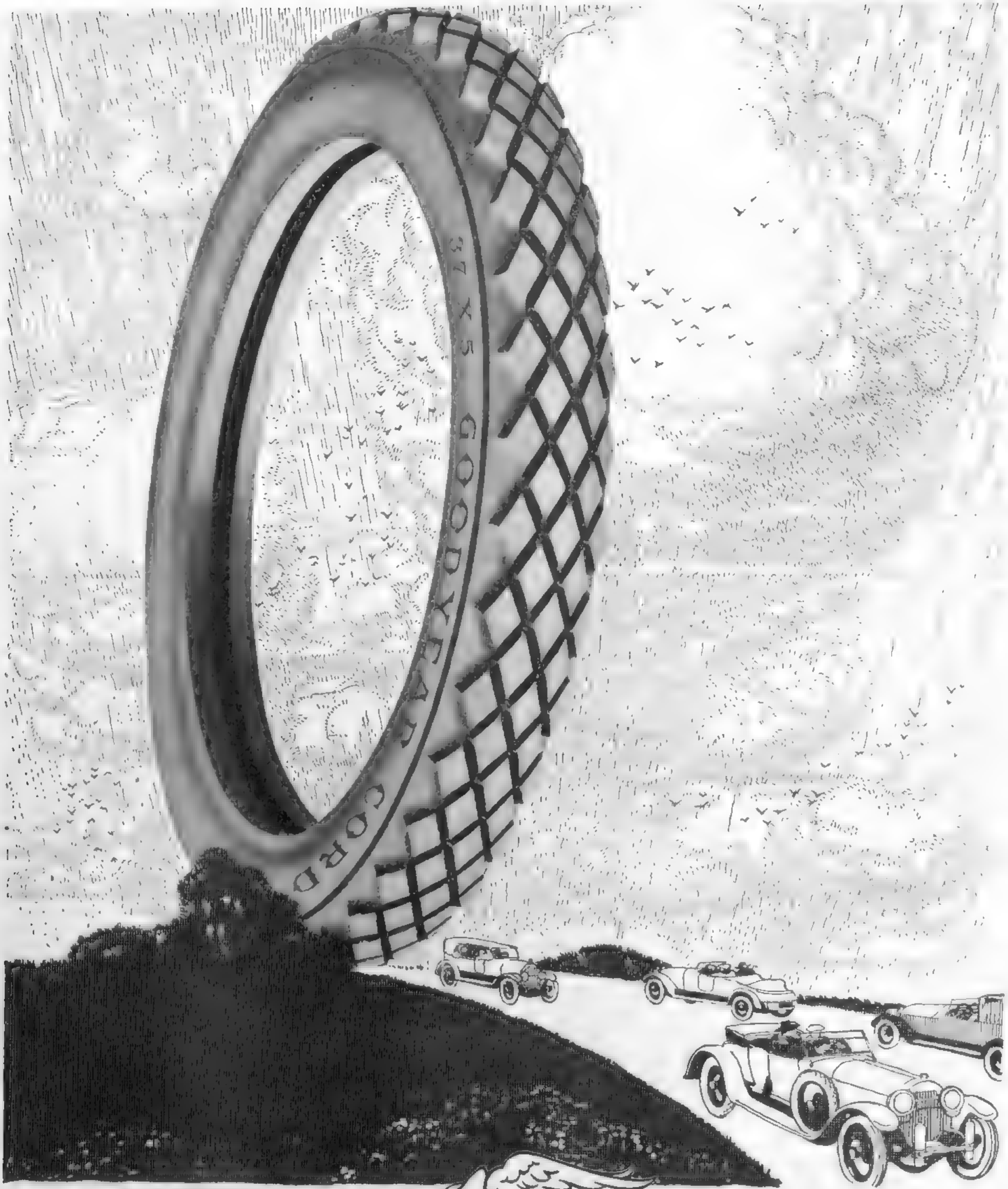

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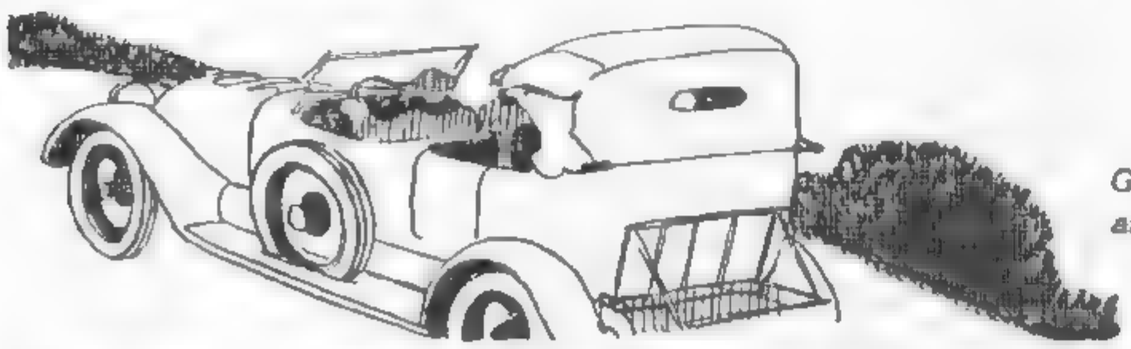

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Concluded from Page 55)

the team, with Morehead up ahead, riding upon the shoulders of two of his fellows; and round the gridiron they started, going first between one pair of goal posts and then between the other pair. Doubtlessly the band played; but what tune they elected to play nobody knew, because nobody could hear it—not even the musicians themselves.

As the top of the column, completing its first circuit, swung down the gridiron toward the judges' stand, Morehead pointed toward where we sat and, from his perch on their shoulders, called down something to those who bore him. At that, a team deputation of about half a dozen broke out of the mass and charged straight for us. For a moment it must have seemed to the crowd that this detachment contemplated a physical assault upon some obnoxious newspaper man at our bench, for they dived right in among us, laying hands upon one of our number, heaving him bodily upward, and bearing him away a prisoner.

Half a minute later Major Putnam Stone, somewhat disheveled as to his attire, was also mounted on a double pair of shoulders and was bobbing along at the front of the procession, side by side with young Morehead; and, judging by his expression, I should say was enjoying the ride. Without knowing the whys and the wherefores of it, the spectators surmised that in some fashion this little, old, white-haired man was esteemed by Midsylvania's representatives to have had a share in the achieved result.

As this conviction sank home, the exultant yelling mounted higher and higher still. I think it was along here that the members of the band quit trying to be heard, and quit playing, and took their horns down from their faces.

Immediately after this still another strange figure attained a conspicuous place in the parade: A little darky, mad with joy, and wearing a red-and-gray sweater much too roomy for him, came bounding across the field, with an empty water bucket in one hand. He caught up with the front row of the marchers; and, scuttling along backward, directly in front of them, he began calling out certain words in a sort of slogan, repeating them over and over again, until those nearest him detected the purport of his utterances and started chanting them in time with him.

Presently, as the chorus of definite sounds and the meaning of the sounds spread along down the column, the Varsity boys took up the refrain, and it rose and fell in a great, thundering cadence. And then everybody made out its substance, the words being these:

"Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom! Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom!! Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom!!!"

The sun, following its usual custom, continued to go down, growing redder and redder as it went; and Midsylvania, over and above the triumph it had to celebrate and was celebrating, had also these three things now added unto her: A new college yell, in this perfectly meaningless line from an old song; a new cheer leader—her first, by the way—in the person of a ragged black water boy; and a new football idol to take to her heart, the same being an elderly gentleman who knew nothing at all of the sciences and essences of football, and doubtlessly cared less—an idol who in the fullness of time would become a tradition, to be treasured along with the noseless statue of Henry Clay on the campus and the beech tree under which Daniel Boone slept one night.

So that explains why, each year after the main game, when the players of a bigger and stronger Midsylvania have broken training, they drink a rising toast to the memory of Major Putnam Stone, deceased; whereat there are no heel-taps whatsoever.

MISS GREENHORN GOES A-NURSING

(Continued from Page 19)

That night I offered to sit up with him—to make it up, you see. But the ward doctor said 'No, let's give the poor devil a fighting chance!' That was horrid, wasn't it? He's atrocious, that young ward doctor, and he never loses a chance to intimate what he thinks of my presumption in offering my untrained services. He says my nerve, if he could get an X-ray of it, would make the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes look like a pygmy. He asked me seriously if I wasn't ashamed when I woke up in the middle of the night 'to be so dumb—not damn, but dumb—ignorant!' And I am, Amelia! But I really think I'm beginning slowly to learn. There's a sick soldier they've set me to watch right now. So horribly pale! So still! One ——"

At this point Miss Greenhorn's pen trailed off and she sat bolt upright, staring before her into space. A sudden thought had smitten her, almost with the force of a blow. Why was he so pale? Why was he so still? Why, in short, had she been set to watch him? She rose rather hurriedly and went to his bedside. She would ask him what was the matter. Really it was an inspiration!

"How are you?" she questioned gently.

"*J'ai froid,*" came the faint murmur from rigid lips.

"Ah! Cold, are you? Then I'll get you some hot-water bottles and they'll make you warm. Nice and warm!" And Miss Greenhorn sped away on her mission, delighted to be of service. "*Voilà!*" she cooed soothingly a few minutes later, slipping the heated bags into the foot of the bed. "Now you'll soon be warm! Nice and warm and cozy!" And she leaned above him solicitously, still vaguely troubled. Certainly he was ghastly pale!

It was at this juncture that the ward doctor, a busy, brusque, discerning young gentleman, blew into the room with a

"Hullo, Miss—— How's that fellow——"

A single glance at the fellow in question stopped the words as if a sudden hand had been clapped over his mouth. He sprang forward and threw down the covers. The soldier lay in a pool of blood. "My God! Hemorrhaging! Why didn't you call me?"

He wheeled on her savagely. But Miss Greenhorn's face had blanched almost as white as the counterpane. Her hand went up to her trembling lips.

"I—I—I didn't know!" she whispered. "He complained of feeling cold, and so I—I gave him hot-water bottles."

"Yah! In case of hemorrhage, when a man's bleeding to death, for first-aid apply hot-water bottles! Fine! Where's that tourniquet? I tied it onto the foot of the bed myself."

"The—what?" stammered Miss Greenhorn, immeasurably terrified. She quailed before the look in his eye.

"Tourniquet! That piece of rubber tubing."

"O-o-oh! That terra-cotta rubber thing, you mean! It made the bed look untidy and so I undid it. Let me see. Where ——"

But the door had already slammed upon the doctor, who returned immediately with a tourniquet from the adjacent ward. Fortunately it was not an arterial, but a slow, oozing hemorrhage, and so the man did not die; but that was not Miss Greenhorn's fault. And the doctor did not spare her:

"Why did you suppose his bed was tilted up so that his feet were higher than his head? Don't you know that in itself is a sign of hemorrhage? Why did you suppose that tourniquet was tied to the foot of this particular bed? Do you see it on any of the other beds? That's another sign! And what did you suppose you were set to watch him for anyhow? Zeppelins? You've been here a week now. Tell me, are you solid ivory from the neck up?"

I am not going to repeat the remainder of his scathing remarks, for he was angry and his nerves were none of the best. In justice to Miss Greenhorn it must be said that she took her whaling like a gentleman. She did not once glance at the doctor, but kept her eyes fixed on the French soldier whose life she had jeopardized by her criminal ignorance. And in that moment she jettisoned the last fragments of her ministering-angel dream. Cool hands, fevered brows, the kiss-me-for-I-am-dying business—all the false, sentimental rubbish with which she had stuffed her romantic young head she let go by the board forever.

And that, for us, is the end of Miss Greenhorn, save to mention that she is a real person. She told me the tale herself six months later, with tears only half of laughter in her eyes. And then she affixed the moral, which in brief is this: That not all of

France's enemies are behind the German guns.

From this solitary episode one may deduce most of the qualifications, both natural and acquired, that a volunteer nurse's aid should possess before ever she sets foot inside a war hospital. First of all she must have health. She must have the kind of health that does not break or crack or crock or show signs of wear in bad weather; the kind of health that can pile one hard day on top of another hard day, and one hard week on top of another hard week, and one hard month on top of another hard month, and keep right on without flagging or asking the captain to stop the ship so she can get off and walk. Every auxiliary signs on for a period of at least three months, preferably six months; and in some hospitals abroad they sign on for the remainder of the war. The work is too severe for a delicate constitution; it has been known to put a crimp in a tough one; and it is unfair both to the soldier and to the hospital plant to have human machinery that is apt to break down any minute. This implies youth, resiliency, reservoirs of stored strength, the unspent increment of physical endurance; and, therefore, anyone outside the ages from twenty to forty should ponder deeply before entering this most exacting branch of the service.

Aside from good general health, the volunteer aid should possess what physicians term a high threshold to disease. She should not catch things readily. Microbes should be unable to obtain a foothold. In this respect even healthy people vary widely. One person will take the mumps if there is a case in the next county; another may sleep in the same bed with the victim and go unscathed. There was a young woman in our ward who caught everything. Every little pirate microbe that sailed the invisible seas of air with his jolly skull-and-crossbones flag knew her for a friendly island, had her marked down in his log book, and put in for food and repairs, sure of safe harborage.

Tonsillitis, grippe, infected finger, swollen glands, infected eye, tonsillitis again—she had them one after another as fast as she could, and she finally came home with the jaundice!

But let us suppose that the candidate has passed her physical examination with flying colors; that her back is strong; that her feet have not the slightest tendency to fallen arch; that she can eat stewed horse without a regretful pang; that she sleeps like the traditional top at night, and rises from her slumbers fresh as the traditional daisy. There are still other natural qualifications to reckon with: She must be able to subordinate herself to the will of others, to take orders, to take hard, disagreeable, and often what she may consider unjust orders from her superiors without opening her mouth to complain.

The Pests of the Hospitals

In the first year of the war the hospitals were nearly swamped by the sudden rush into them of grand ladies who were naught but little Miss Greenhorns in more arrogant guise. These women had not the faintest notion of subordination, or of the mental and spiritual discipline involved in nursing. Their conception, in a word, was the unreal conception of Miss Greenhorn. They, too, were devotees of the Florence-Nightingale-Mary-Pickford canned brand of dream. They had not left their beautifully appointed homes to carry slops, et cetera, but to nurse the gallant British and French lads! And for a time doctors and nurses were driven almost to insanity under the double pressure of caring for the wounded, and training—or quietly assassinating and smuggling down a well some dark night!—these ignorant ladies who descended on the hospitals like an Egyptian plague. Nor were all of the untrained, emotional incompetents of English origin. America sent her quota—women who from infancy had never obeyed anything outside of their own vagrant fancies, who were congenitally incapable of sinking their own personalities and becoming privates for the good of the cause. They wanted to be colonels at the very least or they wouldn't play, and a field-marshal's baton was even more to their taste. Boss was the middle name of every one of them. They had elephantiasis of the mind. Such a person in the minor position of nurse's aid can disrupt the entire ward of a hospital, which, more than any other branch of service, resembles the army in its authorities, its hierarchies and gradations of rank, and the severe monotony of the daily routine.

For a time there was such a Great Person in our ward at the American Ambulance, the sort who "my-good-man's" the soldiers. As for the rest, she blandly did what she pleased, and set the nerves of all of us on edge in consequence. For what she didn't please to do, we had to, you see!

One afternoon the head nurse said to her: "Mrs. X, will you disinfect that bed?" And it was none the less a command even though it was issued mildly in the interrogative form.

Mrs. X responded in her best drawing-room drawl:

"Oh, my deah Miss C., I am so sorry! But it is my tea time! And besides, really that is not my bed, you know!" With which piece of insolence she drifted languidly off to tea.

"What am I to do with her?" exclaimed the head nurse despairingly to the ward doctor, who had witnessed the insubordination.

"Shoot her at sunrise," he suggested jovially. "This is a military organization. Shoot her at sunrise, and put over her grave: 'Here lies a deserter. Shot for refusing to obey a superior officer in action.'"

Of course he was right. That is precisely what should have been done to her. And I would have joined the firing squad with pleasure—for I had to disinfect that bed!

Prosaic, Inglorious Tasks

To be strong, healthy, adaptable, able to sink one's identity and to take orders—these are some of the natural qualifications of a successful volunteer aid. In addition she must be prepared for disagreeable tasks. The sight of blood, of poor fellows smashed to pieces, the hideous stench of gangrenous wounds, the screams of the dressing hour—these are the inevitable concomitants of a surgical ward in war-mangled Europe today, and are sufficiently disagreeable. But these are not what I mean. I mean the monotonous, prosaic, inglorious tasks that everybody loathes but somebody has to perform. And that somebody, eleven cases out of ten, is the nurse's volunteer aid. For you have not read thus far without discovering that the position of an auxiliary resembles closely that of a printer's devil. Not his the high responsibility of getting out the paper or deciding the politics of the editorial page; his not to reason why, his but to be on the living red-hot jump every second of the time or get sacked by his irate boss. In one respect, however, the printer's devil has the haul over the nurse's assistant, for he receives a weekly envelope, while she labors for love.

As a specimen of these monotonous tasks, an English volunteer aid confessed to me that for two months in an English base hospital, three miles behind the lines, she did nothing all day save carry heavily loaded trays of food from the diet kitchen to a certain table in the corridor. Day after day, from eight in the morning until seven at night, back and forth, back and forth, remote, solitary, with aching shoulders, this plucky young private drudged. Never a wounded soldier did she see. At times the hospital shook under German bombardment; but so far as romance and illusion were concerned, she might as well have been a slavey in a twilight basement restaurant beneath the dull roar of the Sixth-Avenue elevated trains. Another young woman told me that for six weeks she carried nothing but bedpans. And at the American Ambulance, the *auxiliaire* who roomed next to me had a job of which I did not envy her the possession. Every evening she used to offer to trade it in even barter for mine. And every evening I refused to take a cowardly advantage of her generosity. The position which my friend was so generous with was up in the operating room. And it was her particular duty to carry off the amputated members in a basket.

The points thus far in the natural qualifications of a nurse's aid are health, resiliency, ability to take orders and to stick at mean, disagreeable jobs. Let us add a final one that is really the keystone of the entire arch. For without it the others are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Nor is it acquirable: it is a grace, a gift. Some successful doctors and nurses possess it to a high degree; others, lacking it, turn into dried-up turnips. There was a certain young surgeon in the hospital who undoubtedly possessed this qualification.

(Concluded on Page 62)

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CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
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(Concluded from Page 59)

Whether he was an expert technician I do not know, for he left the hospital before I arrived and it was only the soldiers' memory of him, the reflected echo of his personality, that I received. But that was sufficient. They loved him. "Ah, mees," they would exclaim, "do you know Docteur James d'Amérique? *Non?*" And they made me feel that not to have known him was a profound personal loss. "Ah, how he was kind! How he was good!" they would murmur fondly, and they would drag forth a tiny snapshot of him for me to look at, and laugh with delight at beholding his face. "See, mees! Here he is! Aha! Bonjour, Docteur James!" They wished me to share with them the fragrance of that memory. One could not ask for a better epitaph than the tribute paid by these *poilus* to the unknown Docteur James d'Amérique! Another did not possess this gift. Brusque, impatient of address, he would pull away the gauze sticking to an infected wound with an abruptness that invariably raised a howl; and exclamations of "*Brutal!*" "*Imbécile!*" "*Sale cochon!*" followed his ministrations down the ward. "Oh, shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" the doctor would retort in English. Now the soldiers did not know exactly what "Shut up" signified; without doubt in their minds it was some extremely naughty English profanity. But they had their revenge. They nicknamed him "Docteur Shut Up." That was his epitaph.

A nurse who failed in this one respect they dubbed the old *mitrailleuse*. I have seen them sham sleep when she approached their bedsides for a chat. There was one, however, whom they loved. She was a slim, gold-haired Scotch miss, not much higher than the bedposts, but a grenadier for all that, and the quality I am speaking about rayed out from her in an almost visible aura. Not that she was "soft" or easy with the men. On the contrary, she cracked a whip over them and made them walk a chalk line of discipline, which they did with an open, unabashed delight in her. They would feign all sorts of ailments to lure her to their bed for a chat and massage.

"I suffer bad here, mees!" they would begin. "No, not there—higher up. No, *chère* mees, not there. No—yes! *Voilà! Parfaitement!* A-ah! *Mais, continuez, continuez!*" And not a thing the matter with the frauds! But they sunned themselves in her presence and all but fought for her smiles. That little Scotch miss had a way with her. Moreover, she loved her job. She loved it from the ground up, over and under and beyond and through. She loved it in all of its aspects and ramifications; she loved it in all the hours. She had the faculty, the gift I have been attempting to describe. She had a vocation. And unless one possesses in some degree this natural delight in humanity, in sick, diseased and often dirty humanity, the hour soon strikes when nursing begins to pall.

Red Cross Courses Antiquated

Thus far I have dealt only with the natural qualifications that a young woman should possess if she desires to do volunteer nursing in this war. All those who, after searching their inmost hearts with sincerity, cannot pass on the above-mentioned points with an all-round grade of at least seventy-five per cent, need waste no further time on this article. They may get out of the procession right now and go round next door and sign in for canteen cooking, or join the hoe brigade. Step lively, please!

At the present moment there does not exist in the Red Cross organization any course of instruction that has for its direct and primary object the training of volunteer nurses' aids for work in surgical hospitals here or abroad. There does not exist in the Red Cross curriculum, as it is now constituted, any course that is adequate for the present crisis. The teaching manuals are the same that were in use before the war, unrevised, unchanged. They were not written with war in mind. Their purpose and goal is not our purpose and goal. And, as the textbooks have remained unaltered, it is inevitable that the various courses of instruction based upon them should be more or less beside the point, congested with material that is useless or irrelevant, and barren of certain fundamental facts which every volunteer aid should know. Sometimes when these lessons are given by nurses or doctors who have seen actual war service they are of more value, but these are exceptional, random cases; and in general the courses, instead of hitting the bull's-eye of to-day's grim necessity, are faced off in another direction and shooting at an imaginary mark.

There are four courses of instruction in the Red Cross curriculum that have a bearing, more or less indirect, on the subject of volunteer nursing in surgical hospitals during the present war. Let us glance at each in turn.

Most popular of all is the course in First Aid. This is the course that nearly every woman in the land flew at and swallowed down whole at the outset of the European conflict, and, it is safe to say, with very slight benefit. This is not surprising, for First Aid was not the proper choice. To teach nursing is not its object. The punishment, so to speak, does not fit the crime. Almost purely educational in character, it is designed for the accidents and emergencies of our ante-bellum, peaceful past rather than for the precise, up-to-the-minute scientific requirements of our belligerent present.

Scrap the Useless Junk

And from the point of view of the nurse's assistant there are entire chapters that should be ruthlessly scrapped. Methods of resuscitating a drowning man; cures for snake bite; the way to tell an intoxicated gentleman from one who has merely fallen down in the street in a fit—these matters are interesting and valuable in their place; but their place is not in a manual used to instruct in the art of nursing under present conditions. It would seem advisable that the First-Aid manual be taken in hand by some eminent surgeon who has seen war-hospital service during the present year—for example, Dr. George W. Crile, head of the Cleveland Hospital Unit, that was recently ordered to France—and blue-penciled unsparingly with actual conditions in mind. The residue, plus a chapter on the recent discoveries and improved methods in caring for wounds, such as the treatment of burns from liquid gas, and the Carrel-Dakin system of antiseptic irrigation of infected wounds, to mention but two examples, would form an invaluable nucleus of instruction.

The second course in the Red Cross curriculum is that known as Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick. "The primary object of this course," according to the pamphlet, "is to teach women personal and household hygiene in order that they may acquire habits of right living which will aid in the prevention of sickness and the upbuilding of a strong and vigorous people, and to give them simple instruction in the care of the sick in their own homes which will fit them to render intelligently such service as may be safely entrusted to them." Admirable three years ago in peacetimes, but not at all what we are after now. Here again, so far as the purpose of the volunteer nurse is concerned, the emphasis, as in First Aid, is on the wrong foot from the start-off. There are entire chapters that might be omitted with profit, such as the house, the care of the house and the laundry, the household medicine closet, the hygiene of infancy and childhood. They should be dropped, and a more thorough, intensive and leisurely training be given in actual conditions prevailing in war hospitals of to-day.

In addition to these courses there are two others of minor importance. One in Home Dietetics is entirely too elaborate for the simple requirements of the nurse's aid, who needs to know only the general food values and the compounding of invalids' drinks. Three or four lessons in connection with the nursing course should amply cover this field. The fourth course, the Surgical Dressings, is practical but limited.

These are the popular courses given under the auspices of the Red Cross to-day. Each, taken by itself, has grave defects; and even when all four are combined there is such a ponderous dead weight of irrelevant material, pre-war nursing and medical junk, that for practical purposes it would seem better to throw them all out of the window and devise another course, a course compounded of the valuable elements of all four, but thorough, scientific, modern, and above all specifically adapted to the actual conditions of the present fight.

It may be argued that the necessary eliminations will be made by each individual. But to let the immature, embryo nurse decide what she will and what she won't eliminate is a dangerous business in practice. It would be all right in peacetime, when she does not have to try it out on the dog. But she might elect to eliminate the wrong detail, and then find herself in the quandary of Miss Greenhorn, with a human life hanging in the scales. For though in theory an auxiliary has no authority and no responsibility, in actual practice that is far from being the truth. There are hours, even days, in the absence of the nurse, when the entire care of the ward falls on the shoulders of the assistant, with the head nurse looking in at rare intervals. In textbooks untrained persons are not supposed to be in positions of responsibility. In this or that emergency "Call the doctor!" or "Call the nurse!" they say. But suppose the doctor is up in the operating room, blocks away. Suppose the nurse is off duty. Suppose also that the nurses in the adjacent wards are down at lunch. For such precisely was the stage setting of a mishap that occurred in the jaw ward of the American Ambulance. The auxiliary was alone in the room. Suddenly, without warning, one of the jaw cases began to hemorrhage from the mouth and nostrils. Bright arterial blood spurted high as the ceiling and stained adjoining beds. In less than ten minutes the man was dead. What should the auxiliary have done? The event proved that in that particular case not a whole regiment of doctors could have saved the patient; but the responsibility was there. And it is for just such tight corners of actuality that a volunteer nurse should be prepared. And for such preparedness the teaching manuals and the lectures based upon them should deal, not with the diffuse and general matters of health, but exclusively and incisively with the realities of the present crisis. In addition, it should be noted that the Red Cross, in connection with its nursing course, "hopes that a limited number of hours of practical experience will be provided by the base hospitals"; but such practical experience is not deemed essential to a certificate.

Chances for College Women

Aside from these courses, there is a course given by the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City, which for practical purposes covers the requirements of the present situation in an almost ideal fashion. It is, in fact, the most admirable course of instruction on the market—scientific, modern, intensive, complete. It is called the Trained Attendant Course, and is given by Johns Hopkins nurses of the highest standards of excellence, who are trained teachers as well. The course covers eleven weeks of daily instruction and practice, with an obligatory companion course in invalid cookery.

With the natural and technical qualifications of the volunteer nurse's aid thus disposed of, one may look about and query where suitable material is to be found. The answer is at hand: In the colleges. College women of the two upper classes form a compact body, already listed, easy to mobilize. Young, supple, adaptable, mentally and physically fit, with a background of discipline behind them, they are excellent instruments for the purpose. Sharpen them to a point by an adequate course of instruction, and three months should produce a corps of workers sufficient for a year. These might then be registered and called upon at need.

It is a feature of the present disaster that no one can gauge the future. One man's guess is as good as another's. It is safe to say that two years ago no one foresaw that to-day the United States would be in the arena as the protagonist of democracy. Nor can anyone predict with assurance what the next two years will hold: Whether we shall have a big expeditionary force in France; whether by that time we may not be fighting on our own soil; or whether the whole infernal business may not burst like a bubble before the month is out. But this much seems certain—American surgery and American hospitals are counted the best in the world both in the preventive and in the follow-up field. And since our entry into the war the governments of the United States, Great Britain and France have had under consideration a proposition for placing the entire French ambulance service, and later on the entire British ambulance service, under the United States army medical corps.

So there you are, dear procession, right up against your job! I hope you like its dimensions. As the darky says, "You done chawed off a mouthful!" And that is all for this time, except—God bless you, girls! Go to it! And remember, it's our own men this time!

Maxwell Owners Wrote This Advertisement

200,000 Enthusiastic Maxwell owners in the world. The extracts from letters printed below are typical of what they all say:

Repair Expense, 5c

Eight thousand miles—22½ miles to the gallon—one set of tires. Repair expense, 5c. I am satisfied.—*J. L. Falls*, 6208 University Ave., Chicago, Ill.

• • •

All Kinds of Power

My car has all kinds of power. We have up to 45 per cent. grades around here and it is seldom I have even to shift gears. I have had no trouble and no expense other than for gas and oil.—*A. B. Christianson*, Hendricks, Minn.

• • •

11,780 Mountain Miles

My Maxwell has gone 11,780 miles wherever the track of any car has been around these mountains. I got 9,000 miles on my tires and about 22 miles to the gallon. No trouble or repairs whatever.—*F. C. Headley*, Colorado Springs, Colo.

• • •

Climbs Any Hill

I run about 22 miles to the gallon. My car never fails to start, has never been in a garage for repairs, and has never failed to climb any hill. I can't say too much for the Maxwell.—*H. W. Lacey*, Hurley, New Mexico.

• • •

16,200 Miles—No Repairs

Have driven my Maxwell car 16,200 miles—average 26½ miles to the gallon. Have not had any repair expense. My car is the best on the market at the price.—*Oscar L. Yoder*, Chickasha, Okla.

Will Go Where Other Cars Can't

I like the Maxwell because it is roomy and comfortable, easily operated, almost trouble-proof, and because it will go anywhere any car can and some places where others can't.—*L. E. Mead*, Marshall, Minn.

• • •

Economical to Run

My Maxwell is very economical to run. I have gone more than 10,000 miles—average 23 7/12 miles per gallon of gasoline.—*George L. Cleaver*, Imbler, Ore.

• • •

30 Miles Per Gallon of Gasoline

I have tried a good many light cars and know that the Maxwell is the best all-around car in its class. I have driven it 5,500 miles and get 30 miles to the gallon. No repair expense whatever.—*L. A. Sweatman*, Providence, Rhode Island.

• • •

4,500 Miles on $58.20

In seven months, I have driven 4,500 miles, getting 22 miles to the gallon, total expense $58.20, including gas, oil, tires, etc.—average monthly operating cost $8.31. My driving is over mountains or desert. In my opinion a Maxwell could be driven 8,000 miles without a single item of expense except gasoline and oil if given fair attention and operated on fairly good roads.—*Fred Williams*, El Centro, California.

• • •

Monthly Running Cost, $3

Has driven a Maxwell for 2 years, and says, "My total expense for tires, gasoline, oil, new parts and everything else is $75, an average monthly expense of about $3."—*G. W. Baker*, Carthage, Missouri.

No Equal for Service

We have driven our Maxwell 6,804 miles, on about 21 miles per gallon of gasoline. One trip of 1,916 miles, five passengers, tent, bedding and provisions, crossed the Blewett Pass, Snoqualmie Pass, Mt. Rainier Park, Sunset Mountains and Blue Mountains. We believe that the Maxwell has no equal at anything near its price.—*J. M. Burley*, La Grande, Oregon.

• • •

Amazing Power

Averages 27½ miles per gallon, has driven 4,000 miles, and says, "If I were getting a car tomorrow it would be a Maxwell. It has amazing power."—*F. B. Gerhard*, Coral, Penna.

• • •

Perfect Shape After 23,700 Miles

23,700 miles, average 20 miles per gallon. My car has never failed me, no matter where I want to go. If I were buying another car it would surely be a Maxwell.—*F. N. Haroun*, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

Drove Up Pike's Peak

My car has run 10,872 miles through mountainous country and I average 19 miles to the gallon. I drove up Pike's Peak Highway, over all the scenic drives of Southern Colorado, through Arizona and New Mexico. Never had any engine trouble whatever.—*Alfred J. Black*, Avondale, Colorado.

These extracts are but a very few of many thousands of letters from Maxwell owners.

What the Maxwell has done for these motorists, it will do for you. The Maxwell is built of the best materials, on sound, time-tried lines of construction.

Go to the nearest Maxwell dealer and let him show you how and why.

Roadster, $650; Touring Car, $665; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985; completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc.-Detroit, Mich.

The

Puffed Wheat Dish

As Every Child Would Like It—Constantly Overflowing

To the youthful lovers of Puffed Wheat and Rice, no dish seems large enough.

You know how it is—you mothers who have served them. Again and again, the bowls come back for refilling.

There is never so much that the end of the dish doesn't leave a desire for more. For these bubbles of grain—airy, flaky and nut-like—are delightful food confections.

Why Do You Stint Them?

Consider these facts, Mrs. Housewife.

These are whole grains, filled with all the elements that youthful bodies need. They are not partial foods, like most things. They are not unbalanced, so digestion is upset.

They are two of Nature's premier foods.

By Prof. Anderson's process—shooting from guns—every food cell is exploded. So every granule feeds.

Puffed Grains in Milk

No other grain food offers that advantage.

When such foods come in such likable form, why not let the children have them in abundance?

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast cereals. They are flavory, crusty morsels to be mixed with any fruit. They are flimsy, toasted bubbles to float in bowls of milk.

They are nut-like tidbits for eating between meals. Douse them with melted butter. Use them in candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. They are ideal wafers for soups.

Puffed Grains Mixed with Fruit

Such perfect foods, made so enticing, should be served in many ways.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

1529

MAKING J. M. A.'S AT NORTH ISLAND

(Continued from Page 13)

There is urgent demand for air volunteers. Many more could be trained, even with the present equipment. It is particularly desired that chauffeurs, and other men familiar with engines, should enlist in the aëronautical service. A good chauffeur can learn to fly much more quickly than a man entirely unacquainted with machinery.

There are two classes of students—army officers, who are being trained particularly for observers; and enlisted men, who are trained for pilots or helpers.

Army officers can request to be transferred from any department to the air service. And any man enlisting in the regular army can make a similar application.

These applicants must undergo a rigid test. Not every man can be a flyer. It requires perfect eyesight, muscular control, poise and good nerves.

The first test of the applicant is on eyesight. In England, where they are now training boys for aëronautical service, they are not only tested as to the correctness of vision but as to how much they can see. The applicant is put on a motorcycle or bicycle and sent on a trip through the country, and required, on his return, to write down what he saw—thus testing the vividness and accuracy of the mental picture left in his memory.

The applicant for the American service is next given a test of poise and direction. He is blindfolded and required to walk a straight line, then hop a straight line; still blindfolded, he is made to stand on a chair and teeter on one foot. And while seated and blindfolded a gun is unexpectedly fired off behind him as a test of his nerve. He is put on a piano stool and whirled round until perfectly dizzy, and then required to get up and walk.

If the applicant has poise, shows sufficient nerve, coolness and muscular control for the job, he is sent to North Island as a student.

How Young Birdmen Study

At North Island is a rough, unplastered schoolroom, with benches and blackboards—much like a country school back in the hills, where in the early days the young idea was taught to shoot. But in this schoolroom the young officer is taught how to fly and how to shoot.

There are textbooks and regular study courses in engines, meteorology, and kindred subjects. There are classroom lectures and demonstrations. The demonstrator takes an engine apart—the engine is always the important thing in an aëroplane, as it is in an automobile—and lectures on each part. There are quizzes and written examinations, much as in college.

But, also, from the very first, there are practical lessons in flying.

The student plane has two seats—with double control. The student sits in front; the instructor behind. The student is told to do certain things; and in case he fails to do them the instructor can instantly take control of the machine.

The initial trial flight lasts only a moment. To rise from the ground is the first thing to be learned. The student is told to reach a certain speed before lifting the tail of the machine so that the trailer clears the ground; then he gets under more speed before he gives the planes to the air and lifts the machine from the earth.

How to land is the next thing learned. The following day a short circle is attempted; and from day to day the time in the air is lengthened and more difficult feats assigned.

The machines are numbered. The chief instructor sits in a watch tower. A chart beside him shows him which student is in each plane, and what the task assigned in that flight is to be.

The instructor observes the student's performance; and if he fails in his lesson, or bungles it, he is called up afterward and given further instructions. The student is graded on every flight.

The officer in charge makes a monthly report of a most elaborate character on each machine.

And each student hands in a weekly report that is equally detailed and elaborate.

In the air, of course, the instructor, riding behind, cannot speak to the student on account of the terrific noise. His instruction is given by signals. Here are five from the official signal sheet:

1. When pupil is to take hold of controls: Hold up hand and wave from right to left.
2. When instructor desires to take control from pupil: Hold up hand and move elevator forward and back with a jerky motion.
3. When pupil is to cut off power: Hold out both arms horizontally and move from front to rear, palms down.
4. When climbing is too fast: Hold out hands horizontally and motion downward, palms down.
5. Signal for climbing: Hold out hands horizontally and motion upward, palms down.

The wireless telephone, however, promises to be of great use here. Though a flyer cannot hear his pilot, a few feet behind, there is a wireless telephone on a tower, from which an instructor may talk several hundred feet in the air and make himself understood.

The student is given twenty lessons of half an hour each before he is allowed to go up alone. It takes from three to six months to complete the course. To graduate as a J. M. A. the student must make satisfactory grades.

Besides passing in his textbooks and classwork, the student is required to make the following air tests:

REQUIREMENTS FOR JUNIOR MILITARY AVIATOR'S TEST

1. Five figure 8's round pylons 1600 feet apart, keeping all parts of machine inside circle where radius is 300 feet.
2. Climb out of field 900 feet by 900 feet, keeping all parts of machine inside of square until 500 feet altitude is reached.
3. Spiral down from 3000 feet with dead motor, change direction of spiral on way down and land within 150 feet of previously designated point.
4. Land with dead motor in a field 800 feet by 100 feet, assuming field to be surrounded by 10 obstacles.
5. Land from 500 feet with dead motor within 100 feet of previously designated mark.
6. One triangular cross-country flight of 60 miles. (Triangle with perimeter of 60 miles.) Flight by compass and maps.
7. One straightaway cross-country flight of 90 miles, landing at end by compass and maps.

There is danger in flying—no denying that. There is also danger in learning to be a brakeman, working in a steel mill or a mine, or running an automobile.

With the improved student planes, and under the rigid safety precautions established by Colonel Glassford, risk to the student at North Island has been reduced almost to the vanishing point.

Danger in Landing

It will always be dangerous to be reckless in the air; and a great many accidents—most of them, in fact—have resulted from that.

In ordinary flying practically the only danger is in landing. Even with a dead engine an aviator is safe if he has a smooth, open field on which to alight.

For that reason safety lies in height. The higher the plane the wider range of choice of landing places.

One of the first rules of safety Colonel Glassford established was that no practice flight should be out of the range of descent upon North Island. The angle of descent is about one to five; so a plane that soars a mile high may safely circle five miles away from the island, for, no matter what happens to the engine, the pilot can volplane to safety. But if out of reach of the island he must take his chances. If the landing must be among houses, trees or on broken ground the chance of disaster is great.

Recently a machine a little too far away was forced to alight in the polo field at Coronado. The plane was totally demolished, and only by one of those queer freaks of good fortune did the aviator escape death. As it happened, he was not

hurt at all, but climbed out of the wreck and began to take an inventory of the parts of his demolished machine.

On cross-country flights the trip is mapped, showing safe alighting places at intervals of about every ten miles; so a machine a mile high will never be over five miles from a safe landing place.

When a test flight is made from San Diego to Los Angeles, for instance, it is usually at low tide; so a wide, hard strip of sandy beach offers safe landing at many places along the coast.

Moreover, before any practice flight the machine is examined. This means that it is gone over every thirty minutes. To show the reader the caution taken, here is the official order for examination before any flight:

Official Inspection Rules

Always begin inspection at same point, to avoid possibility of failure to inspect parts of machine. A good point to begin is right side of tail.

See that tail skid bolt is safetied, and that rubber shock absorber is not worn or broken. See that safety cable on tail skid is in place.

Next examine stabilizer, elevator and rudder. See that all nuts are cotter-keyed, and that rudder post and elevator post are properly keyed in. (In the Curtiss machines pins are used instead of posts. See that each pin is keyed in.)

Examine pulleys to see that they are safetied, and control wires where they pass through pulleys for broken strands. See that all brace wires on tail skid, rudder post and flipper braces are correct tension and safetied.

Next pass to fuselage. See that no waste or rags are in fuselage. Examine all control wires for frayed strands, especially at pulleys, steering wheel, and where they enter fuselage. See that interior brace wires are safetied.

Next pass round right wing. See that pins connecting wing section to fuselage are properly safetied, and that all wires are of correct tension and are safetied. Move ailerons or wing flaps to examine control wires, pulleys and hinges.

Next go to front of machine. Examine landing gear for bent axle of V-brace, and see that shock absorbers are working properly. See that brace wires on landing gear are of equal tension and are safetied. See that tires are properly inflated. Both tires should have same pressure. See that bolts holding wheels on axle are not bent and are safetied. See that spokes in wheels are not bent or of unequal tension.

Examine propeller for loosened tacks in tips and cracks in lamination, and see that propeller bolts and nut which holds propeller on crank shaft are securely safetied.

Then pass round left side on machine, making same inspection as for right side.

If everything is in proper order and you are satisfied in your own mind, go ahead. If not, have the necessary correction or repair made before going farther. After getting into machine buckle safety belt and draw it as tight as possible. Work all controls sharply before leaving ground. Before starting off, assure yourself that motor is running properly.

(This does not mean excessive running of motor on ground.)

In Case of Accident

In a tower an observer watches. Beside him is a siren whistle. Below is an auto ambulance.

At the water's edge, a hundred yards away, is one of the swiftest motor boats—it can make forty miles an hour.

If the observer sees something go wrong with a machine he gives the signal indicating where the alighting will be—on land or in the bay. A surgeon and helpers instantly spring into the ambulance or motor boat, and dash off in the direction of the indicated landing, ready to give instant succor and first aid.

There have been some tragedies and more near tragedies, of course; but most of them were in the early stages of the school.

Lieutenant Taliaferro, brother of Mabel Taliaferro, the actress, fell into the bay about noon one day. And all that night the white soft masses of fog drifting over the water were shot with flames of the searchlight as it played over the water, guiding the boatmen in their search for his body.

One of the thrills and near tragedies happened in February. Captain Robertson and Colonel Bishop started on a cross-country flight to Campo, about sixty miles up in the mountains.

Now, so far no method of measuring air-drifts has been devised. A flyer may go straight ahead by his compass, and yet a big movement of air may be drifting him far out of his course without his knowledge.

The two aëronauts thought they were going east; and seeing a body of water on the left they supposed it was the Salton Sea. They kept on; but by and by the body of water seemed too large for the Salton Sea and they determined to make a landing.

In alighting they broke their propeller in the sand. And it was not the Salton Sea, but the Gulf of California! They were more than a hundred miles south of the Mexican border. It was desert country and they had practically no food or water. They started north on foot and for three days staggered on across the sandy cactus plains, suffering such tortures as only men do when dying of thirst.

The third day Bishop could go no farther. Knowing that their only hope was for him to find relief, Robertson, the stronger of the two, pushed on.

Meantime wide search had been instituted. Parties in machines and on horseback, airmen, soldiers, ranchers and Mexicans were scouring the country. At last, when almost ready to give up, Robertson stumbled onto the track of an automobile.

He started to follow it, reasoning in his half-delirious way that it did not matter which direction he took—as one end would lead to where the automobile started, the other to where it went.

Luckily in a short distance he came upon the searching party and the machine. They got to Bishop in time to save his life, though his suffering was intense for days and he has not yet fully recovered.

Motor Cycles for Emergencies

Most aëronauts find flying a distinctly pleasurable experience. A few moments on North Island any morning will convince the observer that these are not students with sullen faces, driven to their classes; in fact, they are so eager to take their turns that most of them stand with bicycles ready to dash off across the field the moment the machine they are to use alights.

And often you find a fellow, after his half hour's flight, hanging round all morning on the chance that some other student cannot go up that morning and he may get an extra turn.

All students are taught to ride the motor cycle; for the war planes will carry motor cycles, so that in case a machine falls within the enemy's lines the flyer may leap on his motor cycle and have a chance to escape. Also, the homely gasoline ground wheel is not to be despised when an accident happens to a plane a hundred miles away from its base in a wild though friendly country.

There are students who cannot pass—students who can never become flyers; but usually their inability to fly—or, rather, their unreliability in the air—is discovered early and they are relieved from the service. But most of those who pass the examination and enter the North Island school make practical flyers and are graduated as Junior Military Aviators.

After graduation the officers get twenty-five per cent above the regular pay of their rank, and after a further period of regular service they are made Official Military Aviators, with a fifty per cent increase in pay. The enlisted men get fifty per cent more than the regular army wages from the start. The highest compensation any non-commissioned aëronautical soldier can get is as Master Signal Electrician, who receives one hundred and thirty-six and a half dollars a month.

But this may occur, and has occurred: An enlisted soldier enters the North Island Academy, becomes an exceptional flyer, develops an unusual ability to instruct his fellow students; and after his term of enlistment he returns to the school as a civilian instructor at from four to five hundred dollars a month. One of the urgent needs is for good instructors. Not all good flyers, by any means, can teach others to fly.

Though most men with steady nerves and good muscular control make average flyers, there is the same wide difference in the air service as on the land. Some men—a few—seem to have an instinctive air sense, an unexplained instinct of poise, an involuntary power of reacting exactly right

(Concluded on Page 68)

Enlist an 'Ever-Ready'

THE 'Ever-Ready' is ideal for Army and Navy Service. It is specified by the United States Government. Thousands of 'Ever-Readys' are doing service with the Allies.

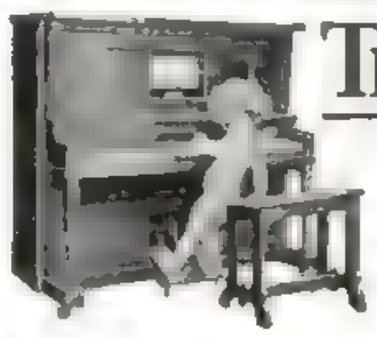
The 'Ever-Ready' is fast—five minutes, and you're clean-shaven. It is compact—it is sturdy—the frame is guaranteed for ten years.

One dollar gives you an 'Ever-Ready' with twelve keen, hair-tested "Radio" blades, each good for many perfect shaves. Money back if you're not satisfied.

Extra "Radio" Blades, 6 for 30c. Sold Everywhere.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1



THE MUSIC LOVER who takes his music by proxy

THE playing of a six-year-old child has a fascination for him. He enjoys the quaint rag of a darky band as he admires the rounded numbers of a symphony orchestra. Anything that can be called "music" holds a measure of satisfaction for him because he is one of the many who, unable to play upon any musical instrument, have to express their musical feeling by proxy. To these music-hungry millions

The Manualo

The Player-Piano that is All but Human
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

comes as a real boon. It enables one to make a beautifully toned instrument play—not in the sense that an ordinary automatic instrument plays—but with all the feeling which one instinctively puts into the pedaling. Neither a proxy performer nor a proxy mechanism takes the place of your own musical desires. Your musical feeling—nothing less—colors every note. *You enjoy the thrill of actually playing the piano because the Manualo responds to your pedaling as it responds to the fingering of an artist.*

The Manualo is built into four standard pianos, the Baldwin, the Ellington, the Hamilton and the Howard, offering you a wide range of styles and prices. Wherever you live you can try it. Send to nearest address for name of the House of Baldwin representative in your vicinity and the free book, "The A B C of the Manualo."

The Baldwin Piano Company

Cincinnati 142 W. Fourth St.
New York . . . 665 Fifth Ave.
Denver . . 1636 California St.
San Francisco 310 Sutter St.
Chicago . . 323 S. Wabash Av.
St. Louis . . . . 1111 Olive St.
Dallas . . . . . 1911 Elm St.

Westinghouse Turbo-Generators turn the power of steam into electric energy.

Westinghouse Fans turn electricity into breeze and draw patronage to theatres and other public places

Westinghouse Automatic Stokers feed coal under the boilers of power plants

Cool Breezes from Hot Coals

Outside, the city stifles under a relentless sun.

Inside, refreshing breezes, summoned by the touch of your finger on a button, keep you cool and comfortable.

Yet such are the marvels of modern science that these very breezes spring from heat—from flame and fire and scalding steam.

The electric fan, remarkable invention that it is, would be but an impotent thing of steel and brass without the driving force of electrical power.

And to get to the primary source of that power, one must follow the trail that leads out along the wires from home or office or store, over the roofs and under the ground, through transformers, switchboards, generators, down into the boiler room of the power house.

Here, from the blazing coals of the furnace fires comes the force that, after many steps, is finally translated into breeze.

And as you follow the trail, you cannot help but be struck by the fact that at every turn you find Westinghouse contributing to the final result—cool comfort in hot weather and all this means to mankind.

Coal that turns water into steam is fed into the furnace by Westinghouse Automatic Stokers.

Steam is converted into electric power by Westinghouse Turbo-Generators.

Power is dispatched from Westinghouse Switchboards over transmission lines provided with Westinghouse Line Equipment and with the aid of Westinghouse Transformers.

The flow of current into millions of homes and offices is measured by Westinghouse Meters.

Finally, Westinghouse Fans utilize the current to create the breeze.

And at many intermediate stages of the journey, other Westinghouse products play a part, the whole succession of operations being another demonstration of the extent to which Westinghouse has gone in applying electricity to the advancing of civilization.

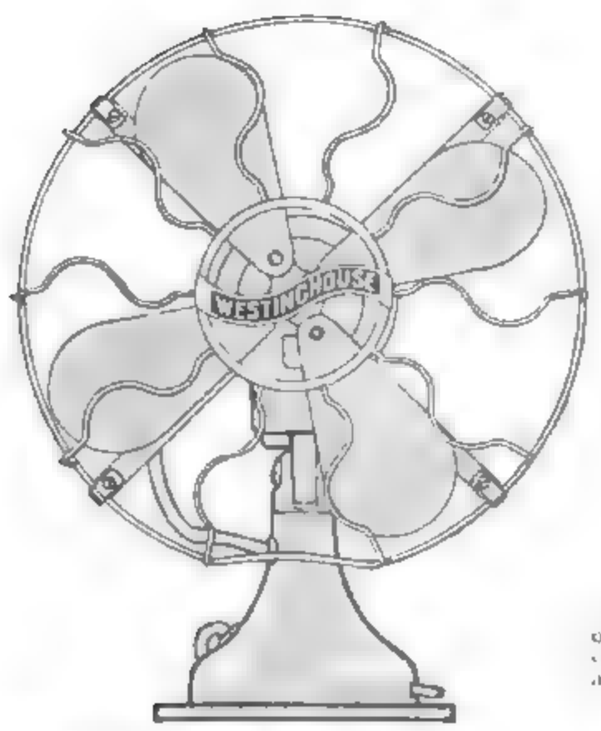
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT FOR CENTRAL STATIONS

Westinghouse Fans make office work [illegible] and make office work [illegible] weather [illegible] a few cents a day



Millions of fans depend on Westinghouse Fans for cool comfort on sultry days and nights

A Westinghouse Electric Fan for $8

It's the "Westinghouse Whirlwind," the latest addition to the complete line of Westinghouse Electric Fans.

An eight-inch fan with a big output of breeze. In every particular worthy of the name "Westinghouse." Light, durable, handsome, quiet-running and economical in current consumption.

Fans for Every Need—Westinghouse Fans are made in various sizes for home, office, store, theatre, restaurant, factory—in fact, for every kind of fan service. They include oscillating and non-oscillating desk and bracket fans, gyrating and other types of ceiling, counter-column and floor-column fans, exhaust fans and blowers.

Sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

Note: The price of the Westinghouse Whirlwind Fan is slightly higher in the West and South and in Canada.

Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

Yale Products have a good name

and Yale Products live up to their name

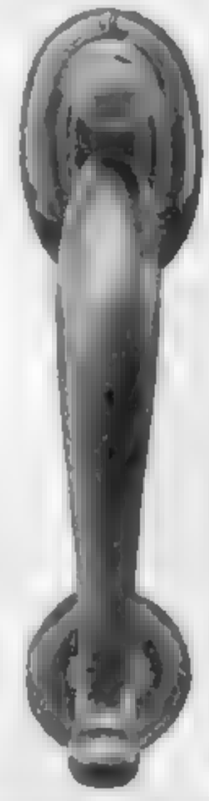
The soundness of Yale methods and Yale practice is proved every day, in every corner of the world, in the *service* of Yale Products. And whatever Yale Product you buy—a night-latch, door-closer, padlock, builders' hardware, or a chain-block—you get from it the enduring *service* you have a right to look for in the product of an organization that has adhered to one unswerving ideal for nearly half a century.

Look for the name "Yale" on the product. It is your guarantee.

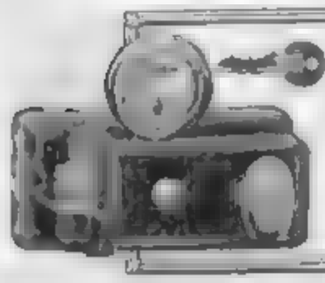
For sale by hardware dealers.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street New York City
Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street
Canadian Yale & Towne, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont

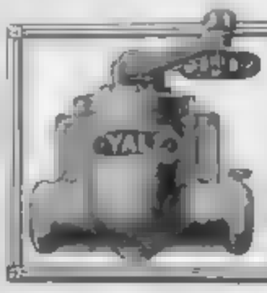
For security, protection and correct decoration specify Yale builders' locks and hardware—for every door in your house, front, rear and inside. Over two hundred Standard Yale designs from which to select.



There is a Yale padlock to fit every padlocking need—to meet every price requirement. And wherever there is need for the best lock, *that* is the place for a Yale Padlock.



This is Yale Cylinder Night Latch No. 44. It offers an improvement over the No. 42, in the automatic deadlocking device which prevents all tampering through the crack of the door



The Yale Door Closer controls and closes doors quietly and always. In use on many thousands of doors in all over the world. Made in types to fit every kind of door

(Concluded from Page 65)

in every air emergency. This makes the master flyer.

Quoting Arnold Kruckman again:

"I can recognize at four or five thousand feet any well-known aviator by the way he handles his machine. To watch Glenn Curtiss fly, for instance, is like hearing Josef Hofmann play the piano. There is finesse in movement—perfection of control—an easy mastery that is exquisitely thrilling.

"Eight years ago I went down to Kitty Hawk with Orville Wright and some other famous aëronauts. There was a wind of about seventy miles; and Orville Wright took a biplane without any engine, was shoved off of Kill Devil Hill, and by sheer unbelievable skill and sense of equilibrium took that plane three hundred feet in the air, and held it poised there in the teeth of the wind for ten minutes without varying fifty feet. Another famous aëronaut tried it and came down in less than two seconds. It was Wright's wonderful sense of poise—he balanced that machine on an invisible pivot in the air and kept it there."

There should be five thousand volunteers for air service in the next three months. Of those who volunteer less than half can pass the test. Of the rest, half or two-thirds will be needed as assistants and helpers. We ought to have five thousand men in training for air service within six months.

With due caution, the danger need not be appreciably greater than that of other branches of warfare; but the chance for splendid achievement is ten to one in favor of the flyer. An enlisted man, piloting an air machine, may render a service to his country worth a hundred times what one man might do in the lines.

But, even if there is an added element of danger, there is also an added thrill—a sense of being free—a wonderful power of initiative.

In thinking of the service of good flyers I recall the words of General Greely shortly after he returned from his ill-fated Arctic Expedition. Not yet recovered from the starvation he suffered before being rescued, he rose from a sick bed to deliver an address before the National Geographic Society at Chicago. The writer, a lad at that time, who worshiped General Greely as one of his heroes, occupied a front seat, and has never forgotten the closing words of that address:

"Sometimes people imagine that a polar expedition is merely a foolhardy trip of curiosity, but with us it was not so. We were soldiers of America, sent on a definite scientific expedition; and we went as far as we could and did as well as we could the work assigned us.

"I asked the Eskimos who had known the tragedy of Kane's party, all of whom perished, how the men acted. The Indians replied simply: 'They walked on until they fell down, dead men.'"

Such will be the record of our flyers America must give them the best machines, the best training; and then she may know that whenever the test comes they will fly on until they fall down, dead men.

PAYING FOR WAR CASH DOWN

(Continued from Page 9)

must work harder. A father with one son on the farm must do the work that he did before with three sons.

But crushing taxation complicates the labor problem still further, because it falls more heavily upon some lines of business than upon others. A bond issue does nothing of the kind. Patriotism and popular enthusiasm for the war are translated into money for the government to work with. So our Government, following the example of every other country, is wise to begin with a great bond issue. Bonds give a government immediate control of the financial situation, enabling it to bridge the first yawning chasm.

We all are as blind as moles. Immediate pleasures are what appeal. The statement that bonds must be paid for out of taxes some day may be recognized as true, but it seems a far-off, abstract theory. No man feels the same sense of personal loss in buying bonds that he does in paying taxes. Future generations should worry!

But even if it were wise and not against human nature to raise the billions of dollars needed in the early part of a great war by taxation, it would be a sheer physical impossibility, because there is no machinery up to the job. Not even the German administrative genius has attempted such a task. Before the machinery of assessment and collection is constructed there must be months of discussion to prevent glaring injustices as between class and class, and section and section. Even after the arrangements have been made there is no money to be had for many months. You cannot levy taxes to-day and have them paid in to-morrow without completely prostrating a country. But vast sums can be borrowed in short order.

The people are united and solidified by bond issues, instead of broken up in endless class wrangles and business derangements and rearrangements.

Of course the wise, sensible policy is to combine bond issues and taxes, the two going hand in hand. To find just the right proportion is the national financial problem of the hour. Taxes alone are impossible. Bonds alone lead to disaster. But there are no other methods. Each has its proper place. As the war goes on, taxes should continually be forced into greater and greater prominence. The burden must be gradually shifted from borrowing to actual income; and the Government should never forget that bonds are a makeshift to fill the gap only until it can be closed up by solid taxation.

But who shall be taxed, and how much? No Solomon has ever lived wise enough to answer that question.

Every tax system has grown up more or less as the result of accident. The birth and growth of any particular tax have usually been guided by no more profound and general principle than the cynical rule-of-thumb of the old statesman who advised that the feathers of the goose be so plucked that it should squawk as little as possible. All tax systems are more or less the result of custom, ignorance, and the weakness of one class, along with the undue influence of others.

Before the French Revolution laborers paid nearly all the taxes; the nobility and landlords practically none. That was one extreme. Perhaps some countries have swung to the other. It is almost impossible to say that there is any such thing as an equitable or a scientific tax. Almost every change in taxation in the history of the world has affected many interests, favorably or unfavorably. Many times advance information of a proposed change has boosted speculation and made fortunes for those who owned stocks of some article upon which an increased duty was to be placed. An increase in the tax on whisky in our Civil War and on tea in England resulted in huge profits for those who had large supplies on which a smaller tax had already been paid. Always when new laws are passed there are particular sections and industries to be protected, attacked, discriminated against or in favor of, and countless separate theories—new and old—to be discovered, formulated, proposed, vindicated or exploded.

Consider the position of a finance minister in wartime: The war must be financed and he must find the means. But each class, industry and section objects to being taxed. Since the beginning of civilization men have resisted paying taxes. So there is, after all, nothing to guide a government but the teachings of experience, common sense, practical wisdom and social expediency. Theories are of little use at such a time.

Here are the three most practical, fruitful and elastic taxes:

1. On the earnings or incomes of corporations or partnerships, and on their "excess" profits, or war profits;
2. On incomes of individuals;
3. On the spending of money, technically known to the economists as consumption taxes or excise duties. These include stamp taxes, so called, and many taxes on luxuries or articles like alcoholic beverages and tobacco.

"Put war taxes on the spending of wealth, but not on its creation." Here is the essential point on which practically all financiers and business men agree. I have never found such unanimity of opinion among the financial leaders as exists on this issu They are more roused and feel more deeply than over any question in years.

"Tax the honey from the beehive of industry, but don't tax the bees or the hive,

or prevent the increase of bees," is the way Clarence W. Barron, the editor and owner of three financial newspapers, puts it. "Tax the fruits of capital—not capital itself. Take part of the fruit, but don't cut down the tree."

A leading and active member of the New York Stock Exchange and of its most important committees, a man with a very large income, expensive collections and hobbies, many clubs and luxurious tastes, said:

"Tax the chauffeurs of pleasure cars. Let's drive them back into the factories. Put a hundred-dollar tax on every person who keeps a gardener for a flower garden; on every family that has more than a very limited number of servants; and, above all, soak a dollar onto every chump who goes to a theater-ticket agency and pays three dollars for a two-dollar seat. I do all these things and am perfectly willing to be taxed up to the hilt on them. Nobody can object to taxes like those."

"I spend four thousand dollars a year to maintain my automobile," said one of the most prominent bankers of the country, a man who floats, finances, organizes and reorganizes scores of our biggest corporations. "I am perfectly willing to pay a tax of two thousand dollars because of that luxury. It is only fair that I should pay almost any sum my country needs if I can afford such a luxury as that. As the recipient of excess or excessive profits, I am willing to pay heavily just so long as they don't cripple the process of creating the wealth that enables me to buy the luxuries.

"I pay five dollars very often for a seat at the opera. The opera company should be compelled to add an extra dollar and turn it over to the Government. That is the right sort of tax. But why put a burden on the very industries you wish to expand? Why single out for very high taxes the very businesses that are producing the things we most need? Don't dull the tools we work with. When we want an industry to produce more we stimulate it by permitting larger profits. We don't hamper it and burden it. We should attract rather than repel the flow of capital to the industries that supply the needs of war. This is no time to put a check upon business enterprise; but it is a mighty good time to put a check upon extreme luxury."

Taxes on War Profits

By taking all the profits of companies that have been enormously successful it might be possible to raise at once one or two or even three billion dollars, or enough to meet all immediate tax demands. But next year there would be nothing much to collect. It is far wiser to string out the process; to jolly the manufacturer along; to encourage him to further expansion and enterprise; and gather larger revenues from him next year, and the year after next, than recklessly to commandeer all his big earnings at one fell swoop. Such a policy would simply mean the investment of corporation surpluses in tax-exempt Government bonds, instead of in business expansion. It would leave us in no fit condition to meet after-war competition.

"The . . . principle on which I base my proposals," said David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the British Exchequer, in his historic budget speech of April 29, 1909, "is that taxes should be of such a character as not to inflict any injury on that trade or commerce which constitutes the source of our wealth."

But a tax, gradually increasing, upon excessive war profits is sound and practical. Many lines of business are abnormally expanded in wartime and severe taxes do not injure them. Even in the Civil War, when taxation was more onerous and burdensome than the wildest radicals and pessimists now suggest, many business concerns prospered mightily. It was said at that time: "Whenever you see a head, hit it. Whenever you find an article, a product, a trade, a profession, a sale, or a source of income, tax it."

In the case of an umbrella it was shown that separate taxes were paid, first, upon the sticks or supporting rods; then upon the handle, if carved or turned separately; then, in like manner, upon the brass runners, the tips, the ribs, the cloth comprising the cover, the elastic band that fastened the cover when closed, the button to which it was attached, and finally upon the umbrella itself when the separate parts were assembled and thereby converted into a finished product. And if any of the constituent parts were of foreign production the same were subjected on coming into the country to an import duty in addition.

Congress passed an excess-profits tax in 1916, but most experts do not regard it as a sound measure. It provided for an eight per cent impost on all profits above a theoretical normal profit of eight per cent on actual capital invested. Such a tax penalizes anyone who has ability enough to earn more than an average return in his business and accentuates failure. The principle of taxing the excess profits above normal peace profits is justifiable, but to penalize all profits above an arbitrary, fixed eight per cent, as the law of 1916 did, is certainly questionable.

To assume that eight per cent is a normal business profit—especially in this country, where risks are so great and losses so many—is simply an effort to punish enterprise and initiative in all those who show their heads above a dead line. One might suppose that governments should reward rather than punish business leaders who are able to make unusual profits, just as boys in farming communities are rewarded if they raise more than a normal number of bushels of corn to the acre. For surely the successful business men are generally those who introduce cheaper and better methods.

In England, in the first year of the war, the government took fifty per cent of the profits above the average of any two out of three preceding years. No matter how vast the pre-war profits had been, no effort was made to disturb them. In the next year England took sixty per cent of war profits; then seventy per cent, and now is planning to take eighty per cent. Thus, even in its seizure of distinctive war profits, England has had sense enough to move gradually.

The Incomes of Farmers

But the worst of our profits tax is the use of the words "actual capital invested." No one can define what the actual capital invested in any large concern is. An arbitrary figure of eight per cent makes no allowance for actual business differences.

But it is to the personal-income tax that the country probably will look for its most fertile source of war revenue. This tax is sound in theory and has been fairly satisfactory in practice in nearly every civilized country in the world. It is a splendid balance wheel to equalize income and outgo. In peacetime the rates may be low, but the machinery exists when war comes to boost them up to meet the emergency. Thus, England has used the income tax for several generations and easily paid for its smaller wars in that way.

It takes no expert to see the wisdom of taxing the individuals who receive enormous profits and dividends, rather than the actual processes of making those dividends. If a company makes excessive earnings the individual-income tax will catch the recipients if the earnings are paid out in dividends. And if the earnings are put back into extensions and improvements there will be just that many more dividends to tax later on.

England is getting about one billion dollars this year out of the income tax. This country is supposed to be fully twice as rich as England; so it is reasoned that the income tax alone should produce nearly all we need. But it is more difficult to get at personal incomes here, because the great bulk of our national income comes from agriculture.

Farmers are notoriously lax in their bookkeeping; even with the best of intentions they often cannot make more than a guess at their incomes. Besides, much of their income is in rent and food, and that does not have to be reported.

As the experts say: "Of all incomes, small farmers' are proverbially the most refractory." In Wisconsin, in 1916, farmers paid only 3.86 per cent of the income tax, as against 20.30 per cent paid by manufacturers and 27.23 per cent paid by merchants and bankers.

The bulk of the total income of England comes from trade, manufacturing and banking; and even the incomes from land are paid in large part by the great landowners.

Thus, it will take an extraordinary amount of administrative skill to make our income tax as productive as England's. One of the first and most important changes is to lower the exemption figure, as now proposed, and bring the tax home to a far wider circle of citizens. At present less than four hundred thousand people out of one

(Concluded on Page 72)

Ready Always for Instant Service

The **Gem Damaskeene Razor** for years has been the choice of the men in the Army and Navy, besides millions of other good and loyal Americans—get in the front ranks—use a **Gem**—it measures up to every "Service" standard—passes every test of strength, reliability, efficiency. Campaigning for pleasure, or for Uncle Sam, you need the **Gem**—slips easily into kit or grip—a space, time, temper and *money* saver.

$1.00 Outfit includes razor complete, with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades**, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate Set Gem Blades—7 for 35c.

Dealers Everywhere

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK

Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES RAZOR

—the comfort not found in a belt

President Suspenders for comfort

HUNDREDS of thousands of discriminating dressers are wearing Presidents because they're so kind to the shoulders—and serviceable—so good to the pocketbook. The "give and take" feature responds instantly to the slightest movement of the body. And they hang the trousers *right* always.

A President for Every Preference

Made in all weights, lengths and widths, all the popular colors and serviceable webs. Light ones for dress-wear; sturdy ones for rougher service. "President" means the best suspender quality possible.

Ask for Presidents by Name

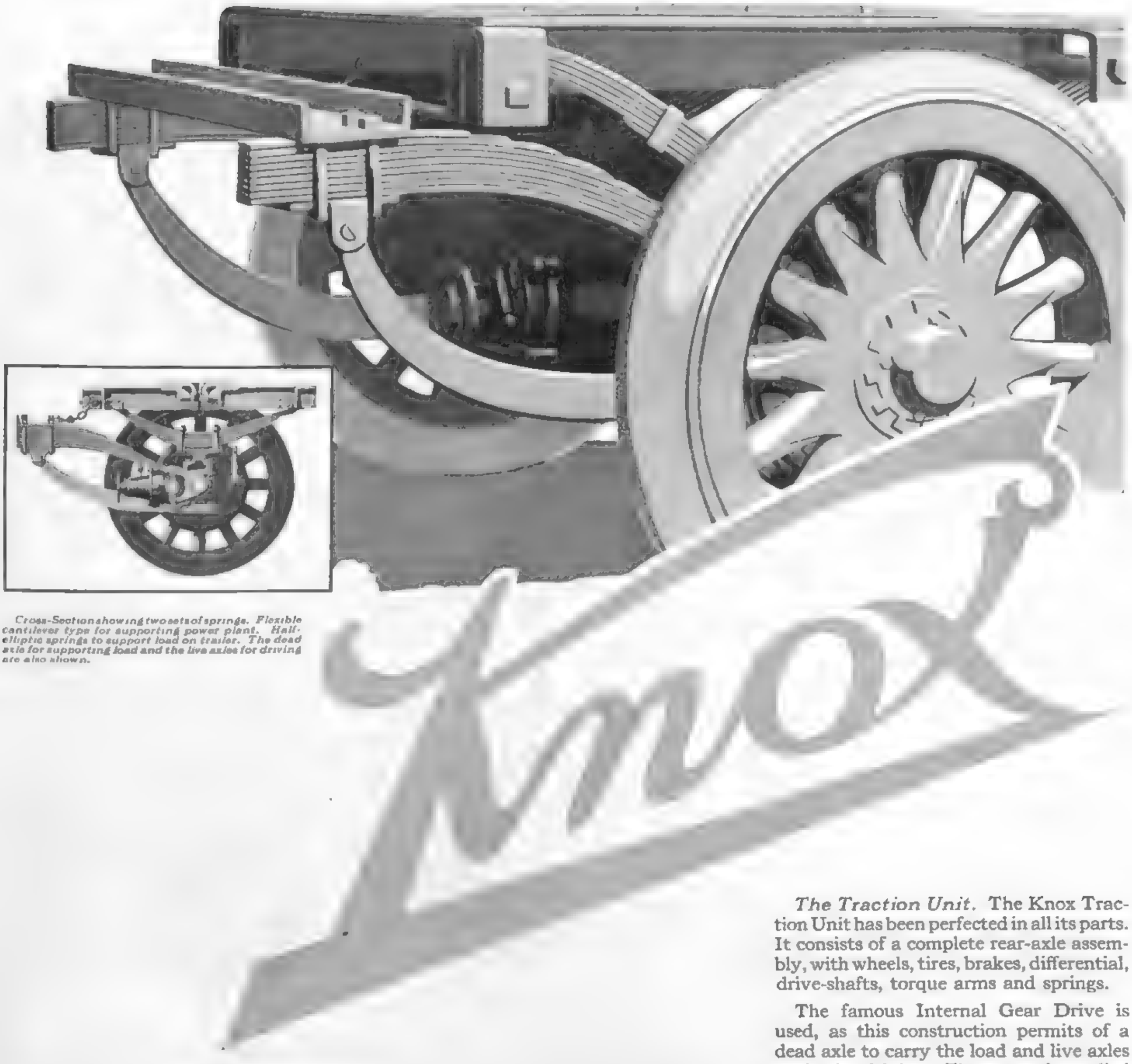
All dealers, everywhere, sell them. Say to your dealer "I want *President* Suspenders." There's a guarantee tag on each pair; if you find the slightest objection to them—in any way—we will replace, repair, or (if requested) refund your money.

DEALERS: We guarantee satisfaction to your customers. We guarantee sales to you and also agree to refund money in full in such cases. Get "Presidents" and "Shirley Make" suspenders from your jobber.

President Suspender Company

SHIRLEY, MASS.

We make a complete line of suspenders including all styles. "Shirley Make" is your guarantee of high quality and service.



Cross-Section showing two sets of springs. Flexible cantilever type for supporting power plant. Half-elliptic springs to support load on trailer. The dead axle for supporting load and the live axles for driving are also shown.

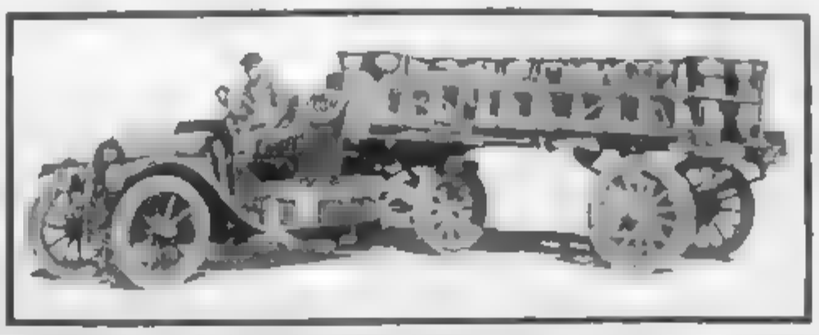
THE Knox Traction Unit combines any new or used pleasure car or truck with any horse-drawn wagon, and forms a modern tractor of 2 to 5 tons capacity.

Cuts the High Cost of Motor Trucking. Almost any touring car or runabout chassis answers perfectly for the power-plant of the outfit.

Any horse-drawn truck (stake body, platform body, extension lumber wagon, moving van or bottom dump-body) answers perfectly for the load-carrier. The Traction Unit itself is built in accordance with the best motor-truck practice.

The Knox Tractor Idea. The Knox Tractor idea is proved sound by every locomotive and every towboat—they do not *carry* their loads upon their backs—they *haul* their loads behind them.

Where the average pleasure-car engine could *carry* 5 to 7 passengers at high speed, it can easily handle 2 to 5 tons when the load is placed behind and the speed is cut down to 8 to 10 miles per hour through the internal gear reduction.



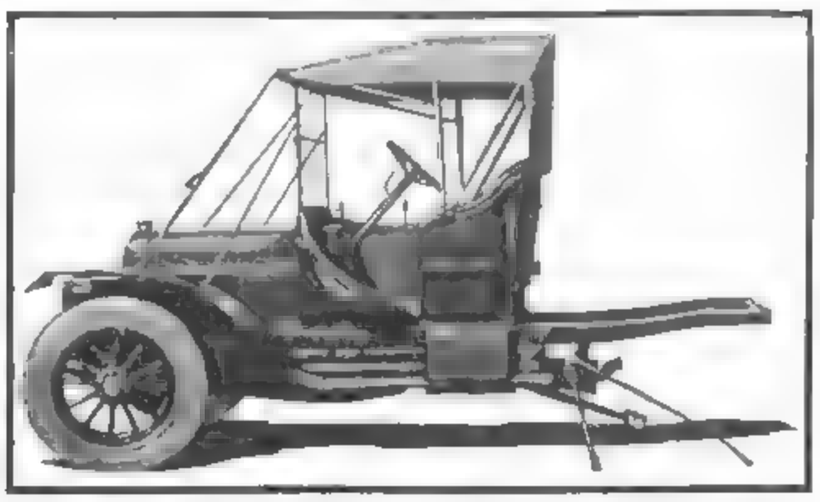
Showing load of iron castings being turned around in ordinary width street. Exceptionally short turning radius

The Traction Unit. The Knox Traction Unit has been perfected in all its parts. It consists of a complete rear-axle assembly, with wheels, tires, brakes, differential, drive-shafts, torque arms and springs.

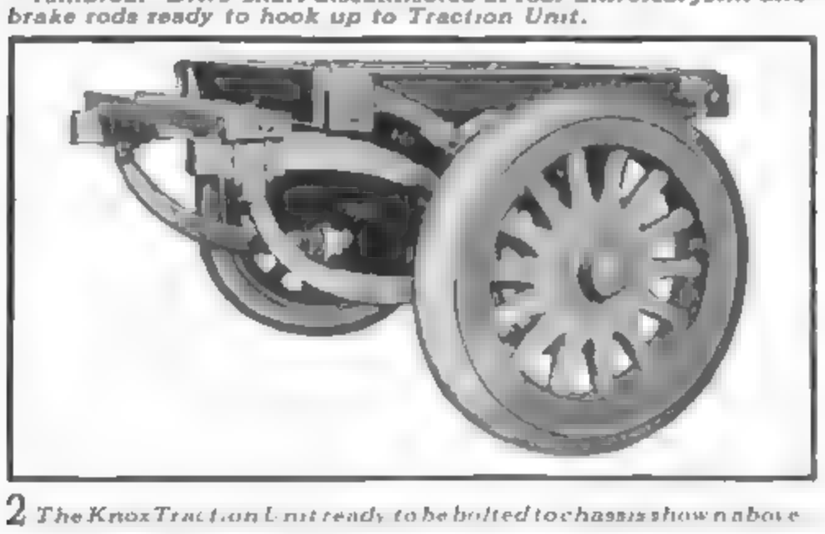
The famous Internal Gear Drive is used, as this construction permits of a dead axle to carry the load and live axles to do the driving. The power is applied near the rim of the rear wheels, giving an enormous driving leverage.

The well-known patented Knox Separate Spring Suspension is also incorporated—one set of springs to support the load and another set of flexible cantilever springs to support the motor vehicle and driver.

Several Trailers to One Traction Unit. The use of several load-carriers to one Knox Traction Unit and power-plant has been found very economical. If a loaded carrier is not ready, it may be quickly detached and the tractor is free to back under some other load-carrier that is ready. No waiting by drivers or loading-gang—only a few minutes' work to change from one load-carrier to another.



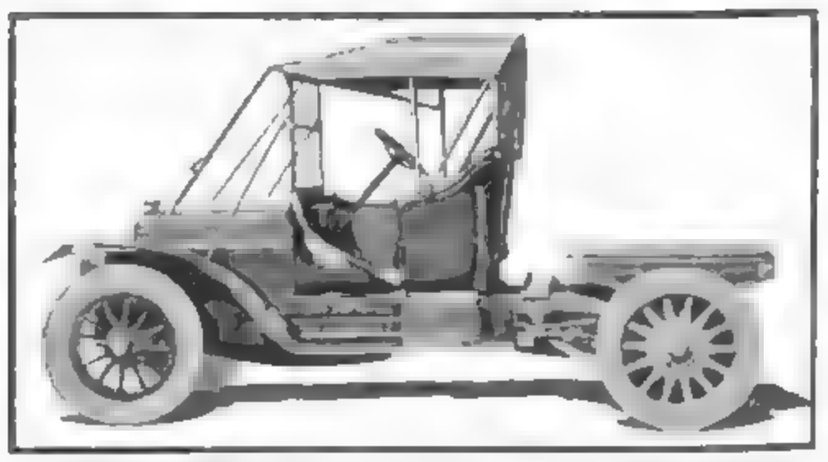
1 *Any pleasure car with body cut off and rear axle and springs removed. Drive-shaft disconnected at rear universal joint and brake rods ready to hook up to Traction Unit.*



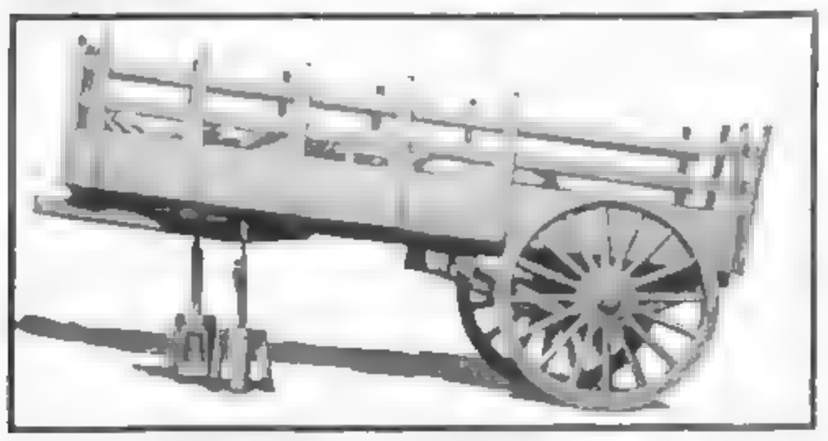
2 *The Knox Traction Unit ready to be bolted to chassis shown above*

TRACTION UNIT

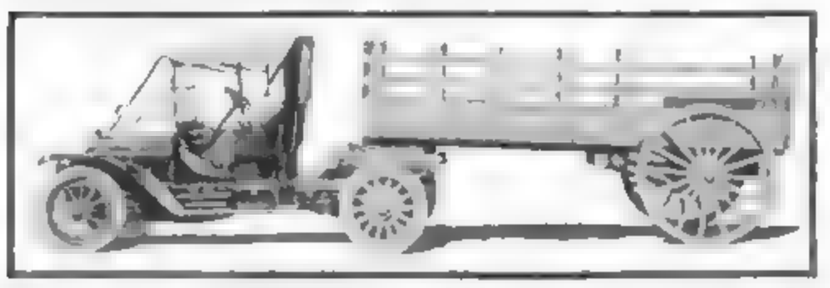
TWO-TON, $390
THREE-TON, $570
FIVE-TON, $750



3 *Car chassis with Traction Unit attached ready for load-carrier shown below.*



4 *Any horse-drawn wagon or truck with front axle removed, jacked up to receive tractor shown above.*



5 *The completed hauling equipment of 2, 3 or 5 tons capacity.*

Largest Hauling Capacity for the Smallest Original Investment. The Knox Traction Unit proposition must appeal to all coal and ice dealers, contractors, wholesale grocers, lumber dealers, storage and moving-van people, farmers, general draymen—in fact all who must handle heavy loads.

With the Knox the change from horses and wagons is made at least cost because horses are high and it is unnecessary to buy wagons—and, as everybody knows, good second-hand pleasure-cars are as plentiful as rooters at a ball game. All you need buy new is the Knox Traction Unit itself.

Any Garage or Blacksmith Shop Can Make the Change. No matter where you are, any mechanic can make the necessary change, and do it in a short time. Remove the body back of the driver's seat, remove rear axle with springs, slide the Traction Unit over the frame, square up and clamp cross-member to frame. Next connect drive-shaft and brakes, and—*presto,* you have the equal in capacity and performance of a $2,000 to $5,000 outfit. It has cost you, aside from the old wagon and the time of attaching, $390, $570 or $750, depending upon the capacity of the Unit you have selected.

The only cars that cannot be conveniently changed are those that have the transmission or gear-box unit with the rear axle.

A demonstrated success; not a makeshift. The Knox will move anything, go anywhere exactly like a truck costing several times as much. It will turn around in less space than any motor truck and its brakes will hold more than its rated load. Your old pleasure-car engine does not work any harder or operate at any higher speed than usual.

Sold with the regulation motor-truck guarantee—relieving you of all chance and putting it strictly up to the Traction Unit itself to "make good."

Model B, 2-ton capacity, $390. For cars like Ford, Chevrolet, Maxwell, small Buick, etc. This outfit is proving the only safe way to handle big loads with these little cars. As good at their work as the larger sizes.

Model A, 3-ton capacity, $570.

Model C, 5-ton capacity, $750.

Mail the coupon. Fill in the coupon below and mail to us for complete detailed information about this wonderful trucking proposition. Orders will, of course, be filled in rotation. First come, first served. Immediate deliveries. Act now.

KNOX MOTORS ASSOCIATES, Springfield, Mass.

Quality Automobile Builders Since 1899

Distributors also of the famous Knox Tractor and the Knox 300-h.p. Aircraft Engine

DEALERS! A limited amount of territory is still open. Wire immediately for particulars.

KNOX MOTORS ASSOCIATES, Springfield, Mass.

Send me complete details of Knox Traction Unit, model _____ The car I want to convert into a tractor is a _____

Name _____ City or Town _____

Business _____ State _____

Here are the Finest Salted Nuts *kept fresh and clean for you*

Look well at this Dispensing Case. It holds Salted Nuts of a quality, freshness and variety such as few merchants have ever been able to offer in the past. It is not a slot machine. Your druggist, grocer, or any other dealer who sells candy, has it on his counter. From it he can supply you with any quantity you desire of

DOUBLE KAY SALTED NUTS

Double Kay means *double quality*—nuts that are expertly selected, carefully salted by people who know how, shipped to your dealer in air-tight containers, and kept sweet and good and clean for you in his store by the Triple Sanitary Display Case.

Some dealers keep Double Kay Salted Almonds, Salted Pecans and Blanched Salted Jumbo Peanuts in one case. Some keep Double Kay Salted Walnuts, Salted Mixed Nuts (Walnuts, Almonds and Pecans), and Monster Salted Peanuts in their skins in another case. Many keep *all* these varieties in *two* cases. They are all Double Kay—*double quality*. You will like them tremendously.

Every druggist, grocer and merchant who sells candy, should be in a position to offer his customers Double Kay Salted Nuts in the Triple Sanitary Display Case. Twenty thousand American dealers are already offering the first assortment (Double Kay Big Deal No. 1). Many are also offering the new second assortment (Double Kay Big Deal No. 2). Where your dealer does not have either or both cases, he can secure them from his jobber.

The KELLING-KAREL CO.
"THE NUT HOUSE"
New York — Chicago — San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 69)

hundred million are paying income taxes—about one-third of one per cent. Apparently our lawmakers have at last realized the injustice of having so few people pay income taxes. If there is to be universal military service it is only right that the same rule should be extended at least part way toward the taxpayers.

It is doubtful that lowering the exemption from four thousand dollars for married and three thousand dollars for unmarried persons to two thousand and one thousand, as now planned, will add more than twenty per cent to the total revenue. But even twenty per cent is something, and the important thing is the principle involved. Even Lloyd George, whom no one has ever accused of being partial to the rich, has emphatically denounced the idea of saddling the entire income tax upon them. He long ago pointed out that religious and philanthropic organizations never exempted any of their members from paying dues. "They all contribute," he said—"even to the widow's mite."

Before the war England taxed all incomes above eight hundred and fifty dollars, and now taxes all above six hundred and fifty. Even if we reduce the exemption to one thousand and two thousand dollars, we shall still have by far the highest in the world, after allowing for the fact that standards of living are higher here than in other countries.

Of course the income tax is sometimes regarded as chiefly a leveling agency; a means to reduce swollen fortunes, to iron out the inequalities and injustices of wealth. So regarded, there is no particular call to tax the small incomes; but it is a most powerful motive for using the principle of progression until the large incomes are literally confiscated. Like so many other half truths, the argument in favor of this idea is plausible enough at first sight.

Even a very small tax bears relatively harder on the man with a little income than a very large tax bears on the man with a big income. The larger one's income, the less taxation hurts. One man or one family can eat only so much and wear only so many clothes. There is a point beyond which money gives no pleasure. So why not take it away? Moreover, the poor man is hit harder by indirect taxes such as tariff duties. Besides, he does not have the marked advantages for making investments the rich man enjoys.

I am confident that the rich people of this country expect to bear the brunt of the heavy war taxation about to be imposed. Talk to any great financial leader about war taxation, and he always closes the conversation with this statement: "We expect to grin and bear it."

Confiscation Unwise

To place enormous taxes upon large incomes is, after all, not a very scientific way of curing the inequalities of wealth. It takes account only of size, not of moral or social deserts. The country would benefit by taking some men's entire wealth from them. But would it benefit by limiting a rich philanthropist to exactly one hundred thousand dollars a year? Confiscation takes no account of the heavy voluntary tax many rich men impose upon themselves to support universities, hospitals, museums and similar enterprises. It would take away the only generally recognized incentive for men to rise from nothing to positions of leadership, without substituting any other form of incentive.

After three years of the utmost financial strain in the countries at war, there has been no approach to confiscation of large fortunes. This fact is all the more striking because the man who is now Prime Minister of England held views ten years ago considered utterly revolutionary. Lloyd George is far too canny to tax rich men so heavily that there will be nothing left to tax next time. Last-ditch expedients are wisely left by all the countries of Europe for a final desperate resort. How foolish, then, to begin our war—the cost and length of which cannot be guessed—with the last gasp in taxation!

Those who urge that all incomes above a fixed sum be appropriated usually take care to name a figure above any they ever hope to attain. Their theory of war finance bears a strong family resemblance to the remark of the famous humorist, Artemus Ward, regarding the Civil War: "I'm willing to put down the Rebellion if it costs the lives of all my wife's relatives!"

In several minor respects our income-tax law might be amended to advantage more closely to resemble England's. The English custom of allowing an exemption of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for each child under sixteen years of age seems more exact and scientific than our rough-and-ready provision of allowing one thousand dollars for a married man.

All persons in England are given an exemption—or, as they say, an "abatement"—for a reasonable sum in life-insurance premiums.

But the most important difference between the American and English taxes is the higher rates charged in England on unearned as compared with earned incomes. The sound view is taken that a man actually engaged in business, in farming, mining, transportation, manufacturing, merchandising, finance or professional work, is performing a greater service than the one who merely draws an income from his investments.

So we come finally to the idea, so widely held by bankers and business men of large affairs, that the most desirable taxes of all are those upon the actual spending of money, on luxuries, vanity and display.

"It is quite possible that we may in a few years think it wiser," said President Alexander, of the National Bank of Commerce, of New York City, "to tax a man upon what he spends rather than upon what he earns."

Spenders Many, Savers Few

President Frank A. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, of New York, has been preaching this doctrine in and out of season. So has George E. Roberts, former director of the United States Mint and one-time president of the Commercial National Bank, of Chicago. "The spenders are many," is the way Mr. Roberts puts it; "the savers are very few; and those who save help to increase the income of all."

Excessively large income taxes would simply take away the fuel that makes the machine of civilization go round. It is said in their favor that big income taxes will enforce economy. Make the tax stiff enough and Mrs. High Society will dismiss her butler. He will then do useful work instead of wasting time in stately fashion. But these assumptions are doubtful.

Perhaps Mrs. High Society formerly spent thirty thousand dollars a year and invested twenty thousand a year; and will reason this way: "If I let James go now I can't get him back after the war. I'll stop making investments and keep up my scale of living."

Far more effective as promoters of economy would be the so-called direct or excise taxes on the actual spending of money, especially on luxuries and amusements. This method is strongly recommended by committees of several chambers of commerce, including that of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which consists of business men from all sections of the country, bankers and tax experts.

Small stamp taxes on telephone calls, telegrams, letters, and bank checks and drafts bring in large sums and are but lightly felt. Many excise taxes, such as those on sugar, tea and coffee, would add to the cost of living, and would aggravate the evil of inflation, as they did in the Civil War. They should be adopted gradually and carefully. Sheer luxuries could be immediately taxed without any harm. But any attempt wholly to stop the use of all luxuries would defeat the very objects of taxation. There would soon be nothing left to tax; and, besides, it would be impossible quickly enough to divert the labor employed into more essential occupations.

The ultimate possibilities of stamp and excise taxation, especially upon luxuries, are boundless. If necessities, also, be included, the sums that could be raised exceed any conceivable demands. Petroleum alone would yield nearly three hundred million dollars a year if taxed at Civil War rates.

There is no doubt that taxation imposed in many forms is easier to bear than when it is collected in a lump sum. The problem is to spread it out in a multitude of directions, near and far, right and left, and gradually to shift capital and labor from luxuries into necessities; but at no time to wreck the source of revenue until at least another one has been built up. Every form of taxation seems to have its drawbacks. The only practical course is to employ many varying ones, each to some extent.

THE MAN-HATER

(Continued from Page 21)

There was no better mended and buttoned husband in town; there was no better fed husband. The puddings and pies that Phemie concocted and served so generously were triumphs. She had early found out his tastes and catered to them—his pet dumplings, his favorite meat stew. It seemed that Phemie had been bent from the beginning on justifying her value. He never came in but he found his pipe and tobacco handy; his paper, his chair ready. His clothes were brushed and laid out Sundays. All the town thought him a fortunate man. And he was—he was!

Yet there was a fly in Joe's ointment; a thorn in his pillow of roses. He was one of those unfortunates who seek beyond the material; though he had the substance, he was not content. He yearned inwardly for the spirit; he had the husks and he wanted the core.

The trouble was that for all her outward complaisance Phemie hated him, as he realized every hour of his life. Oh, she had been open and aboveboard and made her bargain fairly. It was only that in accepting it he had hoped against hope—had dreamed of winning Phemie. It might have been easier, as he sometimes reflected, if Phemie's hatred had been more personal. It was not that she hated him alone, but that she disliked all men.

She was, as she had described herself, a man-hater, and she lived up to it consistently. Phemie could be soft as a May morning with her own sex, but menfolk were anathema. To the grocer's boy, the book agent, the minister, Joe's customers, she was alike a coldly polite little green persimmon whose contempt glimmered ill-concealed in her eyes.

She was verbally even more candid when she and Joe were alone. She let him feel fully and frankly how embittered her soul had become. Sometimes Joe protested feebly.

"It ain't in nature, Phemie, that all menfolk are bad jest because your paw misused your maw. Some of them means well—if you'd give 'em a chance."

"I can't help it. I'm a man-hater. I hate 'em, every last one. That's all!" she would flash back.

At first, in the early months of his marriage, Joe tried to be clumsily coercive. He had had a way of coming up behind her and engulfing her in his big bruin embrace. She would let him kiss her, passively now; would stand unprotesting, limp under his caresses—so unprotesting and limp that Joe, torn by mingled shame and wrath, would release her with a silent oath.

"Aw, Phemie! If you could only care a little. I ain't bad to you—it's just toleratin' me that takes the tuck out of it all. Can't you even like me?"

"A bargain's a bargain," Phemie would answer coolly.

True enough. He had no right to expect better.

He stopped presently making efforts along these lines. He showed his love in other ways—a hundred small attentions, patient, strategic moves, small acts of homage with which to bombard the citadel of Phemie's soul. And he had never succeeded.

Sometimes it seemed to him that Phemie's life centered in only one thing—the small brother she had brought out of the wreck of her old life. There was no question of Phemie's heart being here. To watch her feeding the little creature, washing his rosy face, dressing him, was to realize the fierce maternal passion she felt for him.

"Ain't ye afraid?" Joe teased her once. "Ain't ye afraid—lovin' that kid so much? He's a boy an'll likely be a man when he gets growed up."

"An' a different man from any you ever seen," Phemie had cried back.

Times it was bitter comfort to see it all—Phemie bending to kiss the little fellow, attending to his small wants, not with her conscience but with her love. These were the moments when Mr. Joseph Stull grew almost bitter, and dark feelings against "Maw's littlest" rose in his heart.

Stealing on them unawares he had glimpses of a Phemie he had never known—no dutiful, alertly competent helpmeet here, but a flushed, laughing naiad, her golden hair pulled loose about her face, rippling with sweet laughter, crowing and cooing over her small brother.

Lord, Phemie could be as sweet as heaven!

After this sight, Joe would sneak away into his shop to brood and ponder, and sometimes—a salve to conscience for his wicked, ruthless thoughts—would come back to the house with an apple or a bag of candy for "Maw's littlest."

"That's awful kind of you, Joe," Phemie would say scrupulously. She might even give him a smile—she had a kind of wry, cool, edgy little smile she kept for him. It was the best he had ever managed to get from her.

"I shouldn't never have married her," he bemoaned himself, "bein' like I am. It's too much to expect her to grow fond of a chucklehead like me—an' my brains is too soft for this situation."

On this early spring morning Joe was preparing to go out of town for a few days, and having finished packing his bag with the things Phemie had laid out, and donned his coat and hat, he came into the kitchen to say good-by.

Phemie, with her arms in suds, wiped her hands dry and came up to give him God-be-wi'-ye. His tie, it seemed, needed some adjusting, and she performed it with crisp little jerks that threatened to dislocate his collar, but which Joe bore patiently.

"Men never are right tidy," she complained dryly, and fetching a whisk broom from the pantry belabored his shoulders unmercifully. "Well, you'll do!" she said critically with a backward step, that she might survey him better. "Here's your lunch that I got ready fur ye to eat on the train, an' fur heaven's sake, don't put the orange peel back in your bag. An' here's the sample I want matched fur that ribbon—three yards. An' if it's sloshy on the city streets, you'd better git you some new rubbers—them old ones are all holes. An' you might fetch some kind o' candy for Jack ——"

"Yes, Phemie; I know, Phemie."

Phemie turned to busy herself with little Jack, but Joe still waited.

"Well, Phemie," he suggested patiently.

Phemie turned to him then, and with the air of one bolting a disagreeable morsel came forward, her profile advanced, and cheek and ear turned so Joe could plant a brief peck upon it. Which he did.

"'By, Phemie—I'll fetch something fur you too."

"Hain't nothing I want." She had the sprightly manner of one suddenly relieved of a distasteful task. "I hope you'll have a pleasant time though," she added carefully.

Joe waited half a minute; then, there being no further excuse, plunged heavily out with his bag.

What on earth had he been expecting?

He went away two or three times every year like this, and Phemie had never yet taken it any different. He was a fool to keep on hoping.

IV

HE BOUGHT a paper on the train and settled himself to read. It was one of those perfervid illustrated sheets, whose kaleidoscopic splash of front-page headlines woos the rural reader with a kind of horrible fascination. There on the front page were graft and gun-play; war and wooing; scandal and scant dressing; and right in the middle a trio of oval portraits linked with myriad hearts and cupids. Joe read this first of all.

JEALOUSY CAUSE OF CRIME!

YOUNG WIFE SHOOTS RIVAL FOR HUSBAND'S AFFECTIONS

DASHING MRS. ADAIR, BRILLIANT SOCIETY LEADER, KILLS BEAUTIFUL DANCER AT HOTEL MCFARLANE LAST EVENING

Joe sipped to the last drop.

It was horrible! It was incredible that a lady moved by love of her own husband should do a desperate, deadly deed like this! For a moment Joe tried to put himself into the husband's place. Lucky, foolish man to toss away this gift of the gods! And the poor misused lady who had pulled her gun on that wretched girl! Passionately Joe wished he might serve on the jury that would try her. Any lady who loved like that deserved a medal, not dishonor.

Thinking of her, he involuntarily thought of Phemie. Suppose Phemie Stull shot someone who had trifled with his affections. This thought was so terrifyingly delicious that he dallied with it for some time.

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is great stuff for golf clubs. Try it on your fishing tackle, too. Lubricates the reel just right—makes any reel work smooth and easy. No sticking, jerking or back-lashing.

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Sold at all stores—in 50c, 25c, and 1 oz. (Trial Size) bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

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This Paint Triumphs Over Water

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Dutch Boy white-lead is the union of pure linseed oil and finely ground pure white-lead, thus forming a paint which excludes destructive moisture and decay from your buildings. Such is the paint triumphant.

On inside walls of office or home, Dutch Boy white-lead, mixed with a flatting-oil and colored any exact tint or shade, provides artistic decoration which will neither fade nor become shiny, and yet is as perfectly washable as your china plates.

Dutch Boy red-lead is the guardian of iron and steel—it is certain defense against rust. Like white-lead, it is impervious to water and it *sticks* tight to any metal. Whether your metal property be house fixtures (gutters, pipes, railings, etc.) or machinery, or implements, or bridges, this paint will add years to its life and usefulness.

Write for *Paint Facts No. 145* and learn how to make your property look well and last long.

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This Metal Triumphs Over Friction

Friction is a necessary condition in this world of ours. Without it wheels would not grip the tracks, electricity could not be generated. But friction in the wrong place and at the wrong time is the arch enemy of progress. It lays its retarding grasp on every machine the rushing locomotive, the fleet motor, the busy milling engines—and turns their power to self-destruction.

Standing guard between the machines and this destroying friction are the bearing metals.

Dutch Boy bearing metals comprise compositions for every form of machine, for meeting every kind of friction. Whatever the machine, whatever the friction, they minimize both friction and cost.

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And on top of it came another, like a bolt from the blue. Suppose Phemie could be made to feel like shooting—be made jealous! She had not been won by tenderness or worship; how then if by the thought of another—by indifference? True, there was no woman in the world for him other than Phemie, but one could be faked.

Joe played with the thought all day. It seemed foolish, unlikely, that Phemie would feel aught but relief. Perhaps she would only be glad. Still the idea persisted, and he staged it even between purchases of ribbon, overshoes, raw metal, a spring hat and a bag of taffy—staged it so that finally, a little pale, he went into a stationer's store and bought two boxes of writing paper.

"They've got to be different from our stuff," he concluded.

Late that night, sitting in the writing room of his cheap hotel, Joe concocted two letters in cramped, alien handwriting. The first, on pale-blue paper, he addressed to himself and purposed mailing to his home address before he left town.

He sweated over it considerably. He was playing for big stakes, and he must not overplay. The trouble with him was that he ran so easily to the sentimental; restraint came with difficulty. He destroyed four or five efforts as too saccharine and obvious before he accomplished the thing:

"*Dear Joe:* I felt just like old times when I saw you last evening. Do you get to the city often? Look me up whenever you do. We had ought to have pretty good times like we used to years ago. I always did think a lot of you, Joe. I got lots of things to talk over.

"Yours with love,
"LUCY."

He had had no special reason for signing "Lucy." He had hesitated a moment, then used it because it had happened to pop into his mind. It was his mother's name, and the name of a distant cousin, so he let it fall lightly, heedlessly.

The second letter he addressed to Phemie—on plain white paper. He intended to mail this some time after he reached home:

"*Mrs. Phemie Stull:* I am a freind though I do not care to sign. But I think it's time you should understand. Somebody not a hundred miles away is going to make trouble. Watch out for a dark-complected lady who ought to know more than running after other peoples husbands.

"FREIND."

Angela, the dancer, who had yielded up the ghost before the martial pistol of the outraged wife, in the newspaper, had been "dark-complected."

The first letter duly reached Joe the day he got home. He carried it some little time in his pocket before he ventured definitely upon his plan.

Then there came a morning when Phemie was unco' sharp and cool—when Joe's world seemed unusually awry and all life tasteless. So over in the smithy he started his machinery. Slipping the letter into the breast pocket of his coat he took a knife and carefully ripped a dozen stitches out of one of the side pockets; then he crossed the road.

"If it hain't too much to ask I got a little hole in one o' these pockets, Phemie—if you could pick up a stitch in it."

"A hole! Didn't know as they was a hole anywheres in your clothes," Phemie, the industrious, pounced at him. "Thought I kep' you mended up too good."

"Well, any time," said Joe mildly.

He laid the coat across a chair and left the room. He longed to stay and observe, even to peep ignominiously through the keyhole. He stood outside the door a good ten seconds, listening, but there was no sound.

Now if Phemie was a woman she would read that note surely. She would investigate the rest of his pockets for further rips and certainly find it—find that nice, unsealed, unguarded sky-blue note. And read it—if she was a woman! But of course it was possible that Phemie, not caring for him, would pass the thing up.

Over in the smithy Joe worried the thing over. Had she read it? If so, would she refer to it—and how?

He skulked into the house, guiltily interested, but Phemie said nothing. There was an enormous dish of cherry pudding at his plate and the usual appetizing perfume of supper in the air. Phemie, indeed, seemed uncommonly casual, more cheerful than her wont. Once or twice, though, it seemed to Joe that she was about to speak to him, but checked the words. Only when he left the table did she say

"Your coat is upstairs on the bed. I fixed it."

"Thank you, Phemie."

He found it folded neatly beside his pillow, and he slid a swift hand into the pocket to retrieve the incriminating note. Phemie certainly had not found it. But the pocket was empty! Nowhere was there sign of the blue note.

So after a few days Joe shot a second arrow. As he left the breakfast table he dropped on the floor before him one of the little sheets he had bought. Its context was not unlike that of the first—a shade, the merest *soupçon* perhaps, more personal. It fluttered down like a blue butterfly, and Joe, with a muttered word, thrust a clumsy, obvious foot upon it.

"What's that you dropped?" demanded Phemie; but she could plainly see a cerulean corner sticking out from his shoe. Her lips set oddly.

"'Tain't nothin' at all, Phemie," he said, and an accommodating blush stamped guilt upon his countenance.

"Oh! Ain't, eh? Looked like you dropped some kind of letter. Gimme here—I'll burn it fur ye if it ain't important."

"Why, no, Phemie. I—I couldn't do that!" Joe coughed in feigned alarm, and made a snatch for the letter.

"If it hain't nothin'—why not?"

Phemie had risen and come round to him. Her voice was quite level, but there was a curious light in her eyes.

"What's it matter, Phemie, if I want to—to keep a little piece o' paper?" he said lamely.

"Gimme, an' I'll burn it."

He made a fine show of reluctance, but eventually Phemie got it. She took it between thumb and forefinger, as though she carried something unclean, and dropped it unopened into the range fire.

"Them blue papers ain't the style anyhow," she observed coldly.

Perhaps it was the range fire that had warmed her cheeks a little, but there was no warmth elsewhere. Joe, going into the smithy, despaired a little. Phemie was ice—just ice.

If she objected to the letters, it was because she objected to him—grudged him his supposititious pleasure.

He was so despondent that without a single thrill he mailed the anonymous letter he had prepared for Phemie. She got it in the three o'clock mail. He saw the postman cross the street with it and put it into the porch mail box. He saw Phemie come out and get it, tear it open and read it. He saw her fling up her head high, as though in scorn. A toss of the head—that was probably all it meant to Phemie.

V

WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad. Joe knew it on the second morning after he mailed the letter. He was at the forge welding a brake bar for Hen Tyree, when he saw a furniture van draw up before the door of an empty cottage across the way. Hen Tyree furnished an explanation:

"You'll be gittin' a new neighbor to-day or to-morrer. She's bought the Fraser cottage an' is comin' back to settle down here. They do say they's room fur it—the settlin' part, I mean."

Joe almost dropped his pincers.

"Who is it?"

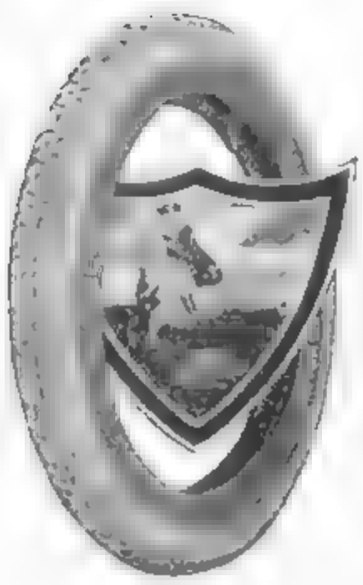
"Why, it's a Lucy Conyer that was Lucy Reeves. You mind her, don't ye? Gosh! Always a lot o' zip to Lucy. She's been livin' over to the city the last ten years, but now Hank's estate got settled, I hear tell she wants to be back among the home folks."

Joe did not speak—had not the chance, for a lady had emerged from the Fraser cottage and began picking her way across to the smithy.

Though he had not thought of her for many a year, he would have known her anywhere. He had gone to school with Lucy Reeves, three years his senior; and at one time had indeed come faintly under the potent spell of Lucy's fascinations.

She was not unfascinating now. Time had been kind to her. She was a shade heavy, but used the checkrein freely. Her cheeks still wore a damask bloom; her black hair undulated pleasantly over her ears; her eyes—large, bold-flashing, black—peeped from behind bosky silken lashes. She used sartorial persuasions also: the skirt of juvenile length, the fawn-gaitered ankle with

(Continued on Page 77)



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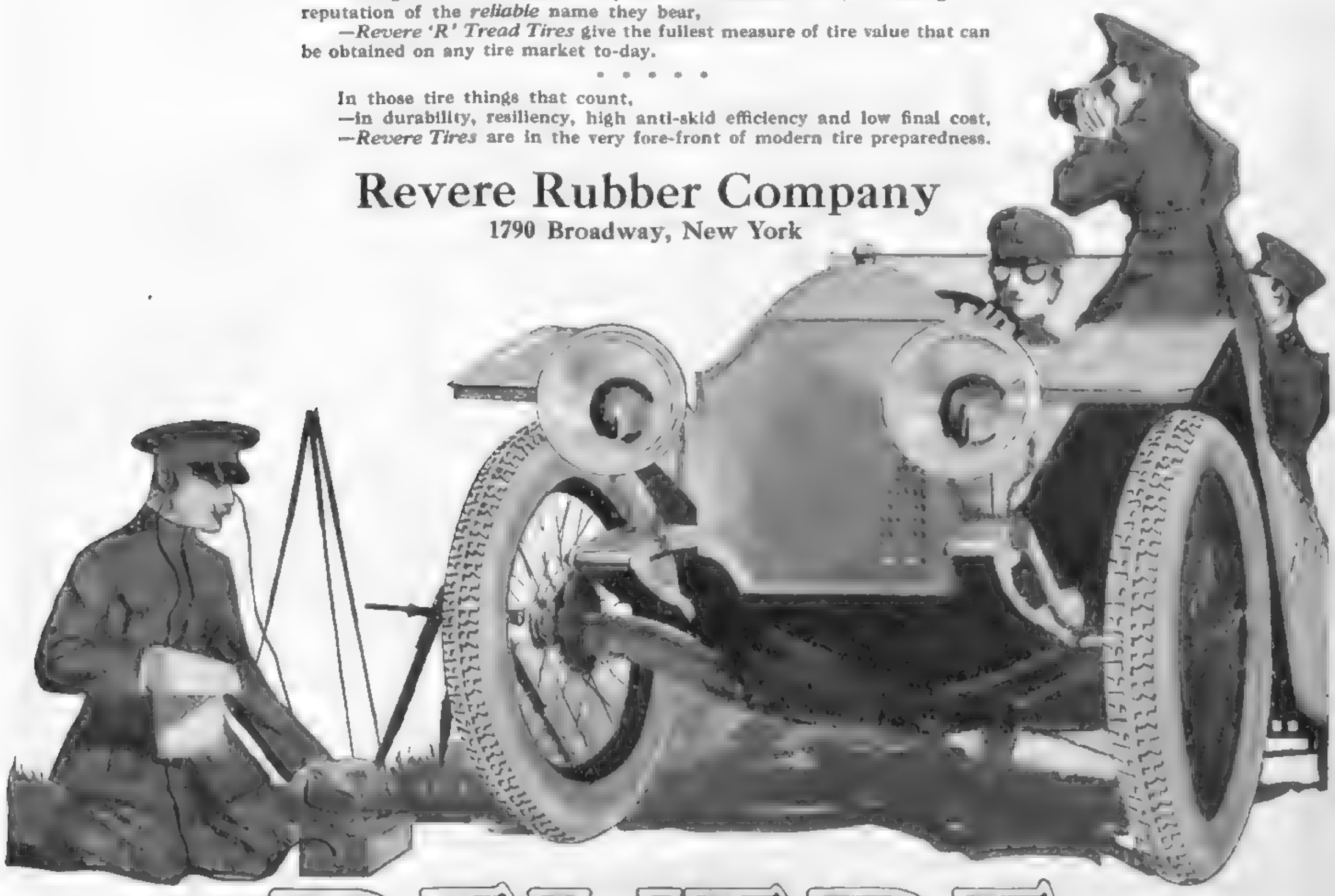

REVERE TIRES FOR PREPAREDNESS

This Woman Wrote to Six Different Firms

SHE was interested in woven wall coverings. So she wrote for some booklets. Choosing one, she slowly turned the pages, trusting to find illustrated the design and weave that appealed to her particular fancy. Something was wrong. The illustrations were specked and in spots miserably blurred. The type face was not harmoniously appropriate to so refined a subject as wall coverings, and this she subconsciously felt.

Perfunctorily, she picked up another booklet and another and another with results equally provoking. There was yet another.

With considerable lack of enthusiasm she turned the title page of this sixth booklet. She was agreeably impressed with the dignity of its setting. Her interest quickened. She turned the next page and the next, each one reproducing with absolute fidelity and clearness of detail mural fabrics she had originally conceived. Indifference turned to interest and desire to buy—and she did buy.

Whether or not this woman could explain why only one booklet out of six "sold" her, matters but little. The fact remains that out of six booklets sent out, one was cheap at any price and the rest were dear at a penny a copy.

You men who conceive and execute booklets do not require the wisdom of Solomon to see the reason for the value of some booklets and the usefulness of others—it is paper—standardized paper.

Standardization as it affects the users of catalogs, booklets, circulars, and folders was conceived and achieved by S. D. Warren and Company in Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

Just as the gage manufacturer has by his methods of precision and accuracy lessened the worries of the ammunition maker, so Warren's Printing Papers have exalted the work of the printer by making possible more uniform results.

Take for instance WARREN'S CAMEO—the only real dull-surfaced paper on the market. It gives to half-tones the depth and softness of platinum photographs. The velvety surface of Cameo has a tendency to conceal the "screened" appearance of half-tone plates and produces an effect that cannot be obtained with any other paper.

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WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED is an exceptionally popular paper, because it gives better results than is usually expected of papers sold at its price. It is renowned for easy and uniform working through the press and for its folding qualities.

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This book contains 68 pages of the actual paper in different weights, printed with engravings in one and more colors. The illustrations are reproduced in many different ways and picture a wide variety of both art and commercial subjects. We offer this book as an actual constructive help in planning printed matter. A copy will be mailed to sales-managers, printers and advertising executives who ask for it on a business letterhead.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers

(Continued from Page 74)

a mere peep of stocking above, white gloves, a number of little chains, a hat beyond the wildest dreams, locally.

She made attack vivaciously:

"Joe Stull! Isn't it—and Mr. Tyree? Just like old times. Nothing like old friends." She dimpled, and nodded gayly. "That's one of the things I've counted on, coming back here. Oh, I've been so lonely! And I couldn't wait a minute after I got here. I said I just must run over to see Joe Stull again, an old pal like him." Joe had her hand and was pumping it up and down steadily. She had insisted: "Oh, don't mind the glove, Joe," pushing white chamois ruthlessly into his black paw.

"I feel—oh, so funny, coming back here again!"

But Joe felt even funnier, as he could have told. Somewhere in the back of his mind lurked a hideous presentiment—a prescience that had to do with fate.

"I hope—I hope you're well," he gulped.

"Joe! Was I ever anything else?" the widow laughed archly. "You boys always teased me so about my color. Well, I've got it yet, you see!"

Joe was conscious that someone else had come into the shop. It was Phemie. He laid down Lucy Conyer's hand carefully and wiped his own on his apron.

"I—you—Phemie—this my wife, Lucy," he said hoarsely. Lucy!

"A wife—you! Why Joe Stull! I took you for a settled bachelor." She swung round to Phemie. "Well, it's a good thing Joe's got someone to steady him up—a wild boy like him. How'do. I'm glad to know there's a Mrs. Joe, I'm sure."

"I am pleased to meet you," said Phemie grimly. She stood very pale and straight. She had on one of her little house dresses. Joe could almost see her drink in the de luxe quality of Lucy's raiment, and read the bitter feelings it engendered.

"Well," laughed Lucy, "I gotta be goin' on. I thought I'd just run in an' see you—and there's another thing too: The water front ain't workin' right in my kitchen range and the Leedses are too busy to send a plumber, so I thought mebbe you'd be in an' take a look, Joe. It's one o' the pipe connections; an' what's the use to bother waitin' for the plumber when you have a perf'ly good blacksmith for a neighbor? So if you'll lend me your good right arm for a little, Joe ——"

She preened and flirted her finery, poised on the doorsill like a black-eyed, chesty lady robin. Joe mumbled an affirmative. Ye gods! Could he do otherwise?

Now he knew whence came the dark presentiment that troubled him. He was to have his little game—with assistance, it seemed. All unwitting, he had started a slow-going conflagration that might in time consume even himself. Nay, he could almost read it in the widow's predatory eye—"dark-complected" and "an old pal" and "Lucy."

Going over to the house after supper, he found Phemie sitting quietly in the dark kitchen.

"Why ain't you got a light?" Joe asked.

"Folks don't need a light to think by," she said quietly. "You been over to fix that—Mrs. Conyer's stove?"

"No, I ain't. Not yet. But I guess I gotta go. She sent over again. Said she couldn't do 'thout hot coals fur breakfast. I'll run over when I change my coat."

"What you change your coat fur?"

"I always change my coat evenings, Phemie," he said, surprised.

Yet he blushed a little in the dark. He knew he had meant to polish a bit—just a little bay rum, some extra brushing. Not that he cared a pin personally for Lucy Conyer, but she was a woman of fashion. No use to let her see him at his worst.

"To fix a kitchen stove," snorted Phemie suddenly.

Oh well, damn it, there might be more to it than the stove! Lucy might ask him to sit down. But he made a hasty toilet after all, and Phemie had the last word:

"Be sure you take your good right arm along," she said dryly. "I mistrust the lady could easy find a use fur it."

After all, there was more than the stove; in fact, there seemed to be nothing particularly wrong with that. So Lucy asked him into her parlor and fetched out a huge chocolate cake, and talked a lot about old times.

"I'm so lonely, Joe, you wouldn't believe it." Tears stood in her fine black eyes, and in her coquettish pink blouse she looked very winsome.

"You gotta run in sometimes—an' bring your wife. An' we'll sing. You used to sing grand, Joe, an' we can have duets."

To prove it, Lucy forced him to sing one with her now. After the first one she needed force no longer. Joe loved to use his mellow mighty voice, and here was a companion soul—a soul, too, whose taste for sentimental ballads matched his own. Lucy had a strong sweet soprano and played rather well.

It was ten o'clock when Joe finally broke away. He, who had meant to stay half an hour at most, had lingered over two hours, singing and eating chocolate cake. What would Phemie say? His spirit sank, then rose.

God bless her! If Phemie only would say something, not sarcasm, or jeers, or quiet irony, but something hot-flung and passionate from the heart—something to show she cared.

But with his hand on the door knob he realized all hope of this was slain. It was a matter of indifference to Phemie where he went. The lights were all out and she had gone to bed. He took off his shoes and tiptoed silently upstairs.

VI

NOW Joseph Stull fell on curious times, which in after years were associated with a succession of pictures printed on his memory: pictures of Lucy Conyer coming over to his shop with a dozen small concocted requests for his assistance; pictures of Lucy Conyer stopping him on the way to the post office to offer him homemade candy, to ask his advice about fertilizer or compost for her rose beds, to show him some audacious squib in the weekly paper, or to ask what chorals the choir would render that Sunday; pictures of Lucy meeting him on the street and graciously letting him carry home her parcels—teetering along on her high heels with her snappy predatory eyes and possessive coquetry.

He felt he hated Lucy Conyer—yet in the days that followed he felt also like some miserable fly repelled but fascinated by the magnetic charms of his would-be devourer. He wanted to flee Lucy—yet could not.

In the first place, there was Lucy herself to finesse. If he went out of his back gate and up the lane to town, instead of taking the street, inevitably Lucy was at her back gate tying up sunflowers; or she would issue from her house, and calling to him with a pretty air of surprise would inform him that she was going up that way too. Once she even followed him home and gave him a golden moon of a custard pie she had made for him.

"Just an extra one I baked, Joe. I happened to think you might like it—you and Phemie. Phemie isn't very friendly," she said humbly, "or I'd offer it to her."

Joe had carried the pie into the house and offered it to Phemie.

A great section of it was placed at his plate that evening, but Phemie declined to taste it.

"Is your friend's pie good, Joe?" she had asked politely.

"She is not my friend, Phemie," he gulped wretchedly.

That was what made it so hard. Phemie did not help him. She neither blocked nor opposed the widow's machinations. True to her rôle of indifference, beyond cutting sarcasm at times she left Joe a shorn lamb to the untempered winds of Lucy's mercy. Instead of being jealous, she laughed. When he realized this, Joe's soul was truly torn.

For—and this came bitterest of all—Lucy was not the only foe he had to fight. He would have walked a mile to escape Lucy; but equally, having lost in such an effort, he found he got a strange, miserable happiness in her presence. Sitting by Lucy's piano, lured in on pretext of giving opinion on a new accompaniment or to look at a photograph she had received from a cousin out West; or meeting Lucy for a moment's gossip in the post office; or stopping at her request under the moonflower vines on her porch, he knew that Lucy held certain powers over him that required all his strength to exorcise.

He was lonely and unappreciated, and Lucy all too appreciative. He was sentimental; so was Lucy—that was the trouble. And the scent of the moonflowers, and Lucy's voice, the way she touched against one—she had a little patting way of touching his arm with her hand—a generous hand, Lucy's, twice the size of Phemie's, but soft and womanly to the touch—all these worked a certain havoc within him.

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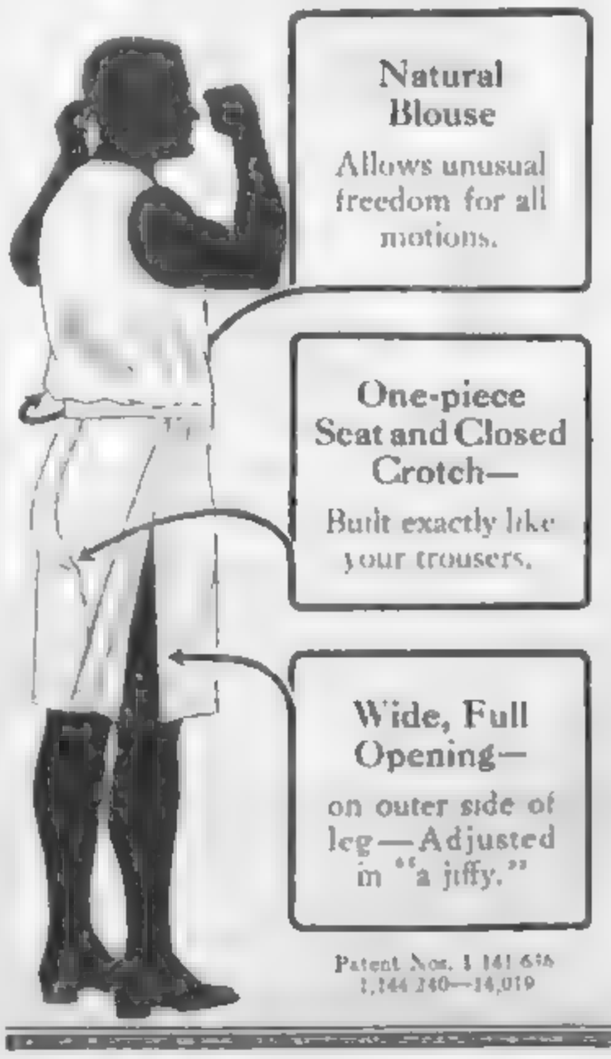
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Times when he left Lucy he tramped up and down his own garden, comforting himself with an old pipe. There were men a-plenty, he knew, who would put up no fight at all—with whom Lucy might have flirted to her heart's content. And after all, why should he even struggle, since Phemie did not care?

True, Phemie's manner of late had altered somewhat. There were times when Joe caught her glance resting on him in a queer, brooding fashion; when it seemed to him that Phemie's color was not so bright or her tongue quite so ready. She prattled less to "Maw's littlest," though she was as staccato and efficient in the house as ever. She developed a fancy for sitting by herself and seldom brought in her sewing where he sat, as before. Plainly she disapproved, but only in a detached fashion. She disliked Lucy—that was obvious; but it was a duello in which he had no part—just one of those curious antagonisms women often form. And so Joe's barometer sank lower and lower, and with it his resistance.

And so on the night of the Baptist social—Phemie scorning to go—he went recklessly down and voluntarily offered the widow ice cream and heaued her home.

They came up the quiet little street slowly. There was a moon to paint the earth in soft, witch-struck colors and a strange unhappy boldness possessed Joe. The widow asked him to sit on the little porch with her, and he did.

There were plants and ferns which, with the vines, gave a sweet seclusion. And midstream in the current of her talk the widow sighed breathily, and leaning toward him thrust an ample hand in his.

"Oh, the loneliness I've known! I cannot bear it any longer. I gotta have friends, Joe—near, dear friends. . . ."

At that, something that had been merely a large oleander before trembled, quivered aside, and a small cool figure rose from a chair behind.

"You got two of 'em with you this evenin' then, Lucy, but I guess one's enough, so we'll make out to spare Joe. I be'n waitin' here half an hour for you, Joe, but I couldn't get a word in before acrost all the soul talk. They's a man wants to see ye over at the forge, Joe."

"The forge! This time o' night?" Joe's knees were water. He got up, trembling a little. He looked three times the size of Phemie, but Phemie only pointed.

"Go!" she said quietly. "I got to have a word with your lady friend." And Joe went.

He paused in a sea of emotion at the foot of the step. Phemie seemed quite cool and poised; her voice was deadly level. She spoke as though to herself:

"I guess I got my limits. I can't a-bear no more."

"The fat's in the fire," thought Joe. "She'll take her freedom now. She's goin' to hand me over to her. She's be'n waitin' for somethin' like this. I might ha' knowed." And he grew sick as death.

Then he heard Phemie speaking to Lucy, and her words transfixed him.

"I want you should let my husband alone," said Phemie quietly.

A pause, then a faintly amused laugh.

"If you don't like his comin' to see me, why 'nt you take care of him yourself?"

"That's what I'm a-doin' now!"

"Pretty poor way! If a man didn't want to stay with me, I'd blush to own it."

"I could make him want to quick enough—your way—if I chose to demean myself," said Phemie fiercely, but her voice trembled.

"'Demean yourself'? You think lovin' your husband would demean you? You're playin' the fool, Phemie Stull. Anyone with half an eye can see Joe's heart's half ate out for lack o' love. You couldn't blame him for lookin' elsewhere."

"I love my husband my own way," flamed Phemie.

"Pretty poor way, though it's your affair, o' course," drawled Lucy. Then her own temper rose:

"What right you got comin' over here to sass me? I'm a lady and I've tended strictly to my own affairs."

"Runnin' after somebody else's man your affairs?"

"Can I help it if the man wants to be friends? Not that I care a straw about him—I'm engaged to a man in the city, if you want to know. Ain't no one I know of would have married your Joe but you—a big red faced loon like him—no girl here in town! Why he was the town's laughin' stock."

"That's a lie, an' you know it. He was too good for 'em, that's why! He's too good for you, or me either for that matter. God never made no better man than Joe Stull. You can't say nothin' against him while I'm here. But that ain't the question. I want you should keep your hands off my man. You cat! You fat old cat!"

Joe did not dare linger. The blood pounded suddenly into his heart. Almost it burst with joy. He ran across the road and into his home.

Phemie was not long following.

There was an impetuous scuffling sound and she was in the room—in the doorway—a queer, panting, disheveled, defeated looking figure.

The rack of the storm still swept her; her bosom rose and fell stormily. And a still, small voice counseled Joe.

"Well, Phemie," he said politely, "seems like you made a kind o' mess out o' things, didn't you?"

Phemie only leaned against the door, sobbing.

"If I could believe everything she said—tell me it ain't true—you ain't gone an' looked elsewhere; you ain't crazy about Lucy Conyer!"

Joe trembled and fought himself. No foolish weakness now.

"Phemie," he said, "hain't you mistrusted me more'n you ought? Besides, a bargain's a bargain. There wan't no question o' love enterin' our contract, I believe. Have I failed you any way?"

Phemie gave him a startled look, then burst into wild tears.

"I couldn't live here—I couldn't stay, if I thought I wasn't welcome—if you d-didn't l-love me."

"Love, Phemie!" Joe sounded mildly surprised. "I thought you didn't take no stock in love."

"Then it's true. You've fallen—in love w-with that—widow over there?"

"Phemie, I wouldn't give a whoop in Hades for a wagonload of widows like her; but—I got my own side to think of, my own rights about choosin' friends. Anyhow, you've never cared for me."

"Didn't I come to you first of all—didn't I turn to you when there wasn't nothin' left in my world? Hain't I worked hard and been a faithful wife?"

"For yourself, Phemie."

At this Phemie turned white and buried her face in her hands.

Then:

"But I never could ha' done it if it hadn't of be'n it was you," she whispered hoarsely. And Joe took a step forward at that.

"Phemie—girl, what's this you tell me ——"

But she did not answer—in words. She came into his arms like a young tornado, and suddenly he was holding her close, kissing her wet eyes, her bright tumbled hair, her willing lips.

"Phemie—aw—sweetheart!"

"I couldn't live if you—didn't—love me, Joe." Her arms tightened about his neck.

It was a full minute before he tipped back her head triumphantly.

"But you ain't said it even yet," he laughed. "Say it, Phemie—say 'I love you, Joe.'"

She broke from his arms with a slight gasp; then, a queer look in her eyes, her face pale:

"Oh! I—couldn't—I can't love no man. I'm a man-ha ——"

He broke off the word with his big hand, with a big crowing laugh, and her temper flared as she recognized her subjugation.

"Oh, I hate you!" she wept. "I hate you!"

But Joe was generous. He took her to his heart again and kissed one of the little flame-colored curls at her temple.

"Little Redhead," he whispered tenderly. "That's all right too. Say it any way you like."

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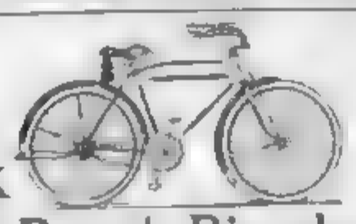

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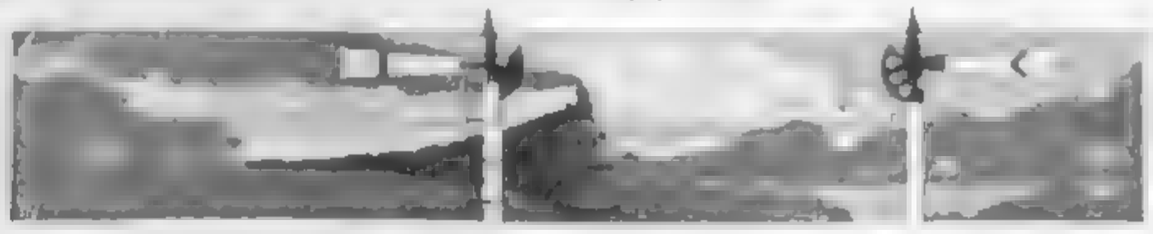

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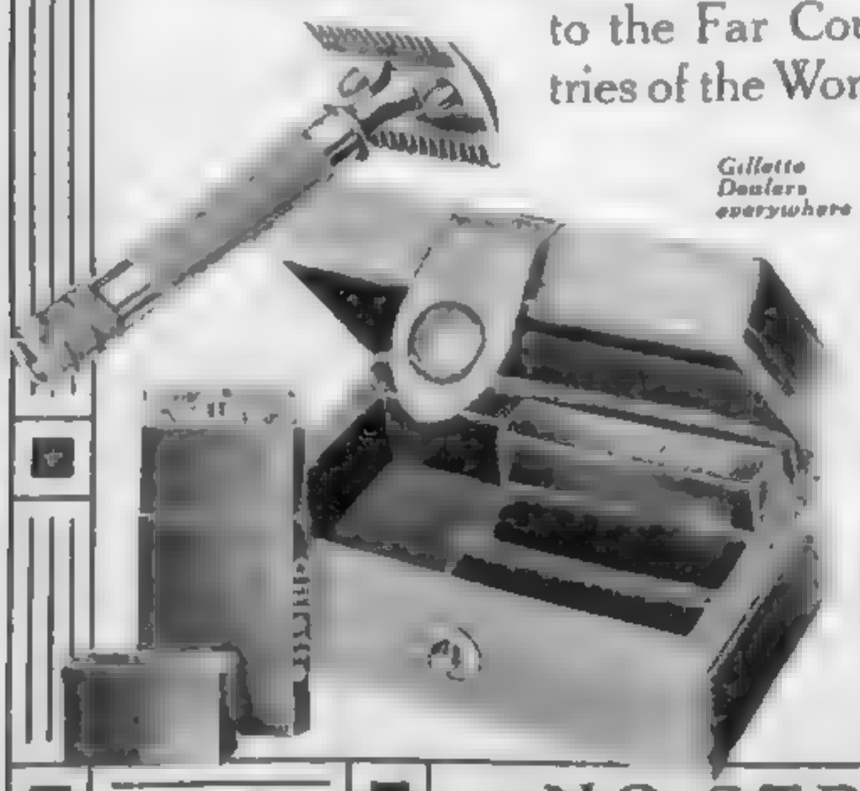

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NO STROPPING NO HONING

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

"But, Percy," I protested, "you're a gentleman now, aren't you?"

He blushed with pleasure—blushed to the crown of his head.

"Thank you, Mr. Rogers," he said. "That's awfully nice of you, I'm sure. But, no; I'm hardly a gentleman yet—that is, a perfect gentleman. A perfect gentleman, I take it, is one who is really and truly respected by everyone who knows him; and I haven't the personality to command respect like that. Some of the fellows in the office have changed over lately; but Wally King and the crowd at his table—well, they're pretty fierce now, I can tell you! No; I haven't the personality yet, but I can feel it coming on. And when you've said and done, Mr. Rogers, being a gentleman is largely a matter of personality. Don't you think so?"

He had been walking up and down the room as he said this; walking up and down in his grand manner, one hand gesturing, a genteel little roll to his knees. Looking at him with half-closed eyes through the smoke of my cigar, I seemed to be looking at some perfectly conceived figure of the stage that I had seen before; but after searching my memory I slowly realized that the sense of stage illusion arose from the fact that Percy, as a character, was probably more or less unique in himself, and that he was, sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously, playing a rôle the dénouement of which I couldn't begin to guess. From that moment I began to follow his adventures with increasing interest. It isn't given to every man to see a Cyrano de Bergerac or a Don Quixote in the making.

"Mr. Rogers," he began, the next time he called, "I find I'm not getting on very well with my conversation. So I want to know whether you'd mind if I practiced a little conversation on you this evening."

I blinked my eyes at that.

"What conversation do you want to practice on me?"

"I'd like to talk about the Old Masters," was his astonishing answer; and I could see that he was proud of his choice. "I went to the Metropolitan Museum on Saturday afternoon, just with the idea of making up a little conversation. You see, whenever I'm introduced to anybody, as soon as I've shaken hands and all that, I seem to be all in. I just stand there, sort of smiling and feeling foolish—no personality at all, you know. So I thought if I went to the Museum, the next time I'm introduced to anybody I could say: 'How do you do, sir? Pleased to meet you! You live in New York?' And no matter what he answers, I can say: 'By the way, have you been to the Metropolitan Museum of Art lately? I was there the other day, looking over the Old Masters.'"

We talked Old Masters for the next half hour; and by the time we were through nearly all my encyclopedias were lying open round the room, and Percy was so dry that he drank two glasses of water in rapid succession, raising the glass each time as though he were pledging me a ceremonious toast.

"Our next conversational topic," I said, winking to myself, "ought to be grand opera. Have you been there yet?"

"No," he said longingly; "not yet."

I took him the following Tuesday, which was a subscription night. To my surprise he turned up in full regalia, new, but in perfect taste and complete to the three pearl buttons. Not to spoil the party, I had to make a hurried change myself. The opera was Tannhäuser; and when it was over Percy's eyes were shining with an emotion that reminded me again of my own past youth.

"By Jove," he said—which was the first time I ever heard him say that—"I feel so lifted up I hardly know what I'm doing! Don't let's ride home, Mr. Rogers. Let's walk."

We strolled along toward my hotel, Percy gently humming to himself; and as we walked I noticed that whenever anyone looked in our direction it was always on Percy their eyes rested. I don't know whether it was his fresh color or his undeniable air of being somebody, or what it was; but I think that he, too, began to feel the tribute of those silent glances and to expand beneath their significance.

In some subtle manner I felt that I was walking with Future Greatness; with one whose golden dreams would have a true awakening. And perhaps because I, too, have had my dreams I could almost tell the thoughts that were in his mind. He was another Dick Whittington come to London—another Jack climbing the beanstalk to find a princess—another Benjamin Franklin walking into Philadelphia with his fortune on his back.

"'Oh, thou sublime . . . sweet eve . . . ning star!'" he hummed.

The enthusiasm of youth being contagious, I presently found myself humming with him. At my hotel he stopped to thank me and to bid me good night.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Rogers," he said, "has Mr. Hardman any daughters?"

It was such a naïve and yet such a magnificent thought that I could almost have applauded.

"One," I said, trying to look as though I didn't understand. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know! I was just wondering. Is—is she married?"

"No; single."

He made a flourish with his stick, as though it were a magic wand.

"Well, good-by, old man," he said. "See you to-morrow."

And off he went, exquisitely full of his manners and gracefully waving his stick as he hummed again:

"'Oh, thou sublime . . . sweet eve . . . ning star!'"

IV

FOR nearly a year I didn't see much of Percy. He had found himself weak on mathematics, and three nights a week he was taking lessons from a professional coach, solving the mysteries of trigonometry and the calculus. Then, again, John J. was sending him more and more often to the Staten Island plant.

"The trouble with most young men is this," he said one day: "they're lions in theory but lambs in practice. But young Muson worked three years in a machine shop and he ought to be pretty good at the practical end. So I want him to know that factory of ours inside out, and after that he'll be in better shape to pass on a drawing before it goes to the works."

With one thing and another, therefore, I didn't see much of Percy, either in or out of office hours. From what I heard, though, he must have seen John J. pretty often—perhaps over at the plant. Also, from words I caught here and there I could tell that he occasionally called at John J.'s house in the evening; and once at least I knew he took Mrs. Hardman and her daughter to the theater when John J. was unexpectedly called away. You will accordingly understand why I opened my eyes when Mr. Hardman looked into my office one morning and said:

"What's the matter with Percy?"

"He's all right, isn't he?" I asked.

"That's what I want to know. I stopped in at the drafting room a few minutes ago, but I didn't see him. Seemed to be quite a few of the others missing, too, and everybody looking down their noses. What's been going on in there?"

"I'll soon find out."

I called up the drafting room on the office phone and the blue-print boy took down the receiver at the other end.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Mason," I said.

"He's just gone out, Mr. Rogers," answered Julius in a voice that was rich with significance.

"Do you know where he's gone?"

"I think he's gone home to change his collar and shoit."

"Then I'll speak to Mr. King."

"Mr. King's gone home too," said Julius in a tone more significant than before.

"Has he also gone home to change his collar and shirt?" I asked, ironically enough.

"Yes, sir; and his suit, too, I guess. He soitanly looked doity when he left here."

"Julius," I said, "I have a tracing on my desk that ought to be returned to the files. Will you come right over and get it?"

I reported this to John J.; and when Julius came over to my office for the tracing you can imagine that the door was open into the president's room, and that John J. wasn't far away.

"Now, Julius, my boy," I said, "before you go back I want you to sit in that chair and tell me all about it."

The boy gave me a shrewd smile and suddenly broke into one of his voice-changing laughs.

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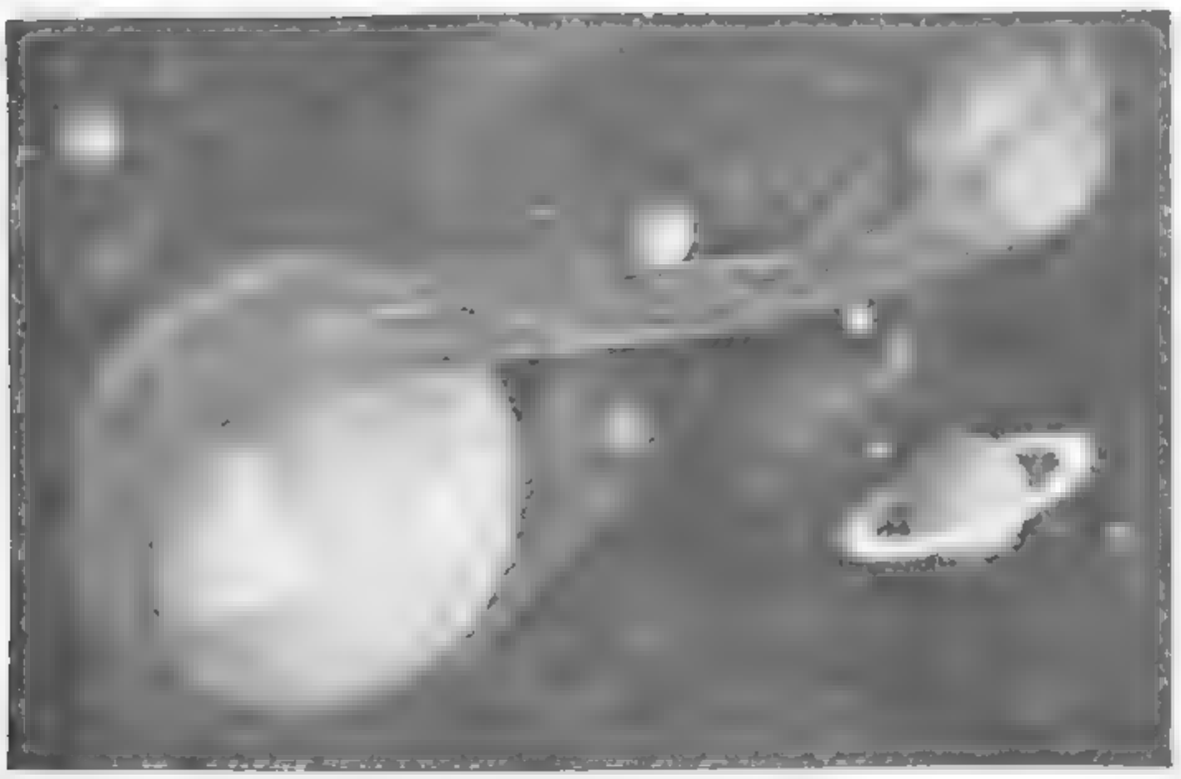

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"It's all over Mr. Mason," he began, sitting down; "you know, Mr. Rogers—him we used to call Poicy. After he had a hair cut and bought himself a new suit he looked like a different poisen, and most of the crowd quit acting as if he was a bad swell. But Mr. King and the guys at Mr. King's table, they kept on kidding him.

"They'd say to each other: 'I say, old el appie, have you joined the South Brooklyn Parts-Pressing Club yet?' and 'Hasn't his feet gone quiet! They must be thinking hard,' and 'Coises! I have spilled the yoody-cologne!' Honest to goodness, Mr. Rogers, I've been running that blue-print machine nearly three years now, but even me, they can make my back sweat when they begin kidding me.

"But Mr. Mason, he didn't seem to mind till somehow Mr. King found out that Poicy's father drives an ash wagon over in South Brooklyn."

"How did they find that out?" I inquired sharply.

"You c'n soich me, Mr. Rogers! All I know is they began calling out: 'Ashes! Ashes! Any ashes to-day?' Not looking at Mr. Mason, you understand, but meaning him all the time. After a while it got his goat. 'Do you gentlemen in the corner want some ashes?' he asked 'em yesterday afternoon. 'If you do, I think I can get you all you want.' They p'tended not to hear him; but all the time they was tickled to death because they had his nanny. 'Coise these ashes!' said Mr. King. 'How they get in a chappie's yoody-cologne!'"

"What's all this about the 'yoody-cologne'?" I asked.

To which the ingenuous Julius replied again:

"You c'n soich me, Mr. Rogers! They say one morning he had some cologne on his handkerchief; but me, I never smelt it. Anyhow, this morning Mr. Mason got down foist, and after a while the others come in and everybody starts woiking. It wasn't long before Mr. King hollers: 'Ashes! Ashes!' And goes on woilding as if he'd never said a woid. The others at his table begins to snigger; but me, I was watching Mr. Mason.

"'Look here,' he says; 'the next time you gentlemen call for ashes you'd better be careful. Remember, I've warned you; that's all!' Nobody says anything, but pretty soon Mr. King sings out again: 'Ashes! Ashes! Any ashes to-day?'

"Quick as lightning Mr. Mason reaches down in his suitcase and brings up a big handful of ashes and lampblack, and—bingo!—he lets it fly, just like Charlie Chaplin does with the custard. Mr. King, he catches it right under the nose. And, say! Maybe he didn't curl up his chops and look disgusted when he seen what had happened to Mary!"

A deep chuckle suddenly sounded from John J.'s room.

"Go on, Julius," I said hastily. "What happened next?"

For the third time Julius reverted to the classics.

"You c'n soich me, Mr. Rogers!" he said. "It happened too quick. All I could see was Mr. Mason flinging out his ashes and lampblack to the table in the corner, and everybody else crowding back, because they didn't want to be turned into coons.

"'There!' says Mr. Mason. 'You asked for it and you got it'—bingo! 'So long as there's any ashes in New York, I'm going to be let alone in this office'—bingo!—'or know the reason why!' With that he slung the whole business at 'em—suitcase and all—and beat it. And, say! You ought to have seen Mr. King and the other three at his table when it was over. They looked like a nigger quartet that had just been through a riot; and I noticed that none of 'em made any cracks about ashes, nor called for the yoody-cologne!"

In short, Julius was so full and running over with his subject that it took some time to close him up and send him back with the tracing. And then John J. came out of his office, beaming all over his knubbly old phiz.

"As soon as they're back with their clean clothes," he said, "I'm going in there and read the riot act."

He did too; and when he returned he looked as if he'd been having the time of his life.

"I've bounced King," he said. "He was the only one who wouldn't shake hands. . . . But what do you think of our 'young man of personality' now? Wasn't I right when I knew he had some good material in him?"

But, to me, this business of throwing ashes round in a civilized office had a queer, unnatural quality about it—a quality which I couldn't understand.

"Wait till I see Percy!" I thought.

I didn't have long to wait.

THAT afternoon, just as John J. was on the point of leaving for the day, Percy came in to see him. It needed only one look to see that he was worried.

"Mr. Hardman," he said, "I'm awfully sorry; but—but I've got to leave here."

"Leave!" said John J., stopping short and sitting down again. "Why? Because of that row to-day?"

"No, sir," said Percy. "It isn't that; though I knew I was going when I did it. No; I'm leaving because of father."

John J. gave me one of his significant glances.

"What's 'father' been doing?" he asked.

"He fell off the wheel of the wagon last week. He wasn't quite himself, you know; and the horse started up. He broke his leg, and mother's afraid he hurt his back too. Anyhow, I've got to go home and—and carry on the business. And perhaps, if father gets better—and you'll hold my position open for me here ——"

"You mean you're going back home to cart ashes?" demanded John J.

"Yes, sir," said Percy, looking more worried than before. "You see, mother has nine children, and the five next to me are girls. She hired a man at first; but the day before yesterday he didn't turn up and we nearly lost two of our best connections. So that won't do, you see. We're paying for the property where we live—forty dollars every month for principal and interest. And if mother got behind in her payments—well, there's no telling but she might lose everything; and that would break her heart, I'm sure. She's so ambitious."

"You mean to say," said old John J., who apparently wanted to get this part very straight—"you mean to say that you would leave your place and your prospects here and go back to ashes?"

Percy's face was a study in the mixed emotions of sadness and regret.

"Mr. Hardman," he said, "I can't tell you how I hate ashes—and have, all my life. It makes me sick at the stomach just to think about them. At the same time, you know, I've simply got to hold the business together. Mother stood by me a good many years; and I've got to stand by her, now she's in trouble."

John J. made a row of slanting marks across his scratchpad.

"Young man," he said at last, throwing his pencil down and picking up his hat again, "you've got a considerable distance to go, yet; but you seem to be started right. Do you think you could hold down Mr. King's place at the corner table?"

Hope shone in Percy's eyes—shone and glistened there.

"Why, yes, Mr. Hardman," he said, half under his breath; "if I had to work night and day!"

"Try it!" John J. dryly nodded. "The salary is twenty-five hundred a year. You'll be able to help your folks on that. I'm going for the day, Rogers. Good afternoon!"

A little later Percy walked uptown with me; and suddenly I remembered what it was I wanted to ask him.

"Oh, look here!" I said. "Whatever made you think of throwing ashes and stuff like that round in a modern civilized office?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Rogers," he said with a shadow of his old blushes, "it was more mother's idea than mine. I told her on Sunday about the way those four at Mr. King's table were acting, and she said to me, 'Percy,' she said, 'if I were you, the next time they call for ashes I'd give them a handful each, right in their faces! Don't you be afraid!' she said. 'You show your spunk, and let them have it; and I don't believe they'll ever bother you any more.'"

"Son," I said, after a pause, "do you always follow your mother's advice?"

"Well, I always have—so far—Mr. Rogers," he thoughtfully replied. "And I've never regretted it yet."

He walked in silence then for a time, though carefully keeping in step with me and preserving a modified remainder of his old grand manner.

"Besides," he earnestly added, "I simply had to command the respect of everyone in the office, somehow, Mr. Rogers. Else, you know, I couldn't have taken that position. And else, you know—well, I wouldn't be a perfect gentleman!"

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THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 25)

It made waiting for Hugh the easier. I calculated that if he entered into some sort of partnership with his cousin Andrew Brew—I didn't in the least know what—we might be married within a month or two. At furthest it might be about the time when Mrs. Rossiter removed to New York, which would make it October or November. I could then slip quietly back to Halifax, be quietly married, and quietly settle with Hugh in Boston. In the meantime, I was glad not to be disturbed.

I spent, therefore, a pleasant morning with my pupil, and ate a pleasant lunch, watching from the gable window of the schoolroom the great people assemble in the breakfast loggia in honor of the Marquise de Pompadour's mother. I am not sure that old Madame Poisson ever went to court; but if she did I know the courtiers must have shown her just such deference as that which Mrs. Rossiter's guests exhibited to this withered old lady with the hooked nose and the lorgnette. I was later to learn something of the cause; but at present I was only curious.

I was curious indeed about the whole entertainment. It was not the only one of the kind I had seen from a distance since coming to Mrs. Rossiter, and I couldn't help comparisons with the same kind of thing as done in the ways with which I was familiar. Here it was less a luncheon than it was an exquisite thing on the stage, rehearsed to the last point. In England, in Canada luncheon would be something of a friendly haphazard, primarily for the sake of getting food, secondly as a means to a scrambling, jolly sort of social intercourse, and hardly at all a ceremonial. Here the ceremonial came first. Hostess and guests seemed alike to be taking part in a rite of seeing and being seen. The food, which was probably excellent, was a matter of slight importance. The social intercourse amounted to nothing, since they all knew each other but too well, and had no urgent vitality of interests in any case. The rite was the thing. Every detail was prepared for that. Silver, porcelain, flowers, doilies were of the most expensive and the most correct. The guests were dressed to perfection—a little too well, according to the English standard, but not too well for a function. As a function it was beautiful, an occasion of privilege, a proof of attainment. It was the best thing of its kind America could show. Those who had money could alone present the passport that would give the right of admission.

If I had a criticism to make, it was that the guests were too much alike. They were all business men and the wives and widows of business men. The two or three who did nothing but live on inherited incomes were business men in heart and in blood. Granted that in the New World the business man must be dominant, it was possible to have too much of him. Having too much of him lowered the standard of interest, narrowed the circle of taste. In the countries I knew the business man might be present at such a festivity, but there would be something to give him color, to throw him into relief. There would be a touch of the creative or the intellectual, of the spiritual or the picturesque. The company wouldn't be all of a gilded drab. There would be a writer or a painter or a politician or an actor or a soldier or a priest. There would be something that wasn't money before it was anything else. Here there was nothing. Birds of a feather were flocking together, and they were all parrots or parrakeets. They had plumage but no song. They drove out the thrushes and the larks and the wild swans. Their shrill screeches and hoarse shouts came up in a not wholly pleasant babel to the open window where I sat looking down and Gladys hovered and hopped, wondering if Thomas, the rosy-cheeked footman, would remember to bring us some of the left-over ice cream.

I thought it was a pity. With elements as good as could be found anywhere to form a Society—that fusion of all varieties of achievement to which alone the word written with a capital can be applied—there was no one to form it. It was a woman's business; and for the rôle of hostess in the big sense the American woman, as far as I could judge, had little or no aptitude. She was too timid, too distrustful of herself, too much afraid of doing the wrong thing or of knowing the wrong people. She was so little sure of her standing that, as Mrs. Rossiter expressed it, she could be "queered" by shaking hands with Libby Jaynes. She lacked authority. She could stand out in a throng by her dress or her grace, but she couldn't lead or combine or coördinate. She could lend a charming hand where someone else was the Lady Holland or the Madame de Staël, but she couldn't take the seemingly heterogeneous types represented by the writer, the painter, the politician, the actor, the soldier, the priest and the business man and weld them into the delightful, promiscuous, entertaining whole to be found, in its greater or lesser degree according to size or importance of place, almost anywhere within the borders of the British Empire. I came to the conclusion that this was why there were no "great houses" in America and few women of importance.

It was why, too, the guests were subordinated to the ceremonial. It couldn't be any other way. With flint and steel you can get a spark; but where you have nothing but flint or nothing but steel friction produces no light. The American hostess, in so far as she exists, rarely hopes for anything from the clash of minds, and therefore centers her attention on her doilies. It must be admitted that she has the most tasteful doilies in the world. There is a pathos in the way in which, for want of the courage to get interesting human specimens together, she spends her strength on the details of her rite. It is like the instinct of women who in default of babies lavish their passion on little dogs. One can say that it is *faute de mieux*. *Faute de mieux* was, I am sure, the reason why Ethel Rossiter took her table appointments with what seemed to me such extraordinary seriousness. When all was said and done it was the only real thing to care about.

I repeat that I thought it was a pity. I had dreams, as I looked down, of what I could do with the same use of money, the same position of command. I had dreams that the Brokenshires accepted me, that Hugh came into the means that would be his in the ordinary course. I saw myself standing at the head of the stairway of a fine big house in Washington or New York. People were streaming upward, and I was shaking hands with a delightful smiling *désinvolture*. I saw men and women of all the ranks and orders of conspicuous accomplishment, each contributing a gift—some nothing but beauty, some nothing but wit, some nothing but money, some nothing but position, some nothing but fame, some nothing but national importance. The Brokenshire clan was there, and the Billings and the Grays and the Burkes; but statesmen and diplomatists too were there, and those leaders in the world of the pen and the brush and the buskin of whom, oddly enough, I saw Larry Strangways, with his eternal defensive smile, emerging from the crowd as chief. I was wearing diamonds, black velvet, and a train, waving in my disengaged hand a spangled fan.

From these visions I was roused by Gladys, who came prancing from the stairhead.

"*V'là, Mademoiselle! V'là Thomas et le ice cream!*"

Having consumed this dainty, we watched the company wander about the terraces and lawns and finally drift away. I was getting Gladys ready for her walk when Thomas, with a pitying expression on his boyish face, came back to say that Mr. Brokenshire would like to speak with me downstairs.

I was never so near to fainting in my life. I had barely the strength to gasp "Very well, Thomas, I'll come," and to send Gladys to her nurse. Thomas watched me with his good, kind, sympathetic eyes. Like the other servants he must have known something of my secret and was on my side. I called him the *bouton de rose*, partly because his clean pink cheeks suggested a Killarney breaking into flower, and partly because in his waiting on Gladys and me he had the yearning, care-taking air of a fatherly little boy. Just now he could only march down the passage ahead of me, throw open the door of my bedroom as if he was lord chamberlain to a queen, and give me a look which seemed to say: "If I can be your liege knight against this giant, pray, dear lady, command me." I threw him my thanks in a trumped-up smile, which he returned with such sweet encouragement as to nearly unman me.

I stayed in my room only long enough to be sure that I was neat, smoothing my hair and picking one or two threads from my

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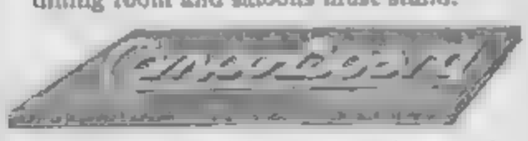

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white linen suit. The suit had scarlet cuffs and a scarlet belt, and as there was a scarlet flush beneath my summer tan, like the color under the glaze of a Chinese jar, I could see for myself that my appearance was not ineffective.

The *bouton de rose* was in waiting at the foot of the stairs as I came down. Through the hall and the dining room he ushered me royally; but as I came out on the breakfast loggia my royalty stopped with what I can only describe as a bump.

The guests had gone, but the family remained. The last phase of the details of the rite were also on the table. All the doilies were there, and the magnificent lace centerpiece which Mrs. Rossiter had at various times called on me to admire. The old Spode dessert service was the more dimly, anciently brilliant because of the old polished oak, and so were the glasses and finger bowls picked out in gold.

Mr. Brokenshire, whom I had seen from my window strolling with some ladies on the lawn, had returned to the foot of the table, opposite to the door by which I came out, where he now sat in a careless, sidewise attitude fingering his cigar. Old Mrs. Billing, who was beside him on his right, put up her lorgnette immediately I appeared in the entrance. Mrs. Rossiter had dropped into a chance chair halfway down the table on the left; but Mrs. Brokenshire, oddly enough, was in that same seat in the far corner to which she had retreated on the occasion of my summoning ten days before. I wondered whether this was by intention or by chance, though I was presently to know.

Terrified though I was, I felt salvation to lie in keeping a certain dignity. I made, therefore, something between a bow and a curtsy, first to Mr. Brokenshire, then to Mrs. Billing, then to Mrs. Rossiter, and lastly to Mrs. Brokenshire, to whom I raised my eyes and looked all the way diagonally across the loggia. I took my time in making these four distinct salutations, though in response I was only stared at. After that there was a space of some seconds in which I merely stood, in my pose of *Ecce Femina!*

"Sit down!"

The command came, of course, from J. Howard. The chair to which I had once before been banished being still in its corner I slipped into it.

"I wished to speak to you, Miss—a—Miss ——"

He glanced helplessly toward his daughter, who supplied the name.

"Ah, yes. I wished to speak to you, Miss Adare, because my son has been acting very foolishly."

I made my tone as meek as I could, scarcely daring to lift my eyes from the floor.

"Wouldn't it be well, sir, to talk to him about that?"

Mrs. Billing's lorgnette came down. She glanced toward her son-in-law, as though finding the point well taken.

He went on imperturbably.

"I've said all I mean to say to him. My present appeal is to you."

"Oh, then this is an—appeal."

He seemed to hesitate, to reflect.

"If you choose to take it so," he admitted stiffly.

"It surely isn't as I choose to take it, sir; it's as you choose to mean."

"Don't bandy words."

"But I must use words, sir. I only want to be sure that you're making an appeal to me, and not giving me commands."

He spoke sharply.

"I wish you to understand that you're inducing a young man to act in a way he is going to find contrary to his interests."

I could barely nerve myself to look up at him.

"If by the 'young man' you mean Mr. Hugh Brokenshire, then I'm inducing him to do nothing whatever; unless," I added, "you call it inducement that I—I"—I was bound to force the word out—"unless you call it an inducement that I love him."

"But that's it," Mrs. Rossiter broke in. "That's what my father means. If you'd stop caring anything about him you wouldn't give him encouragement."

I looked at her with a dim apologetic smile. It was a time, I felt, to speak not only with more courage but with more sentiment than I was accustomed to use in expressing myself.

"I'm afraid I can't give my heart, and take it back, like that."

"I can," she returned readily. She spoke as if it was a matter of cracking her knuckles or wagging her ears. "If I don't want to like a person I don't do it. It's training and self-command."

"You're fortunate," I said quietly. Why I should have glanced again at Mrs. Brokenshire I hardly know; but I did so, as I added: "I've had no training of that kind—and I doubt if many women have."

Mrs. Brokenshire, who was gazing at me with the same kind of fascinated stare as on the former occasion, faintly, but quite perceptibly, inclined her head. In this movement I was sure I had the key to the mystery that seemed to surround her.

"All this," J. Howard declared magisterially, "is beside the point. If you've told my son that you'd marry him ——"

"I haven't."

"Or even given him to understand that you would ——"

"I've only given him to understand that I'd marry him—on conditions."

"Indeed? And would it be discreet on my part to inquire the terms you've been kind enough to lay down?"

I pulled myself together and spoke firmly.

"The first is that I'll marry him—if his family come to me and express a wish to have me as a sister and a daughter."

Old Mrs. Billing emitted the queer cracked cackle of a hen when it crows, but she put up her lorgnette and examined me more closely. Ethel Rossiter gasped audibly, moving her chair a little farther round in my direction. Mrs. Brokenshire stared with concentrated intensity, but somehow, I didn't know why, I felt that she was backing me up.

The great man contented himself with saying "Oh, you will!"

I ignored the tone, to speak with a decision and a spirit I was far from feeling.

"Yes, sir, I will. I shall not steal him from you—not so long as he's dependent."

"That's very kind. And may I ask ——"

"You haven't let me tell you my other condition."

"True. Go on."

I panted the words out as best I could.

"I've told him I'd marry him—if he rendered himself independent; if he earned his own money, and became a man."

"Ah! And you expect one or the other of these miracles to take place?"

"I expect both."

Though the words uttered themselves, without calculation or expectation on my part, they gave me so much of the courage of conviction that I held up my head. To my surprise Mrs. Billing didn't crow again or so much as laugh. She only gasped out that long "Ha-a!" which proclaims the sporting interest, of which both Hugh and Ethel Rossiter had told me in the morning.

Mr. Brokenshire seemed to brace himself, leaning forward, with his elbow on the table and his cigar between the fingers of his raised right hand. His eyes were bent on me—fine eyes they were!—as if in kindly amusement.

"My good girl," he said in his most pitying voice, "I wish I could tell you how sorry for you I am. Neither of these dreams can possibly come true ——"

My blood being up, I interrupted with some force.

"Then in that case, Mr. Brokenshire, you can be quite easy in your mind, for I should never marry your son." Having made this statement, I followed it up by saying: "Since that is understood, I presume there's no object in my staying any longer."

I was half rising, when his hand went up.

"Wait. We'll tell you when to go. You haven't yet got my point. Perhaps I haven't made it clear. I'm not interested in your hopes ——"

"No, sir; of course not; nor I in yours."

"I haven't inquired as to that—but we'll let it pass. We're both apparently interested in my son."

I gave a little bow of assent.

"I said I wished to make an appeal to you."

I made another little bow of assent.

"It's on his behalf. You could do him a great kindness. You could make him understand—I gather that he's under your influence to some degree; you're a clever girl, I can see that—but you could make him understand that in fancying he'll marry you he's starting out on a task in which there's no hope whatever."

"But there is."

"Pardon me, there isn't. By your own showing there isn't. You've laid down conditions that will never be fulfilled."

"What makes you say that?"

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 86)

"My knowledge of the world."

"Oh, but would you call that knowledge of the world?" I was swept along by the force of an inner indignation which had become reckless. "Knowledge of the world," I hurried on, "implies knowledge of the human heart, and you've none of that at all." I could see him flush.

"My good girl, we're here to speak of you, not of me ——"

"Surely we're here to speak of us both, since at any minute I choose I can marry your son. If I don't marry him, it's because I don't choose; but when I do choose ——"

Again the hand went up. "Yes, of course; but that's not what we want specially to hear. Let us assume, as you say, that you can marry my son at any time you choose. You don't choose, for the reason that you're astute enough to see that your last state would be worse than the first. To enter a family that would disown you at once ——"

I kept down my tone though I couldn't master my excitement.

"That's not my reason. If I don't marry him it's precisely because I have the power. There are people—cowards they are at heart, as a rule—who because they have the power use it to be insolent, especially to those who are weaker. I'm not one of those. There's a *noblesse oblige* that compels one in spite of everything. In dealing with an elderly man, who I suppose loves his son, and with a lady who's been so kind to me as Mrs. Rossiter "

"You've been hired, and you're paid. There's no special call for gratitude."

"Gratitude is in the person who feels it; but that isn't what I specially want to say."

"What you specially want to say apparently is ——"

"That I'm not afraid of you, sir; I'm not afraid of your family or your money or your position or anything or anyone you can control. If I don't marry Hugh, it's for the reason that I've given and for no other. As long as he's dependent on your money I shall not marry him till you come and beg me to do it—and that I shall expect of you."

He smiled tolerantly.

"That is, till you've brought us to our knees."

I could barely pipe, but I stood to my guns. "If you like the expression, sir—yes. I shall not marry Hugh—so long as you support him—till I've brought you to your knees."

If I expected the heavens to fall at this I was disappointed. All J. Howard did was to lean on his arm toward Mrs. Billing and talk to her privately. Mrs. Rossiter got up and went to her father, entering also into a whispered colloquy. Once or twice he glanced backward to his wife, but she was now gazing sidewise in the direction of the house and over the lines of flowers that edged the terraces.

When Mrs. Rossiter had gone back to her seat, and J. Howard had raised himself from his conversation with Mrs. Billing, he began again to address me tranquilly:

"I hoped you might have sympathized with my hopes for Hugh, and have helped to convince him how useless his plans for a marriage between him and you must be."

I answered with decision:

"No; I can't do that."

"I should have appreciated it ——"

"That I can quite understand."

"And some day have shown you that I'm acting for your good."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "whatever else you do, you'll let my good be my own affair, will you not?"

I thought I heard Mrs. Billing say "Brava!" At any rate she tapped her fingers together as if in applause. I began to feel in a more lenient spirit toward her.

"I'm quite willing to do that," my opponent said in a moderate, long-suffering tone, "now that I see that you refuse to take Hugh's good into consideration. So long as you encourage him in his present madness ——"

"I'm not doing that."

He took no notice of the interruption.

"—— I'm obliged to regard him as nothing to me."

"That must be between you and your son."

"It is. I'm only asking you to note that you—ruin him."

"No, no," I began to protest, but he silenced me with a movement of his hand.

"I'm not a hard man naturally," he went on in his tranquil voice, "but I have to be obeyed."

"Why?" I demanded. "Why should you be obeyed more than anyone else?"

"Because I mean to be. That must be enough ——"

"But it isn't," I insisted. "I've no intention of obeying you ——"

He broke in with some haste:

"Oh, there's no question of you, my dear young lady. I've nothing to do with you. I'm speaking of my son. He must obey me, or take the consequences. And the consequences will last as long as he lives. I'm not one to speak rashly, or to speak twice. So that's what I'm putting to you. Do you think—do you honestly think—that you're improving your position by ruining a man who sooner or later—sooner rather than later—will lay his ruin at your door and loathe you? Come now! You're a clever girl. The case is by no means beyond you. Think, and think straight."

"I am thinking, sir. I'm thinking so straight that I see right through you. My father used to say ——"

"No reminiscence, please."

"Very well then; we'll let the reminiscence go. But you're thinking of committing a crime, a crime against Hugh, a crime against yourself, a crime against love, every kind of love and that's the worst crime of all—and you haven't the moral courage to shoulder the guilt yourself, you're trying to shuffle it off on me."

"My good woman ——"

But nothing could silence me now. I leaned forward, with hands clasped in my lap, and merely looked at him. My voice was low, but I spoke rapidly:

"You're talking to bewilder me, to throw dust in my eyes, to snare me into taking the blame for what you're doing of your own free act. It's a kind of reasoning which some girls would be caught by, but I'm not one of them. If Hugh is ruined in the sense you mean, it's his father who will ruin him—but even that is not the worst. What's worst, what's dastardly, what's not merely unworthy of a man like you but unworthy of any man—of anything that calls itself a male—is that you, with all your resources of every kind, should try to foist your responsibilities off on a woman who has no resources whatever. That I shouldn't have believed of any of your sex—if it hadn't happened to myself."

But my eloquence left him as unmoved as before. He whispered with Mrs. Billing. The old lady was animated, making beats and lunges with her lorgnette.

"So that what it comes to," he said to me at last, lifting himself up and speaking in a tired voice, "is that you really mean to pit yourself against me."

"No, sir; but that you mean to pit yourself against me." Something compelled me to add: "And I can tell you now that you'll be beaten in the end."

Perhaps he didn't hear me for he rose, and stooping carried on his discussion with Mrs. Billing. There was a long period in which no one paid any further attention to my presence; in fact, no one paid any attention to me any more. To my last words I expected some retort, but none came. Ethel Rossiter joined her father at the end of the table, and when Mrs. Billing also rose the conversation went on *à trois*. Mrs. Brokenshire alone remained seated and aloof.

But the moment came when her husband turned toward her. Not having been dismissed, I merely stood and looked on. What I saw then passed quickly, so quickly that it took a minute of reflection before I could put two and two together.

Having taken one step toward his wife, Howard Brokenshire stood still abruptly, putting his hand suddenly to the left side of his face. His wife, too, put up her hand, but palm outward and as if to wave him back. At the same time she averted her face—and I knew it was his eye.

It was over before either of the other two women perceived anything. Presently all four were out on the grass, strolling along in a little chattering group together. My dismissal having come automatically, as you might say, I was free to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE EYES OF ASIA

(Continued from Page 17)

sending recruits from the Punjab who were formerly laborers and common workmen. The consequence of this is, in the Regiment, that we Mussulmen are completely outnumbered by these low people, and the promotions go accordingly. Each of our troops, my Mother, has been divided into two—that is to say, there are four troops to a squadron. We Musselmen should have at least two troops out of the four; but, owing to the lack of recruits, we have not sufficient men of our sort to form more than one. Now, Mother, as it was in our father's time, he who supplies the men gets the promotion. Therefore, if our friends at home, and especially our Pir Murshid, would exert themselves to supply fifteen or twenty recruits, I could approach my Colonel Sahib in regard to promotion. If my Colonel received my request favorably then you at home would only have the trouble to provide the men. But I do not think, Mother, there would be any trouble if our Pir Murshid exerted himself in the matter, and if my father's brother also exerted himself. A family is a family even [if it be] scattered to the ends of the earth, Mother. My father's brother's name is still remembered in the Regiment on account of his long service and his great deeds of old. Tell him, my Mother, that the men talk of him daily as though he had only resigned yesterday. If he rides out among the villages with his medals he will certainly fetch in many of our class. If it were fifty it would mean much more influence for me with my Colonel. He is very greedy for our class of Mahomedans.

Mother, our Pir Murshid, too, is a very holy man. If he preached to them after harvest he would fetch in many and I should be promoted; and the pensions go with the promotion. In a short time, by God's assistance, I might command a troop if sufficient recruits were attained by the exertions of my friends and well-wishers. The honor of one is the honor of all. Lay all this before the Murshid and my uncle.

None of the Cavalry have yet done anything to compare with the Regiment. This may be because of fate, or that their nature is not equal to ours. There is great honor to be got out of a lance before long. The war has become loosened and Cavalry patrols are being sent forward. We have driven Mama Lumra [a nickname for the enemy] several miles across country. He has planted his feet again, but it is not the same Mama Lumra. His arrogance is gone. Our guns turn the earth upside down upon him. He has made himself houses underneath which are in all respects fortresses, with beds, chairs and lights. Our guns break these in. There is little to see, because Mama Lumra is buried underneath. These days are altogether different from the days when all our Army was here and Mama Lumra's guns overwhelmed us by day and by night. Now Mama Lumra eats his own stick. Fighting goes on in the sky, on earth and under earth. Such fighting is rarely vouchsafed anyone to behold. Yet, if one reflects upon God, it is no more than rain on a roof. Mother, once I was reported "missing, killed, or believed taken prisoner." I went with a patrol to a place beyond which we went forward to a place which had recently been taken by the English infantry. Suddenly the enemy's fire fell upon us and behind us like water. Seeing we could not go back, we lay down in holes made by shells. The enemy exerted himself to the utmost; but our guns, having found him, bombarded him and he ceased. In the evening we retired out of our shell holes. We had to walk; it was fasting time and we suffered from thirst. So our hearts were relieved when we returned to the Regiment. We had all been reported to Divisional Headquarters as lost. This false report was then cancelled. The shell holes in the ground are the size of our goat-pen and as deep as my height with the arm raised. They are more in number than can be counted, and of all colors. It is like small-pox upon the ground.

We have no small-pox or diseases here. Our doctors are strict, and refuse is burned by the sweepers. It is said there is no physician like fire. He leaves nothing to the flies. It is said that flies produce sicknesses, especially when they are allowed to sit on the nostrils and the corners of the eyes of the children, or to fall into their milk-pots. The young children of this country of France are beautiful, and do not suffer from sickness. Their women do not die in childbed. This is on account of physicians and midwives who abound in knowledge. It is a Government order, Mother, that none can establish as a midwife till she has shown ability. These people are idolaters. When there is a death which is not caused by war they instantly ascribe it to some fault in eating or drinking, or the conduct of life on the part of the dead. If one died without manifest cause the physicians at once mutilate the body to ascertain what evil was hidden inside it. If anything is discovered there is a criminal trial. Thus the womenfolk do not traffic in poisons, and wives have no suspicion one against the other. Truly, Mother, people are only defective on account of ignorance. Learning and knowledge are the important things.

Your letters come to me with every mail, exactly as if we were at headquarters. This is accomplished solely by knowledge. There are hundreds of women behind our lines who make clean and repair the dirty clothes of the troops. Afterward they are baked in very hot ovens, which utterly destroy the vermin and also, it is said, diseases. We have, too, been issued iron helmets to protect the head against falling shots. It was asked of us all if any had an objection. The Sikhs reported that they had not found any permission in their law to wear such things. They, therefore, go uncovered. It was reported by our priests for us Mahomedans that our law neither forbids nor enjoins. It is a thing indifferent. They are heavier than the *pagri* turban, but they turn shots. Doubtless it is Allah's will that the lives of His Faithful should be prolonged by these hats. The sons of mothers who go to foreign parts are specially kept under His eye.

We know very well how the world is made. To earn a living and bear trouble is the duty of man. If I send you a report that I have won promotion in the Regiment, do not forget to distribute alms to the extent of fifteen rupees and to feed the poor.

Mother, put down your ear and listen to me. There is no danger whatever in box-pictures [snapshots—photographs]. Anyone submitted to them is in all respects as he was before. Nothing is taken out of his spirit. I myself, Mother, have submitted myself to many box-pictures, both mounted and standing beside my horse. If at any time again the Zenana Doctor Sahiba desires to make a box-picture of him do not snatch the child away but send the picture to me. I cannot see him in my dreams because at his age he changes with each month. When I went away he was still on all fours. Now you tell me he stands up holding by the skirts. I wish to see a box-picture of this very greatly indeed. I can read box pictures now as perfectly as the French. When I was new to this country I could not understand their meaning in the least. This is on account of knowledge which comes by foreign travel and experience. Mother, this world abounds in marvels beyond belief. We in India are but stones compared to these people. They do not litigate among themselves; they speak truth at first answer; their weddings are not [performed] till both sides are at least eighteen, and no man has authority here to beat his wife.

I have resided in billets with an old man and his wife, who possess seven hens, an ass and a small field of onions. They collect dung from our horse-lines upon their backs; a very little at a time, but continuously. They are without means of maintenance, yet they do not lay a finger upon any food except through invitation.

They call me *Sia* [*monsieur?*], which is Mian [Mahomedan title of respect], and also *man barah* [*mon brave?*], which signifies hero. I have spoken to them many times of you, my Mother, and they desire I send you their salutations. She calls me to account strictly for my doings each day. At evening tide I am fetched in with the hens. My clothes are then inspected and repaired when there is need. She turns me back and forth between her hands. If I exhibit impatience she hits me upon the side of the head, and I say to my heart it is your hands.

Now this is the French language, Mother:

(1) *Zuur mononfahn.* The morning salutation.

(2) *Wasi lakafeh.* Coffee is prepared.

(3) *Abil towah mononfahn.* Rise and go to parade.

(4) *Dormeh beahn mon fis nublieh pahleh Bondieu.* This is their dismissal at night,

(Concluded on Page 93)

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ALEXANDER Tight-Line Leather Belting is born and bred of assembled talents. His is a lineage of skilful tanners, learned chemists, able engineers—all trained to masterly methods and equipped with rare instruments of achievement.

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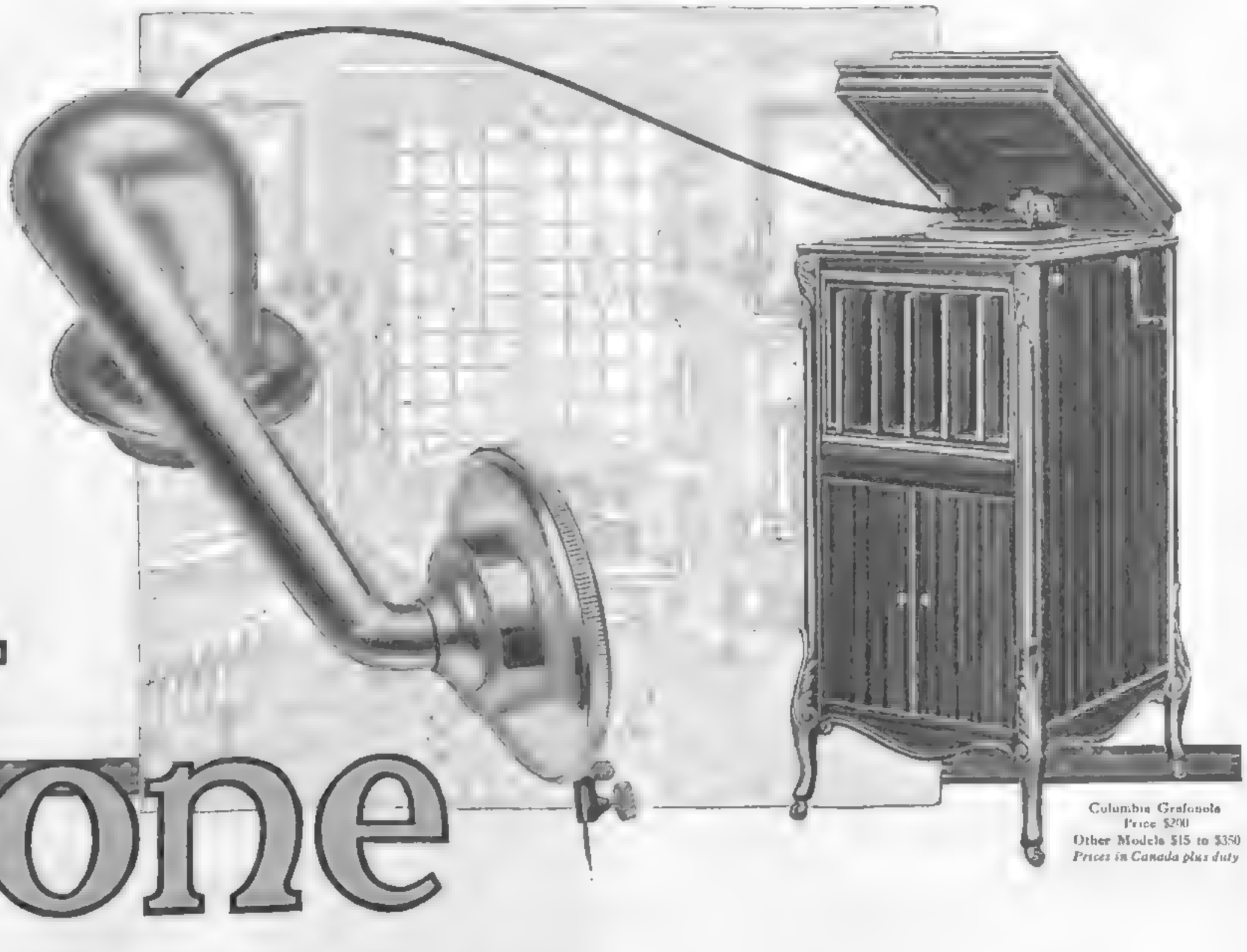

tone

Columbia Grafonola
Price $200
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THE COLUMBIA tone-arm plays a vital part in the perfection of Columbia TONE. If the reproducer may be compared to the pulsing heart of a human being, the tone-arm would represent the artery through which the life-blood ebbs and flows.

So smooth and perfect are its walls of seamless drawn tapered tubing that the flow of sound-waves is unobstructed until the tone-chamber outlet is reached. There is no abrupt angle—not so much as a screw—to interrupt or deflect the sound-waves set in motion by the vibrating needle-arm; every curve is scientifically designed to make the path of these waves to the tone-chamber as *direct* as it can be made.

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Every part of the Columbia Grafonola contributes with scientific, marvelous precision to the *tone-effect* that is part of the Grafonola—the tone-effect of *life*.

Look for the "music-note" trade-mark—the mark of a genuine Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Columbia Grafonola

(Concluded from Page 90)

invoking the blessing of their God. They use a *Tasbih* [rosary] in form like ours, but of more beads. They recite prayers both sitting and walking. Having seen my *Tasbih*, these old people become curious concerning the Faith. Certainly they are idolaters. I have seen the images by the roadside which they worship. Yet they are certainly not Kafirs, who hide the truth, and the mercy of Allah is illimitable. They, too, send you their salutations thus: "*Onvoyeh no zalutazioun sempresseh ar madam vol mair.*" It is their form of blessing.

She has borne three sons. Two are already dead in this war and of the third no information since the springtime. There remains in the house the son of the eldest son. He is three years old. His name is Pir, which in their language also means a holy man. He runs barefoot in summer and wears only one garment. He eats all foods, and specially dates. In this country it is not allowed to give children cardamoms. He has learned to speak our tongue and bears a wooden sword, which was made for him, and a turban of our sort. When he is weary he repairs to the center of my bed, which is forbidden to him by his grandmother, of whom he has no fear. He fears nothing. My Mother, he is almost the same sort as my own. He sends his salutations to him. He calls him "My brother who is in India." He also prays for him aloud before an idol which he is taken to worship. On account of his fatness he cannot yet kneel long, but falls over sideways. The idol is of Bibbee Miriam [the Virgin Mary], whom they, in this country, believe to watch over children. He has also a small idol of his own above his bed which represents a certain saint called *Pir*. He rides upon the ass and says he will become a trooper. I take delight in his presence and his conversation.

The children in this country are learned from their very birth. They go to the schools even when the shells fall near by. They know all the countries in the world, and to read and write in their language, and to cast accounts. Even the girls of eight years can cast accounts, and those that are marriageable have complete knowledge of cookery, accounts and governments, and washing of clothes, agriculture and the manufacture of garments, and all other offices; otherwise they are reckoned infirm-minded. Each girl is given a dowry to which she adds with her own hands. No man molests any woman here on any occasion. They come and go at their pleasure upon their business. There is one thing I should like to see, Mother. I should like to see all the men of India with all their wives brought to France in order to see the country and profit by their experiences. Here are no quarrels or contentions, and there is no dishonesty. All day long men do their work and the women do theirs. Compared with these people, the people of India do not work at all. All day long they are occupied with evil thoughts, and the women all day long they do nothing but quarrel. The blame for this state of affairs, Mother, lies upon the men of India, for if the men were to educate the women they would give up quarreling.

When a man goes out into the world his understanding is enlarged and he becomes proficient in different kinds of work. All that is needed is to show courage. At the present time one's bravery or one's cowardice is apparent. The opportunities for advancement come quickly. Such opportunities will not occur again.

As for any marriage [for me?] when I return, those things can wait till I return. It is no gain to take into the house a child or a sickly one who through no fault of her own dies in bringing forth. If there is any talk between our house and any other family upon this subject they should understand that I desire knowledge more than dowry. There are schools where girls are educated by English ladies. I am not of the sort to make a wedding outside my clan or country, but if I fight to keep Mama Lumra out of the Punjab I will choose my wives out of the Punjab. I desire nothing that is contrary to the Faith, Mother, but what was ample yesterday does not cover even the palm of the hand to-day. This is owing to the spread of enlightment among all men coming and going and observing matters which they had never before known to exist.

In this country when one of them dies, the tomb is marked and named and kept like a garden, that the others may go to mourn over her. Nor do they believe a burial ground to be inhabited by evil spirits or ghouls. When I was upon a certain duty last month I lay three nights in a graveyard. None troubled me, even though the dead had been removed from their graves by the violence of shells bursting. One was a woman of this country, newly dead, whom we reburied for the sake of the Pity of Allah, and made the prayer. Tell the Pir Murshid this, and that I performed *Tayamummum* [the shorter purification with sand or dust, instead of ashes] afterward. There was no time for the full purification.

Oh, my Mother, my Mother, I am your son, your son; and, as I have said at the beginning, I will return to your arms from out of this country when God shall permit.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series by Rudyard Kipling.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 12)

parlor game, from bridge, chess and poker down to lotto. We had scarcely passed the Statue of Liberty before they opened a lottery. This afternoon the drawing was held on deck, amidst unprecedented excitement. A half an hour later what looked like a terrible row broke out—five plump, dark gentlemen shoving their fingers under one another's noses, waving their palms before one another's faces, stamping and talking like the exhaust of an automobile. The Italian attorney passed just then. "What is this all about?" I asked. He listened a moment. "They are arguing over a point in philology!" he replied. With the Spanish, something is doing every moment. Most of the men, I find, are commercial travelers from Barcelona, who have been selling Spanish goods in New York.

However, there are romantic exceptions. A tall and exceptionally dark person in a frock coat turns out to be a fortune teller from Yucatan. He has read the palms of all the Spanish women on deck, looking soulfully into their eyes as he plied his art. A short and plump person in a mantilla, who sits all day on deck knitting without ever raising her eyes, is his Mexican wife. Rumor has it that she is a fabulously rich heiress. There was a scramble for cabins just before we sailed, and late comers had to take what they could get. In consequence, she is quartered separately from her husband with three American women. Night before last she failed to show up in her cabin. Investigation revealed that she had fallen asleep on a bench in the hall and slept there all night in her peaceful Indian fashion. A chatty and sociable Dominican nun and her charge, a pretty little girl of eleven years, give a lively note to the Spanish colony. This morning the girl appeared on deck with a doll as big as herself. The Spanish sports were drinking sherry on deck. They lured the doll from her and pretended to get it drunk—to the scandal of the little mother.

However, the great high light of this trip is Tortola—Tortola Valencia, the Spanish dancer—just back from a trip to South America, where, according to her manager, the enthusiastic inhabitants unharnessed the horses from her carriage and dragged her to the hotel by hand. He further informs us that she is the greatest artist of the dance ever born and the greatest that can ever possibly be born. I learn from persons less interested that she is supreme in her department—interpretative dancing—on the Spanish stage. I despair of describing how beautiful Tortola is; it would take a woman to do that. She begins, as most beauties do not, with a correct background of bony structure. The angle of her jaws, the curve of her nose, the sweep of her ample eye-socket are all essentially comely. On that background are built a smooth, creamy complexion, a set of white teeth firm yet fine, slimly arched eyebrows, and a pair of great black eyes all fire, intelligence and emotion. Her straight hair makes midnight look like dawn. Her dress is startling, to put the matter mildly; it runs to old-portrait effects. She wears two pendent sapphire earrings as big as pigeon's eggs, a great sapphire finger-ring to match, and a half a dozen other rings, emerald or diamond, none of which scores less than five carats in weight. On cold days, when

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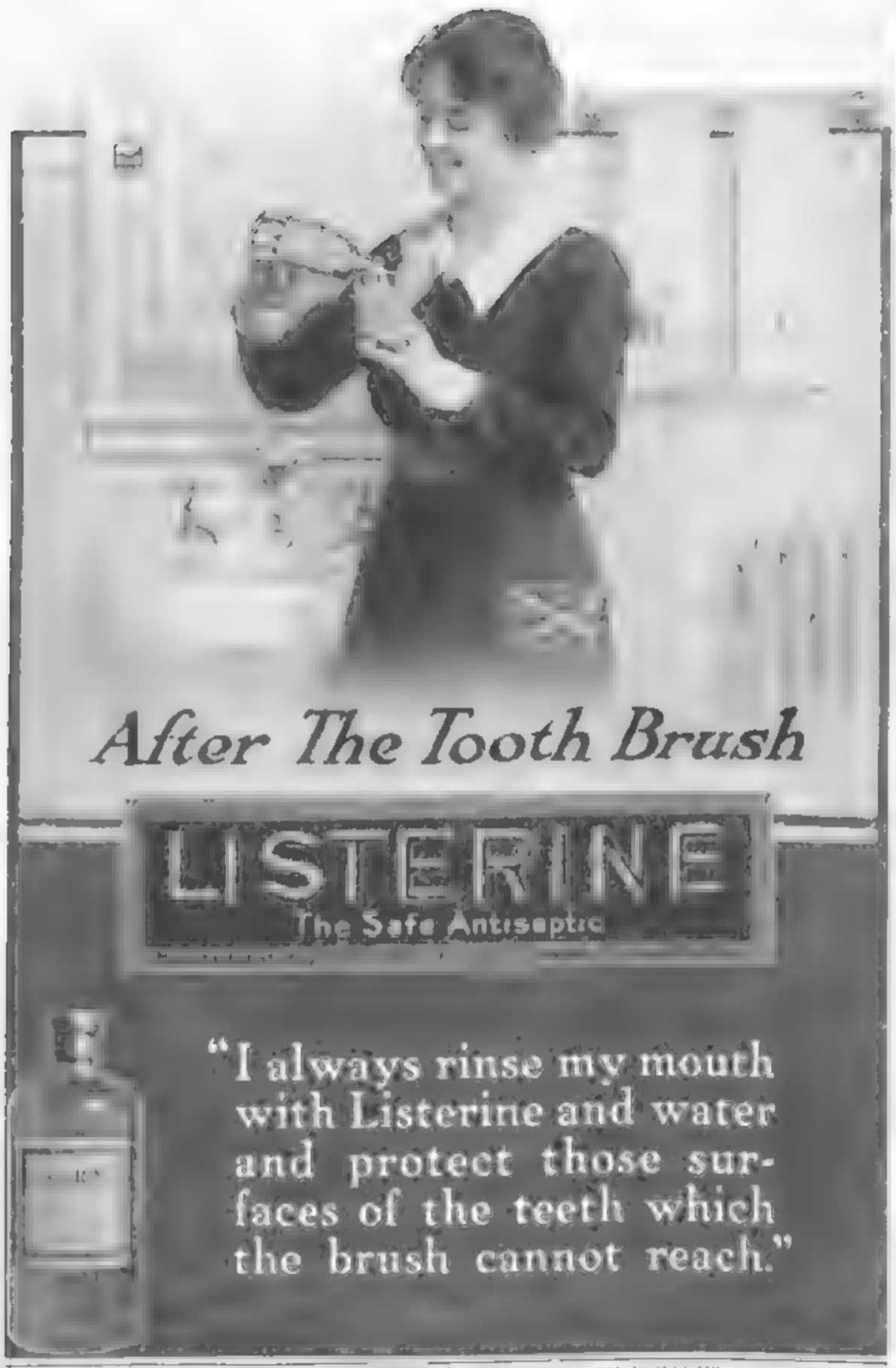
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If your feet bother you, our book "Orthopedics of the Foot" will help you. Free. Write.

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she has to don her gloves for warmth, she takes off her largest rings, deposits them in her lap, draws on her gloves, and replaces the rings carefully outside.

From the very moment when she landed on deck she was surrounded by an admiring, solicitous, respectful court of Spanish men. It became our game to count them. There were never less than four, and one fine evening the score reached eleven—not including the infatuated deck hand. A handsome lad who looks in his blue sailor uniform as though made up for romantic opera, he always finds business in the background, whence he devours her with his eyes. From the forward deck a set of portholes look down into the dining saloon. One evening, having finished dinner, I strolled out on deck. The infatuated deck hand, holding the ship's cat in his arms, lay stretched out at full length, his face glued to a porthole. He was regarding Tortola, where she sat holding her court.

A Lady Who Does Not Learn

Only three days ago did we learn that she speaks perfect English—though a native of Seville she was educated in an English convent. After which the American element, including our women—nothing fascinates other women like a beauty—joined her court. As we might have expected from her ample forehead and the light in her eye, she has real intelligence. Her comments on art—not only her own, but all art from painting to music—were both wise and witty. Ship life was a bit hard on her abounding energies, and when she grew bored she used to dance with the upper part of her body, while the members usually associated with her art remained immobile under about five thousand dollars' worth of sealskin coat. Twenty varieties of Spanish dance, Hindu dances, snake dances, her own interpretative dances of the Peer Gynt suite—she did them all with arms and torso and expression. "Have you learned the Hawaiian dances in your travels?" asked an American during one of these performances. "I do not learn, I create!" replied Tortola Valencia.

Finally, there is the Padre, who walks gravely on deck every day reading his book of hours. One Sunday and two major saints' days have occurred since we cast off into the Sea of Submarines. On these occasions, the sea being smooth, he has set up an altar on deck and celebrated Mass with two little apprentices in sailor uniforms as acolytes, and with the ship's officers, arranged according to their rank, in front of the congregation.

Meantime, the face of the world has changed. The revolution in Russia, for which the liberals of the world have been waiting and hoping and praying all my lifetime—it has burst suddenly and dramatically. The manner in which the news came to us was maddening. Fortunately we have had a wireless bulletin every day, at first in English from Arlington, then in Spanish from passing vessels, finally in French from the Eiffel Tower. Three days out came the dramatic announcement, far too brief, simply that the troops in favor of revolution had beaten those opposed to it and occupied Petrograd. Next day the purser posted a most confusing dispatch. The Grand Duke Michael was at the head of the provisional government; the government was restoring order and attending to the distribution of food; and finally the sinister sentence in Spanish: "The revolution has been entirely unfruitful." How could it have been, with a provisional government in control? Yet there stood that sentence; and it was the last we heard of the Russian Revolution for six days, during which the Art Dealer, the Reliever of Belgium and I, the three persons aboard who had followed the war most closely, walked the deck and indulged in conjecture. We all understood the situation in its full importance: If that revolution succeeded, it meant that Russia would go on with the war; if it failed, it meant that Germany would pull off a separate peace.

Daily the bulletins gave us fragments of news from America and the Western Front; one day they even recorded that three American ships had been sunk by submarines, rendering our certain entrance into this war doubly certain. But no mention of Russia.

"It's the biggest thing for us since the Declaration of Independence," said the Reliever of Belgium. "A liberal Russia will be our friend; an autocratic Russia ——" He had no need to finish the sentence.

"It's one of the events in Jewish history," said the Art Dealer, who is a Jew. "We have hated Russia with cause; we can be her friends now."

And no news! No news! After four days the wireless did another maddening thing. Without preliminary warning it flashed the announcement that French cavalry had ridden through to Noyon, had been acclaimed by the populace. What was this? The long-hoped-for break of the great line or a voluntary retirement? We are in doubt on that point even yet, though we have talked of little else for three days. But day before yesterday Russian news came at last the abdication of the Czar, the recognition of the new government by France, Great Britain and the United States, the loyalty of the army. We lifted up our voices and cheered.

As I write this in the ship's cabin, with the Spanish sports still drinking on deck and warm puffs of land air coming from the dim coast, Tortola enters. An Englishman breaks to her news of the latest ship's rumor—that we will be stopped and searched personally at four o'clock in the morning by a French ship.

"Heavens! And Frenchmen!" says Tortola. "I must not put cold cream on my face to-night. I could not have them find me ugly!"

ON THE DOCK, CADIZ,
SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25TH.

Of course the French cruiser that was to search us failed to show up. The events prophesied by ship's rumor in these troublous times never come off. Things happen, but not the things foretold by the man who had it from the assistant purser, who had it from the captain, who got it straight by wireless. On the tender we found a Rumanian diplomat, come to take his brother by automobile to Madrid. He told us the best—that the Russian Revolution is a permanent camp; but he modified his good news by announcing that the action about Noyon looked like a voluntary retirement. We are waiting here for the baggage to come off, and catching through the windows of the waiting room alluring glimpses of women going to church in mantillas.

Exchanges and Short Changes

This out-of-the-way port is one of the most attractive in the world. Above a turquoise-blue harbor it rises in vistas of tall white houses, topped with quaint watch-towers and shot with Moorish-looking arches—in fact, from the sea it looks like a great world's fair a little shaken down with age. Here is much of the story of the vanished glory of Spain. For Cadiz, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was the port where the English admirals used to practice the merry sport of scorching the Spanish king's beard. In 1596, the guidebooks tell us, they burned and sacked the town. Later the Spanish treasure ships from South America sailed for Cadiz; and the British admirals used to wait outside and take the treasure away. Finally, after centuries, the town built up a prosperous trade with the Spanish colonies, especially Cuba. When we finished the Spanish War there were no Spanish colonies to speak of.

These reflections are prompted by the adventures of some of my fellow passengers, who have been uptown trying to exchange their American money for Spanish—the purser of our boat would make no exchange. It is Sunday and the banks are closed. They have paid six or seven different rates of exchange, all ruinous. Some of them have been short-changed into the bargain. Cadiz, I take it, is getting back at us.

MADRID, TUESDAY, MARCH 27TH.

Yesterday was passport day, with trouble enough for my fellow travelers. The Entente Allies are growing very cautious about letting anyone enter from Spain; in fact, they are discouraging all travel. If you wish to enter France from the United States via Spain, you must have your passport viséed first by a French consul in the United States, to prove that you are considered an innocent and worthy person in your own country. Then you must present yourself to the French consul here. He makes you wait for three days while he investigates you by telegraph. The only exception to this rule is a person on government business. It is left to Mr. Willard, our ambassador, to say who is and who is not on government business; and he interprets the regulation strictly. Journalists, for

(Concluded on Page 97)

The Brunswick Brings All Artists

Because It Plays All Records

It plays ALL records. So ALL artists—ALL instrumental soloists and orchestras—ALL bands, ALL popular songs of the day, ALL dance records—all the world of music are at your command—without restriction—when you play The Brunswick.

Heretofore every phonograph owner has had to content himself with one type of records.

Each concern controls its own premier artists. Each make is excellent in itself. Each has rare records.

But no music lover could hear them all on his own instrument. That meant a limited library.

Worst of all, few homes could have the wonderful Pathé Records—world famous. Each home has had to make its sacrifices.

The Brunswick removes all restrictions. Buy *any* record you choose, whatever make. Play it on The Brunswick.

This remarkable instrument is especially *designed* to play *all* records—not merely adapted. It is the *final* type phonograph, a combination of the merits of the many.

Without Extra Cost

The Brunswick has all the wanted features. Two reproducers are furnished—instantly interchangeable—so you can use any needle or jewel point. One reproducer is furnished for Pathé Records, which require a sapphire-ball point.

This opens up a new world of music. Pathé has some of the greatest stars of both America and Europe.

The Brunswick and a good record bring to you the very summit in phonographic art. So experts say. Yet it does not take a delicately trained ear to appreciate the difference. The tones are incomparable.

Rare Pathé Records

Hear them on The Brunswick. Such artists as Muratore, the great tenor; Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful soprano; Giorgini, Anna Fitziu, Didur, Thomas Egan, Ancona, Defrères, Muzio, Ober, Titta Ruffo, Slezak, Urlus, Herman Weil, Grace Hoffman. Hear other Pathé Records—orchestral, instrumental, vocal, miscellaneous. Old and new favorites.

The House of Brunswick recommends Pathé Records especially because it knows that once all become familiar with these exquisite productions, Pathé Records will take their rightful place in America. They already lead in Europe.

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For over 75 years the House of Brunswick has been a leader in cabinet work.

For a long time its craftsmen have made phonograph cabinets for others.

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All the costliest, worthiest features are included in The Brunswick—an extra-capacity motor, a perfected tone modifier, an accurately timed automatic stop, and a dozen other refinements and extras.

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We could have used a tin horn—or part metal, part wood. This, acousticians advised us, was faulty. So they planned The Brunswick's all-wood sound chamber.

Go and hear The Brunswick. Let all its improvements be pointed out. Ask for any records—your favorites. Also for several Pathé selections. Your ear will decide in its favor. You'll be delighted.

And remember this remarkable Brunswick—with all its advantages—costs no more than other high-grade instruments. The prices range from $70 to $175.

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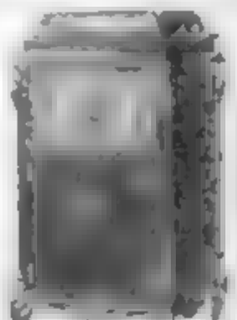

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We propose to make this enrollment from sections of the country out of reach of UNITED CIGAR STORES or United Agencies and where therefore RICORO is not on sale. These 2000 smokers are to be introduced to RICORO by mail.

We have 2000 "Mail Order Test Packages" of RICORO containing thirteen cigars, in five of the most popular sizes of the brand, which will be sent to the first 2000 persons *(one package to each customer)* whose orders with $1.00 are received. Nothing added for shipping. We pay express or postal charges.

No more than 2000 of these "Mail Order Test Packages" of RICORO are on hand, and only 2000 packages can be supplied in response to this advertisement. *This supply is positively the limit.* First come—first served. Money received after orders for the 2000 packages are recorded will be returned to the sender.

With five different sizes of RICORO to smoke —two cigars of two sizes and three cigars of three sizes (see illustration of package above) RICORO can be thoroughly tested. This *actual test* will tell you the story of the famous "self-made" cigar better than we have been putting it into words in these advertisements for the past nine months.

We believe that these packages of thirteen cigars in the hands of 2000 smokers will turn a new trick in advertising, and will win over to RICORO a large majority of the 2000 smokers to whom they go.

Send your order so as to be among the other 1999 who will surely want this "Mail Order Test Package" of RICORO for $1.00, sent prepaid. Send $1.00 in express, or post office order, or if in currency by registered mail. Orders paid by check will be subject to such delay as may be necessary while checks are sent back for collection *(if in our discretion this is deemed advisable)*.

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No orders for this "Mail Order Test Package" will be filled at UNITED CIGAR STORES or United Agencies. Our stores and Agencies carry in stock RICORO in regular boxes of 25 and 50 as the case may be. (Over One Thousand Stores in Four Hundred Cities.)

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$7 to $10

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When he needs an extra $5 00 bill, he hustles out in his spare time, interviews a few of his local acquaintances, and signs them up as yearly subscribers for one, two or all three of the universally popular Curtis publications, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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[illegible]

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
[illegible] Independence Square, Philadelphia

(Concluded from Page 94)

example, do not come under the exception. The Newspaper Enterprise Association man must wait his three days, and so must I, when I get ready to leave.

In the lobby this afternoon I observed the Beautiful Wop weeping softly on one bench, while the wife of the Dutchman, going home via Spain, sat across from her absolutely worn out with grief. She had cause to cry, poor thing. She had accompanied her husband on his business trip to America last winter, leaving her children at home in Rotterdam. They were returning on a Dutch steamer, when the Germans issued their submarine order. The Dutch steamer, though near Falmouth at the time, turned back to New York. So they tried it again via Spain. The British, French and Dutch consuls all tell them the same story. There is no passenger traffic between England and Holland now; even if they reached England they could not get home. So what is the use of giving them the right to travel across France to England, in a day when every civilian passenger costs just so much coal? They must either return to America or stay in Spain.

The Beautiful Wop's position is less tragic but still irritating. It illustrates the consequences, in these days, of a small irregularity in one's papers. She sailed on two days' notice. When she got her passport some mistaken functionary informed her that a French visé in the United States was a mere formality and wholly unnecessary. The French consul in Madrid would attend to everything. She found that it was very necessary—indispensable, in fact. The French consul here, under his orders, can do nothing until he telegraphs to the United States and has her case investigated. In these days of cable censorship it takes an ordinary civilian telegram nearly a week to go from Madrid to New York. The consul can get an exchange of official telegrams in from four to ten days, but the time the consul in New York will take to investigate is an uncertain quantity. Here it is Tuesday, and the openings of the summer styles begin next Sunday! In the meantime, her rival, better advised, will get her permission to travel and be on her way Friday.

Stretching the Rules

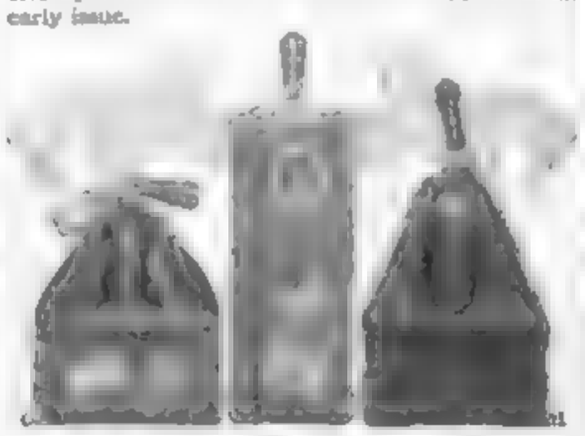
Scarcely had I finished listening to their troubles, when I found the girl who is to marry the British naval captain having tea with her brother and looking rather serious. It appears that her business in England does not come under the regulations. They are very sorry at the British consulate; a journey to marry one of His Majesty's navy is no excuse.

The Reliever of Belgium went through last night: his is public business. He did have a little trouble, however, about his secretary. The new regulations specify that no citizen of the Allied countries shall be allowed to travel with a secretary; one must dispense with that luxury in wartime. However, he is not yet a belligerent; and, moreover, his situation is semidiplomatic. So the secretary also goes through.

The God of the famished go with him! He is the biggest human phenomenon brought out of America by this war, and the Commission for Relief in Belgium has been our noblest work so far.

Later: I have just met the Engaged Girl, all trousseau and smiles. The British have informed her, with the gruffness which a Briton uses to conceal a kindly deed, that they have found a rule covering her case. It is something about the wives of officers, which can be stretched to include the wife-to-be of an officer. So she is going straight through to-morrow. She says that she felt they'd do it, and never worried for a minute. All the world loves a lover, even in war!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of letters by Will Irwin. The second will appear in an early issue.



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THE MINUTE DEMOUNTABLE WHEEL For Ford Cars

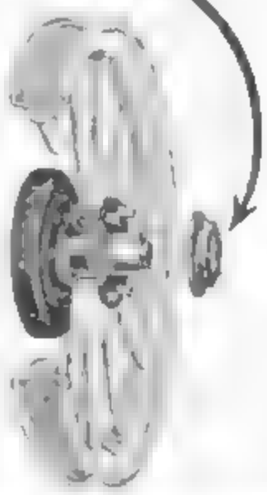
Their tire gone flat, they're left behind,

But a minute after, the Minute Wheel's on—

So quickly is the change made, they overtake their friends and pass them.

H-S Automobile Specialties

"One Nut to Unscrew, That's All You Do"



That's the way to travel in your Ford—carry the spare tire already inflated on a spare wheel.

The Minute Demountable Wheel is the latest, quickest, most sensible, quick tire changing device known. Far ahead of a demountable rim.

Just remove one nut—off comes the wheel. Slide on the other, tighten one nut, and away you go! Hands clean, no time lost, no pulling and tugging, no collars wilted, no tempers spoiled. A child could do it.

Every Ford owner will want the equipment. One extra wheel, four new hubs to replace Ford hubs. Strengthens your wheels—adds to the mileage.

Costs only $30.00 (West of the Rockies $35)

Ask for Minute Wheel Booklet. Send your dealer's name

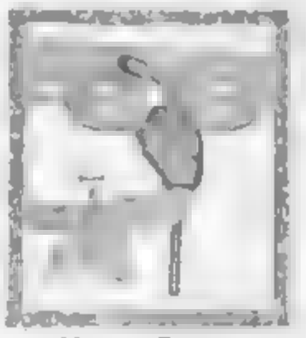
H-S Lehs Manifold Heater

for Ford and Chevrolet Cars

Stop that leak in your gas tank! This device does it. Heats the vapor to top efficiency—result 20 to 40 per cent more mileage. We guarantee this.

You can put this heater on your car in a few minutes. Does not alter or interfere with design or construction of engine in any way. Can be opened to clean—an essential feature for the success of any heater. Write for booklet "Mileage." Mention dealer's name.

Heater costs $6.00



Heater in Position on Manifold

H-S Automobile Repair Parts

for the Ford and Overland Cars. These repair parts are, we believe, the best in the world. The experience of nineteen years in the metal goods business tells us so.

When ordering repair parts of your dealer or garage man, insist on H-S, the best quality.

Dealers get in touch with H-S jobbers for these accessories and parts. Write us for booklet and particulars

THE HILL-SMITH METAL GOODS COMPANY
82 Brookline Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

The Principles and Practices of
A. STEIN & CO.
Let quality be the aim; not quantity.
Our goal: pleased and permanent buyers.

Be as cautious and careful in buying your garters as in all your other purchases. The high standard of PARIS GARTERS is always maintained, although materials are far more costly

You may expect the same satisfying service and comfort from each pair of PARIS GARTERS. The name on the back of the shield enables you to identify these garters.

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No metal can touch you

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The MOTOR OIL that's Clean
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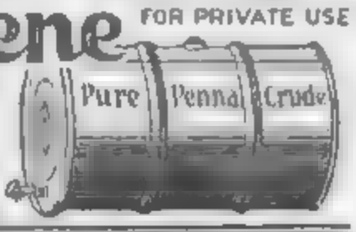

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WEAR OLD GLORY 4c In Your Buttonhole

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LYNN & CO., 48 Bond Street, New York

Your Ford will not turn Turtle
If Equipped with an
Irreversible Worm Steering Gear

—the style used on all high-priced cars. Holds the front wheels so that ruts or bumps cannot turn them aside—gives the driver perfect control. No vibration, no strain on arms or shoulders. Easily attached. Thousands in use.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

Price, $12. At dealers or direct from factory. Write for full information, free.

Attaches to engine. No holes to bore.

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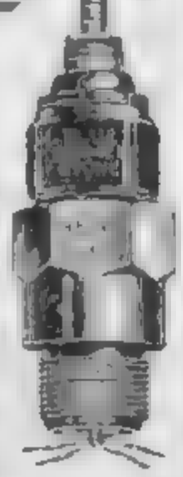
Save Pennies; Lose Dollars

Every cent you apparently save in the first cost of a cheap Plug you will pay out many times over. Cheap Plugs don't last. A weak spark wastes your gas because it can't explode all the fuel. Don't practice false economy. Install

HERZ "Bourse Mercedes" PLUGS



Back of the famous "Clover Leaf" electrode is an explosion chamber that intensifies the spark, makes it penetrate thoroughly even a very rich or a very lean mixture. Don't buy any plug without this explosion chamber!

HERZ PLUGS with their double insulation and the patented perfect seal last and last and last. Ask your dealer, write us if he cannot supply you.

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THE AUTOGLAS
(PATENTED MAY 2, 1911)

Is the most comfortable goggle and the most efficient eye protector made.

Fitting closely the contour of the face, it excludes all wind, dust and flying particles.

It is perfectly ventilated.

Procurable from all opticians, motor supply and sporting goods dealers, or we will send you address of your nearest dealer.

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NACH VERDUN!

(Continued from Page 4)

As the barrel was lowered again, the breech opened; slow curling tongues of flame licked round the muzzle. Behind each weapon were great stacks of shells. Hurrying men, two at a time, with a tray supported on two short poles between them, carried more food to the iron monster, fed its fuming breech for yet another roar.

Farther within the wood were still greater monsters, so huge that their aliment was trundled to them on light rails, swung into their maws by overhanging cranes. The earth shook, the trees rocked with the vehemence of their discharge.

"Frau Bertha has a most persuasive voice—*nicht wahr?*" said the *Oberst* to his guest.

The neutral agreed as courteously as was possible in this chaos of bludgeoning noise. His dark eyes rested a little contemptuously on the dapper, somewhat pudgy colonel, whose soul, even in this crisis of nations, was still essentially the soul of a commercial traveler. The order to Krupps was not yet given.

It was one o'clock—noon to the anxious French general far over there in the terrible distance. As suddenly as it had commenced, the vast bombardment ceased. There was an uncanny silence. All knew its significance. The German infantry was advancing to the assault. With what resistance would it be met? Every ear was at strain—machine guns? There was no sound. Suddenly the bombardment opened again, as violent as before. The German guns were putting a screen of death behind the doomed positions, barring off all help. Far away huge shells were crashing down from a curve that was four miles high at its zenith, making an inferno of a once quiet cathedral town, wrecking the bridges across a flooded river, blocking every avenue of supply to the defenders agonizing on the plateau.

That night in the Army Headquarters was a night of jubilation. Courtier soldiers—who none the less labored into the small hours at the intricate calculations and orders that would improve the victory on the morrow—glanced at a youngish, very exalted personage, and murmured platitudes about the pardonable intoxication of success. An even more exalted personage strode from general to general in the great tapestried, map-hung apartment, and gave instructions that were received as the inspiration of genius, and then merged, lost sight of, nullified in the mass of orders that emanated from those fiercely toiling brains.

A Hitch in the Time-Table

The distinguished guest sat at the table with the keen-eyed, white-browed general, and had everything patiently explained to him.

"All has gone exactly according to schedule," said the German. "The first line positions are *ours*. There has been a counterattack in the Bois de Caures; but we have stemmed it. Elsewhere there has been no serious opposition. The first day has been a brilliant success. We have pierced the line where we intended to pierce it. If the French maintain their flank positions their disaster is certain. The battle will be developed to-morrow. We shall drive right through to the Ornes-Louvemont road. The French defense is dead; was annihilated by our bombardment. To-morrow disintegration will set in and our progress will be rapid. On the third day we shall take Fort Douaumont—the key to Verdun."

"And on the fourth day?" queried the neutral, his dark eyes gazing at the map in front of him.

"We shall be in Verdun!" said the German.

"*Verdun! Verdun! Nach Verdun—Paris!*" chanted an unsteady voice across the room, and finished in a suspicious resemblance to a hiccup.

There was a moment of tense, awkward silence in the great apartment, and then a buzz of low voices earnestly discussing technicalities.

Day followed day, surcharged with fateful issues. Men who flung themselves down, utterly wearied, to snatch a brief sleep, woke from it with an oppression of the breast, a tremor of the nerves. Their fiercely excited brains begrudged an instant's unconsciousness where every minute was a vehicle of destiny—once ahead, never to be overtaken. Strenuously, night and day, labored the staffs in the Army Headquarters, in the corps, divisions, artillery groups—desperately; for after the second day they were behind their time-table.

On that second day the French defense they had fondly thought annihilated woke to sternly resisting life. There had been terrific fighting on the whole front from Brabant to Ornes. Once more a frightful bombardment had opened with the dawn. Once more the German infantry had advanced in masses. They found the trenches in front of them weakly held; had occupied them. But en route a storm of shells had rained down on the swarming columns, had strewn the ground with dead and dying. Farther advance was barred by sheets of rifle fire, torrents of machine-gun bullets. There were ugly rumors as to losses. The day's objective had not been reached. Counterattacks had flung the gray infantry out of positions already conquered.

The Battle in the Snow

During the black night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, while the gun teams of the German batteries strained and stumbled forward over shell-torn ground to new positions, the French left flank had fallen back from Brabant. The German guns hurled an avalanche of projectiles blindly upon the new lines of defense, more or less at hazard, since no longer did they have them accurately marked upon the map. Once more the gray masses swept forward; once more the hail of shells beat them down. The end of that day saw the center pushed in with wild confusion; but the French resistance, still alive, determined to perish rather than break. Once more the objective had not been attained. Douaumont was not even menaced. The time-table was hopelessly out. That night the French fell back on both flanks and withdrew from Ornes.

The fourth day dawned—the appointed day for final victory—and still the struggle continued, fiercer than ever. Slowly, slowly the German infantry pressed forward, leaving behind them a sea of helpless bodies—a gray carpet as perceived from a distance. The artillery fire swelled and mounted in paroxysms of incredible violence, the German guns hammering in savage persistence; the French batteries, lurking for their target, overwhelming it in a deluge.

On and on pressed the gray infantry, thrust dangerously, as night fell, straight at the heart, toward Fort Douaumont. A fierce conflict—body to body, rifles that flashed in the face of the victim, bayonets perforce shortened for the thrust, gripping fingers clutching at the throat as men wrestled and swayed roared in an indescribable tumult upon the Ornes-Louvemont road.

The defenders had made a supreme rally. The Germans fought like men who grasp at victory, maddened that it is withheld. The French fought like heroes, desperately outnumbered, who know their duty is to die. When night fell the defense was still intact; but the French had withdrawn to their last line, covering Douaumont.

"We still have one more day," said the German general to the distinguished neutral that night in the great map-hung apartment. "We allowed that margin of time. To-morrow will see our greatest effort, Douaumont in our hands, Verdun untenable."

The dark eyes of the neutral read a certain nervousness in the German's face, despite the confident tone.

"It has proved rather more difficult than you expected?"

"The French field guns have been terrible—terrible!" replied the German. "Without them ——" He waved an expressive hand. "But to-morrow we shall deliver the *coup de grâce*. We have not boasted idly, *Excellenz*." His eyes looked searchingly through their pince-nez at the calmly interested face of the neutral. "When Germany threatens she performs."

On the morning of the twenty-fifth the German guns roared over white fields of snow, through veils of the softly falling flakes that fluttered inexhaustibly from the leaden sky. Their thunder swelled louder and ever louder as the batteries, which had changed position consequently upon the French withdrawal during the night, got to

(Continued on Page 101)

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made possible by the modern

Humphrey Hot Water Service!

With Humphrey Hot Water Service in your home, your hot water supply is limited only by the ocean, lake, river or reservoir, from which your cold water comes.

Humphrey Hot Water Service places an *unlimited* quantity of steaming hot water at your *instant* command.

And this is true at any time of the *day* or *night*—any *season* of the year—in kitchen, laundry or bathroom.

No waiting for water to *heat*—no fussing with fires, tanks, kettles, heaters or stoves—no matches to light.

You merely turn the hot water faucet! An abundance of hot water *never fails!* Down in the basement—out of sight—and out of the way—The Humphrey performs its task.

Thousands of homes now know this modern Hot Water *convenience*.

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The Humphrey heats fresh water *instantly*—whenever you TURN THE FAUCET! When you turn *off* the faucet you turn off the gas—and *all* expense *stops!*

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A fascinating Booklet, "Hot Water Like Magic," will be sent free on request; also, name of local concern selling the "Humphrey Automatic." Write.

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Dancers Can't Have Corns
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IMMEDIATE relief—then the average corn comes out in 48 hours. That has been the experience of millions of users of Blue-jay. This gentle, easy way removes the dangers of paring or harsh liquids. Prove it yourself—suffer no longer. Free yourself tonight. Blue-jay is for sale at all druggists'.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings,* CHICAGO and NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 98)

work, searching for their target, more or less accurately finding it, despite the difficulty of observation.

Not a minute was to be lost. The anxious German Staff knew that the reënforcements of their foes must be hurrying—hurrying. Some perhaps had already arrived. If night fell without definite victory the morrow would surely see fresh masses against them, reinvigorating the defense. Victory today—complete victory—Douaumont captured, the pursuit pressed into the streets of Verdun—meant victory indeed.

Mighty, therefore, was the effort. By noon every German battery was firing at its maximum. Under the leaden sky, over the white ground, in the still cold of a bitter frost, their thunder swelled and crashed, roaring in a never-ending frenzy. Eighteen German divisions were massed to break down all opposition. Already they had attacked—again and again. Again and again the rapid detonations of the French guns had leaped into the din, smiting desperately, frantically, to stay them. Over there, in the mist-hung gullies of the plateau, on its bare open spaces between the woods, the snow had ceased to be white—save where it fell freshly upon the huddled bodies of the fallen.

In the afternoon the weather cleared somewhat. More distant views were possible. On the higher of the Twins of Ornes, the knolls just southwest of the Forêt de Spincourt, stood the figure who, more than any other individual, would have to dare the answer for all the agony rolled out there before him; for all the agony that no eye could measure, spread over continents, crying to strange stars.

Spiked helmet on his head, a long gray cavalry cloak wrapped about him, his field glasses held to his eyes by the right hand only, he gazed upon the now distant conflict. At his side stood a younger figure, his face masked also by a binocular. Behind them was a group of dignitaries, generals of high position, the distinguished neutral and the *Oberst* who never quitted him. All gazed on the scarp of the Heights of the Meuse, their glasses pointing south-south-west.

The great masses of woodland rose dark from the snow of the plain, a long stretch of undulating climbing treetops. Beyond them the bare bulk of the plateau humped itself yet higher, dirty gray against the sky. It rose to a culminating knoll—Douaumont! All that bare plateau was whelmed in a drifting reek; but the highest point was like a volcano in eruption. Great founts of smoke shot up from it incessantly, spread in the air in heavy plumes that overhung.

Douaumont Still Untaken

It was the objective of the Third Corps—Brandenburgers—attacking under the eye of the Kaiser, so particularly their chief. Their orders were that Douaumont was to be taken at all costs. On the Twin of Ornes operators from army headquarters had taken over the telephone dugout. Behind them the line was clear to Berlin—waiting—waiting for the triumphant announcement that should thrill the world.

Somewhat impatiently the neutral scanned the lofty distances where the great drama was being enacted. Innumerable puffs of bursting shells indicated the conflict, but gave no hint of its varying fortunes. The professional instinct was strong within him; the report to his government an ideal to which it strove. To perfect that report he must see the fight at closer quarters; must describe the effects of the French fire as a complement to the already written minute on the German batteries.

His keen eye picked out a position of vantage on the Heights. Then he waited for an opportunity, alert for the moment when the eye of Majesty should rest itself from the distant view, and should fall upon him. The opportunity occurred. The glance of the All-Highest swept over him, preoccupied. The neutral stepped forward, saluted, and indicated the far-off point.

"*Ich bitte um Erlaubnis, Majestät*"—"I beg permission, Your Majesty"—he said.

A frowning glance rested upon him for an instant, intolerant of aught save the mighty contest whose issue was the fate of nations.

"*Gestattet*"—"Granted"—was the curt, indifferent reply.

The German *Oberst*, standing behind the neutral, changed color. He had no option but to accompany this damnable foreigner in his mad adventure into unnecessary danger. He, too, saluted *Majestät* and followed the neutral to the spot where a number of orderlies stood at the heads of saddled horses. They had been sent forward in case the dignitaries should require them.

In a few moments the two officers, followed by mounted attendants, were slithering down the snowy side of the knoll, were cantering across the valley toward Ornes.

High above them towered the dark Bois de la Chaume as they threaded the débris-covered street of the wrecked village. It was packed with Brandenburger infantry waiting to advance. They followed the road southward, at the foot of the hills, toward Bezonvaux. Everywhere the infantry stood thick, waiting. The cannonade mounted to a frightful intensity, appalling even the ears now habituated to it, bewildering the senses, troubling the sight.

French shells came whining, screaming, rushing, to burst with loud crashes in the woodland rising on their right hand, on the road and in the fields through which the infantry passed. Domes of dark smoke leaped upward from the earth, preceding the stunning, metallic detonation. White shrapnel puffs clustered thickly above the trees.

Some Treetop Sights

Bezonvaux was a ruin. They turned off from it to the right, up a rough track that climbed into the woods. The snow on the track had been trampled into a dirty slush. All about them lay bodies, gray and blue; weapons pell-mell as they had fallen from suddenly opened grasps. Their horses shuddered, whinnied, jerked nervous ears, moved disconcertingly sidewise from red stains soaking deep into the snow.

Just under the edge of the plateau the neutral stopped, dismounted, threw his reins to an orderly. The *Oberst* followed his example. His face was blotchy white; he trembled in every limb.

"We shall see nothing, *Excellenz*—absolutely nothing," he asseverated appealingly.

"We can at least try," replied his guest. "Something is happening over there."

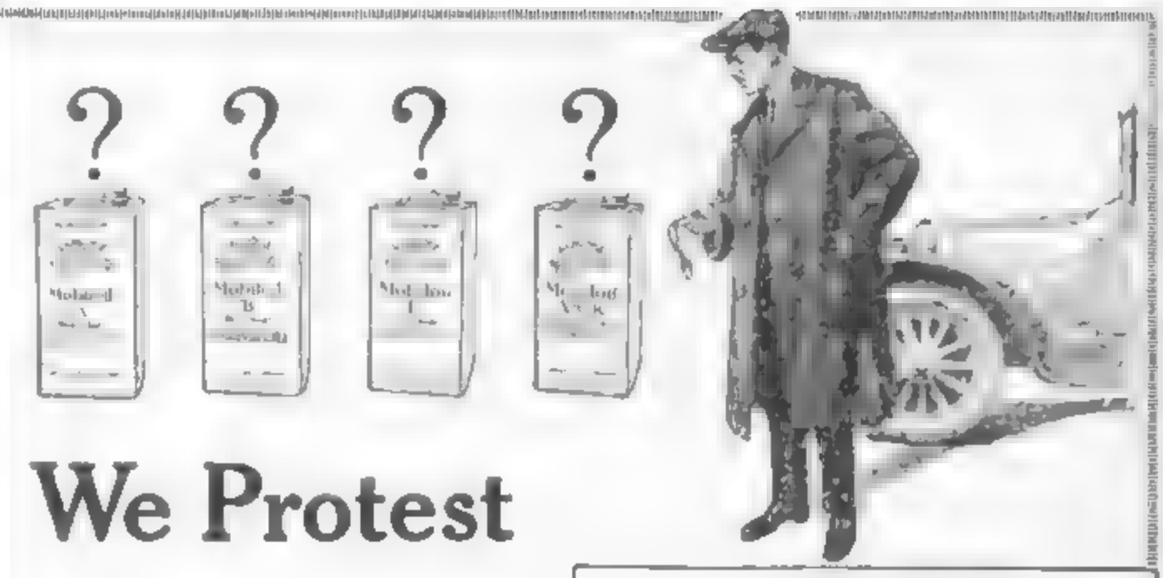
Above them, some distance ahead, was a tremendous uproar, a chaos of violent thudding slams, splitting crashes, a faint troublous murmur of human voices. Behind them, up the rough track, a column of infantry was advancing, overtaking them. They ascended with a steady progress, splashing through the slush; officers waving swords, shouting; rank upon rank of tense faces that had lost their humanity in the tremulous brute; glazed staring eyes under the spiked helmets; singing, singing like drugged doomed gladiators marching to the arena. They passed upward.

The neutral, to whom his conductor had nervelessly surrendered the initiative, led the way. They left their horses behind them, struck off at a tangent on the right, through the woods, climbing always. They emerged upon the plateau, in a clearing. Across the open space, from a whelm of smoke and noise in the distance, groups of gray men were running swiftly toward them, shouting inarticulately. Along the edge of the woods was a line of pickets. Their weapons rose to the shoulder. Sternly every fugitive but those wounded was driven again into the fight. Those who hesitated, screaming under the menace of the rifle, dropped, shot.

The neutral hurried along the verge of the wood, scanning every tall tree carefully, expectantly. "Ah!" He had found what he sought. Against the green bark of a lofty beech dangled a rope ladder. It was an abandoned French artillery observation post. He scrambled up the ladder, followed by the trembling, shivering *Oberst*. High up among the topmost branches was a little platform.

The neutral settled himself, adjusted his binocular, pushed aside the twigs. He looked out over an undulating terrain, dark with woods that ceased raggedly in deep indentations short of a bare hogback which gathered itself into a hump. That bare ground was smothered in a turmoil of smoke that fumed to the gray sky, far to right and left. But through it, in chance rifts, his glasses revealed a dark mass upon the highest point. A reek of white smoke drifted away from it, as from burning buildings, mingling with the darker clouds of incessant explosions. He had a glimpse of a rounded cupola. It was Douaumont!

The snow on the open space between the fort and the woods was gray. It was moving with crawling life, like the festering of a stagnant pool. Over it burst occasional puffs of shrapnel.



We Protest

Now and then we meet a man who says with some enthusiasm, "I am using Gargoyle Mobiloil and it works fine."

To our great disappointment we sometimes find that this friend is using the wrong grade for his engine.

We are too jealous of the results which can be secured from the proper use of Gargoyle Mobiloils to allow this careless practice to go on without a protest.

Naturally, because of their sheer *quality*, Gargoyle Mobiloils are bound to show good *lubricating* results. But we are aiming to furnish more than protection to the moving parts.

For this reason, we annually determine, through our Board of Engineers, which *grade* of Gargoyle Mobiloils is best suited to each make and model of car.

The man who fails to use the *grade* of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for his car stands to lose some of the greatest benefits which the oils offer him.

For example: Gas consumption depends a great deal on the piston-ring seal. The piston-ring seal depends solely on the "body" and character of the oil used.

In a given engine, oil of the very highest *quality* may be of wrong *body* for proper piston-ring seal. The result then is waste of gas and power with each piston stroke.

To assure your securing best results will you please look at the partial Chart at the right and see if you are using the correct grade for your car? If not, in justice to your own engine, will you, please, insist on being supplied with the correct grade?

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

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A grade for each type of motor

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Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are

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Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the [illegible] the Mobiloil "Arctic", etc. The recommendations cover all [illegible] of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise

Model of CARS	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916				1915	
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Allen	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Auburn	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]			A	A	A	A	A	A
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[illegible]			A	A				
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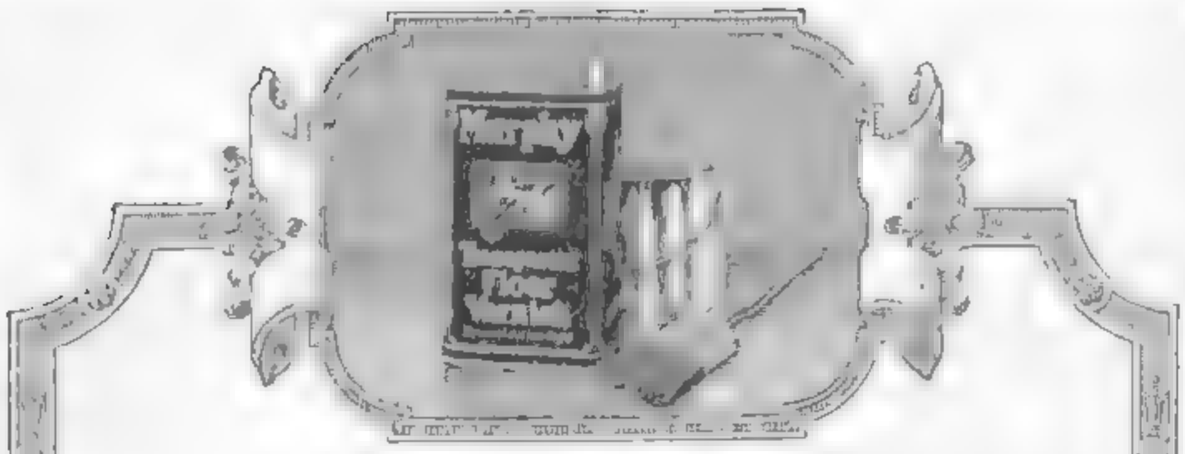

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makes floors beautiful, sanitary and easy to care for. It brings out all the hidden beauty of the wood, and gives you a new idea of how long varnish can be made to last. It does not make floors slippery like wax and shellac.

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A portable, roomy Summer House for Little Folks and Grown-ups—screened in with strong wire netting. Four wall-sections with roof of stout canvas, set up without tools in a few minutes. Frame very sturdy, stained green. Door, [illegible] enough to admit a baby carriage, held tight by Burrowes door spring. No flies, no mosquitoes. Lots of shade. Price $20. Small Monthly Payments—Free Trial. Leading stores [illegible]

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TRAIN YOUR ABILITY—AND WIN!

"Ah!" The cry was involuntary from both the watching men.

From the woods emerged masses of running tiny gray figures—running, running toward the fort. The open space was covered with them. A moment of tense expectation, when the heart seemed to stop—and then, as by a terrible magic, great fountains of dark smoke and darker objects leaped up among those running figures; countless explosions.

A canopy of vicious little shrapnel bursts in thousands spread itself over them. Under it men sprawled in great patches, seemed to be fighting the air ere they tumbled and fell. A horrid screaming came faint through the uproar. More masses rushed out, were beaten down. There was a running to and fro of men bewildered—a headlong flight.

The storm of fire did not cease. It rolled over the plateau toward the woods, remorselessly following the fugitives. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, the crashes, the fountains, the puffs—the great mingled reek of the inferno—rolled toward the two men in the observation post. The *Oberst* clutched the neutral's arm.

"*Excellenz!*" he shouted stammeringly. "We must go! I insist! I have superior authority—written authority—my discretion—I insist!" he almost screamed. His hand groped for a scrap of paper, which he waved. "Arrest!" he cried like a maniac. "Arrest if you do not come!"

The storm of French shells was a very near menace. The neutral acquiesced with a shrug of his shoulders. Nimbly they descended the ladder.

On the ground they found themselves among a swarm of slightly wounded, terror-stricken men. One of them, a tall, bearded Brandenburger, his clothes torn to rags, was shrieking and laughing in a manner horrible to hear. His comrades drew away from him as he clutched at them. He was insane.

"Only I am left!" he cried. "Only I! They are all dead—dead—out there. They were meant to be dead. They were dead men before we attacked—all dead men, running on; I could see it in their faces—only I was alive! And now they are still crawling—crawling—dead men!" His tone emphasized the horror of his words, struck a chill. A sentry lowered his rifle irresolutely.

The maniac turned, waved a hand to the westward. The sun, on the point of setting, showed itself in a rift of the threatening snowclouds; sank, a great ball of glowing fire, over the rim of the plateau. Its last rays were lurid on the face of the madman as he stood, arms outstretched, his eyes flaming, his tangled beard falling upon his rags, like some antique prophet of the wilderness.

"Woe! Woe!" he shrieked. "*Nach Verdun! Nach Verdun—Verdunkelung!*"—"To Verdun! After Verdun—Eclipse." He finished in a scream of maniac laughter, glorying in the crazy assonance of the words. "*Nach Verdun—Verdunkelung!*"

The neutral and the *Oberst* hurried through the woods to their horses.

A rapid ride, with the German always in front, and once more they ascended the Twin of Ornes. As they arrived at the summit they found themselves among wildly cheering men.

"Douaumont! Douaumont is taken!"

Far away to the south-southwest rocket after rocket shot up into the darkening sky. Already the great news had gone—electrically—to Berlin.

The crowd of dignitaries descended the steep path in the gloom to where the motor cars were ranked in waiting. Along the road passed streams of wounded who could walk, phantoms half distinguished in the dim light. Joyous were the voices of the War Lords. One, in a familiar tone, chanted:

"*Nach Verdun! Nach Verdun—Paris!*"

Out of the darkness came a screamed reply, a burst of insane laughter:

"*Nach Verdun—Verdunkelung! Nach Verdun—Verdunkelung!*"

It was the voice of the crazed Brandenburger. There was a scuffle—the sound of a man hurried away, resisting.

All through that dark journey, as the car bumped and lurched over the atrocious roads the words beat in a refrain through the mind of the neutral. "*Nach Verdun—Verdunkelung!*" He wondered. Eclipse? Was it the sun of Germany that set on the French position? The *Oberst* was loquaciously cheerful.

That night, in the great map-hung apartment, the War Lords received the news that their farther advance was barred.

Next morning a furious counterattack surrounded a handful of defenders in the fort for which they had paid so much. The French reënforcements had arrived.

The Poets' Corner

That Old Back Yard of Mine

A YEAR ago it was a sight
To sear the stoutest eye—
Old bottles, cans and noisome blight
And typhoid-laden fly!
The noxious weed grew rank and tall
By rubbish dark and damp;
Gray ash heaps scattered over all
Gave desolation's stamp.

The snake and slug and slimy worm
Made it their habitat.
'Twas rendezvous of goat and germ,
Of hound and prowling cat.
'Twas haunt of bum and truant boy
With evil, fell design.
The home of hate and not of joy—
That old back yard of mine.

But, oh, what changes have been wrought
By spade and swinging hoe!
A Paradise these two have brought,
Where food and posies grow.
The onion wafts its gay perfume
Where cool cucumbers kiss;
The cabbage and potato bloom
Unhampered by beets' bliss.

The radish and tomato vie
To lure the dancing child,
While bird and bee and butterfly
By roses are beguiled.
Its corn and beans enact their part
Whene'er I deign to dine;
Its bloom and beauty cheer the heart—
That old back yard of mine.

—*Oscar H. Roesner.*

The Hall of First Names

THERE'S only one Charley—that's Chaplin;
There's only one Teddy—T. R.
It's good for us nondescript millions
To come to see things as they are.

There's only one Billy—that's Sunday;
All others have gone by the board.
There's only one Mary—that's Pickford;
And only one Henry—that's Ford.

The planets may veer in their courses
And science rename every star;
But there'll be but one Charley—that's Chaplin;
And only one Teddy—T. R.

When Mars' name is gone and forgotten,
And Venus' no longer adored,
There'll still be one Mary—that's Pickford;
And only one Henry—that's Ford.

So here's to you—Charley and Billy,
Ted, Mary and Henry—your claims
To glory are signed, sealed and honored;
You're all in Fame's Hall of First Names.

—*James W. Foley.*

The Flag—And You

YOU fling out Old Glory; you sing her proud story;
Her history thrills you through.
In peace, you march near her; you bid people cheer her;
You're glad she stands guard over you.
But, friend, in what manner do you serve the banner?
Is your part just plaudits and brag?
Do you see but beauty where others read duty?
How much have you put in your flag?

'Tis not her star cluster, 'tis not her stripes' luster
That gives her sublimity,
Our banner is human; strong men and brave women
Are wrought in the flag of the free.
'Tis the service they render that causes her splendor—
Without them Old Glory's a rag.
She calls—foes assail her. Will you help—or fail her?
How much will you give to your flag?

—*Daniel M. Henderson.*

From an original oil painting by Balfour Ker

SAVE *the* SEVENTH BABY!

ONE out of every seven babies born in this country dies before it is a year old.

The seventh baby dies whether it be the child of rich or poor. It is not necessarily the slum baby, but the cuddlesome healthy babies aired in the park by white capped nurses; lively dancing babies tumbling on the small town lawn; country babies under the widest and freshest of country skies. ***One out of every seven is doomed to die this year.***

Fifty per cent of these deaths are from preventable causes. More than one hundred thousand babies are wantonly sacrificed each year.

Face these appalling facts: One hundred and forty babies out of every thousand born in America do not live to see their first birthday. Seventy of these babies would be alive if it were not for—what?

Who or what killed them? If their deaths were preventable, who was criminally negligent? What could be done about it?

The more The Delineator asked itself these questions and realized what this awful human waste means to America, the greater grew its conviction that it was somebody's business to ***do*** something. We have made it our business. The Delineator has arrayed itself to fight ignorance in relation to babyhood all over the United States, and the battle is on for the life of the Seventh Baby. Never has the need of victory been so great. ***Peace is hard on little babies. War is many times harder.***

Last summer infantile paralysis ravaged the children of poor and rich alike. No one yet knows the cause and the prevention of infantile paralysis, but we do know that it does not kill as many babies in years as impure milk does in certain months. And less than one-third of American cities have decent standards of purity for milk.

Forty per cent of our American babies are born under the care of midwives—most of them filthy in their habits and ignorant and superstitious in their practices. Through ignorant midwifery 15,000 of our mothers die each year from avoidable accidents of childbirth. Who is she—this midwife? What does she do to the Seventh Baby? How many births does she attend in your community? The Delineator knows these things and is going to publish them.

We know that pneumonia and other preventable diseases kill thousands of babies every year. We know that heat and flies and dirt and ignorance are responsible for much of the ghastly wreckage of babyhood.

In certain American cities the death rate of babies is ***ten times higher*** than in others. Is ***your*** community a fit place for a baby to live? Are you sure? Your baby may be swathed in fine linen, but its safety is measured by the health of the poor waif clothed in rags. The safety of the children of both rich and poor is measured by the condition of health of the whole community.

The Delineator is determining what communities in this country give babies a fair chance. If your community does not, we are going to fight ***with your help*** to make it wholesome.

No one realizes better than The Delineator that this Seventh Baby Campaign, in its magnitude as to territory covered, as to lives touched, as to vital influence exerted, will be greater than any like work ever attempted in relation to babyhood. It will be greater even than The Delineator's campaign of a few years ago which caused the adoption of thousands of orphans into loving but childless homes.

In direct charge of the Seventh Baby Campaign is Dr. Charles E. Terry, the sanitarian who became a national figure by his work as health officer in cleaning up Jacksonville, Florida. Back of Dr. Terry stands an advisory committee composed of Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service; Mr. Franz Schneider, Jr., Sanitarian of the Russell Sage Foundation; Professor Selskar M. Gunn, Secretary of the American Public Health Association; Miss Ella Phillips Crandall, Executive Secretary of the National Organization for Public Health Nursing.

We are receiving active coöperation from the foremost experts in the country and from local and national health organizations. Tens of thousands of dollars will be spent in working with men and women throughout the nation to make their communities safe for the babies.

How great our success in fighting for the life of the Seventh Baby depends on you individually—you and your community. We want your interest—your active interest and coöperation. We want you to follow this campaign, to which pages are devoted in each issue of The Delineator. We want you to become a part of this movement. You owe it to your children, your community and your country. The July Delineator (out June 11) explains the most practical war service ***you*** can render.

Never before has America needed that Seventh Baby so much as now. Have we your support?

The DELINEATOR

P. 3-9

The Delineator
New York City

I am interested in saving the Seventh Baby. Enclosed is $1.50. Send **The Delineator** for one year to the address below.

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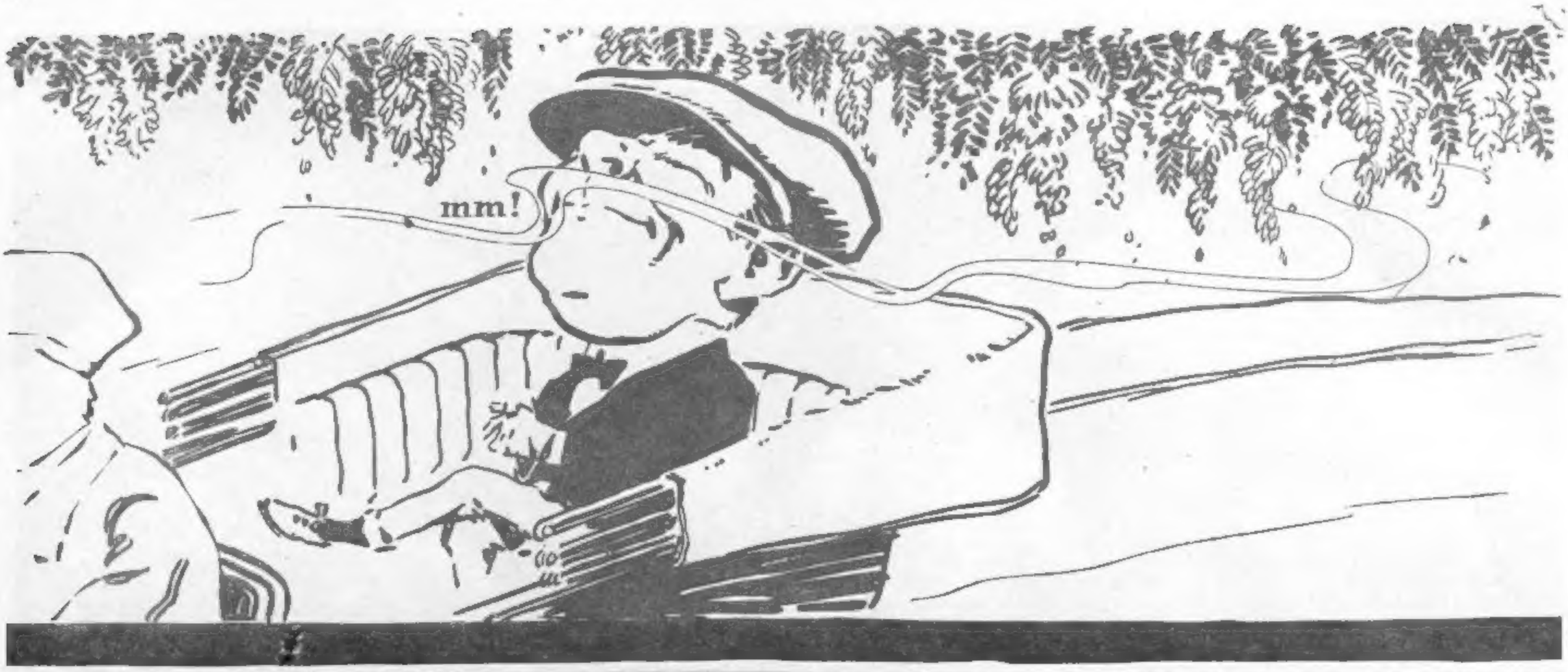

HOW do you know the Locust Trees are in bloom?

"Your Nose Knows"

Speeding along the shaded road in the comfort of your car a wonderful *fragrance* assails you. "M-M" you say, "the locusts are out." And you breathe in their fragrant beauty with your eyes closed. You know the fact of their presence instinctively for—"Your Nose Knows." The best of Nature's products make their surest appeal through *fragrance*. It is the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco likewise that wins you because it is Nature's sign of unquestioned merit, the sign—"Your Nose Knows."

It's *pure fragrance* that proves the unquestioned merit of

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

The rich, ripe Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is made, store the sunshine of the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky and bring to you with every smoke that delightful *pure fragrance* that has no equal—"Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

Barrett's Everlastic Multi-Shingle

Everlastic Multi-Shingles provide not less than double thickness over every part of the roof except cut-outs, and triple thickness where the wear is heaviest.

A Beautiful Roof for Modern Homes—

Once in a while some one gets a new idea that jars us out of our old groove. But once we become familiar with the proposition we wonder why nobody ever thought of such a thing before.

That is just what has happened in the shingle business.

For the best part of a century we have been covering many of our buildings with non-fire-resisting shingles, handling them one at a time and feeling perfectly contented that there was nothing better.

The "4-in-1" Roofing

Now comes something to upset our old ideas—*Barrett's Everlastic Multi-Shingles*, a roofing of real artistic beauty that combines *four shingles in a single strip.*

Here is a roofing that is a real successor to the good old-fashioned shingle that we all loved, because it has all of its *good* features and, in addition, several *new* features.

For instance, Everlastic Multi-Shingles are fire-resisting. They may be had in beautiful, soft colors, either a red or a green, and as they are the natural slate colors they will never fade.

Cutting the High Price of Roofing

The first cost of Everlastic Multi-Shingles is low, and as they are laid *four at a time* they are, service considered, the cheapest roofing for steep-roofed buildings that it is possible to buy.

Instead of eight nails to drive, there are only five. Instead of four handlings, there is only one. And handling one shingle at a time, nailing it in two places, then doing the same thing again and again, is a slow job any way you look at it.

Other Advantages

Everlastic Multi-Shingles will neither split nor curl. They lie flat and stay flat; in fact, they form a comparatively *solid roof.*

Be sure to send for booklet telling more about them.

Everlastic Tylike-Shingles

These are an old favorite and cover thousands of homes throughout the country. They are made of the same material as Multi-Shingles but they come in single shingles, size 8 x 12¾ inches. Have either red or green slate surface.

Whenever Tylike-Shingles are used you get a triple covering over the entire surface of the roof, and buildings covered with Tylike are land-marks of beauty everywhere.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

This is the same material as Multi- and Tylike-Shingles but made in rolls 32 inches wide with sufficient roofing to cover 100 square feet. Of course, the Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing is used in a single thickness only, but it is correspondingly less expensive and makes a very attractive and durable roof.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

During the past few years we have sold millions of rolls of this popular "rubber" roofing and in its field it is eminently superior. It is made in 1-, 2-, and 3-ply weights and each roll contains enough to cover 100 square feet of roof-surface. Nails and cement are packed in center of each roll. If you want the best value in "rubber" roofings, insist upon Everlastic.

Booklets Free

If you are interested in any of these products, write us and Special Booklet will be sent you promptly.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Nashville Seattle Peoria

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

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Everjet Elastic Paint

The best and most economical paint made for "rubber" and metal roofings, and exposed surfaces of all kinds. It is elastic, adhesive and will not rub, crack or peel.

Elastigum Waterproof Cement

Wherever there is a leak you need Elastigum. It has a hundred different uses. Just the thing for joining and relining gutters and flashings around chimneys. It is easy to apply, is acid-proof, damp-proof and *it sticks.*

Carbosota Creosote Oil

You can add many years to the life of all exposed woodwork by using Carbosota Grade-One Creosote Oil. Being in liquid form it is easily applied. No expensive method required.

Creonoid

Creonoid Lice-Destroyer and Cow-Spray will keep your live stock free from annoyance by insects, flies, lice and vermin. It helps to make healthy horses, contented cows and clean poultry.

Insures

perfect Sanitation

For
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A Sweet
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